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CONTENTS.

American Villa at Castel Gandolfo, The. (Illustrated.)—P. L. Connellan, . . .	161	Home-Relief the best form of Organized Charity.—John E. Grahame, . . .	731
Angel of God, An.—Art Sherman, . . .	266	Ignatius Loyola, The Sanctity of, . . .	577
Armenians, Religious Customs among the. (Illustrated.)—Right Rev. Paul Tersian, . . .	305, 500	Immigration, as it has been, . . .	110
Benevolent Highwayman, A.—John A. Foote, . . .	317	India, A Story from, . . .	715
Bernard, Claude, (Frontispiece.)		Indian Contract Schools.—M. P. Casey, . . .	629
Bernard, Claude, The Physiologist.—James J. Walsh, Ph.D., M.D., . . .	513	Italian in America, The: What he has been, What he shall be. (Illustrated.)—Lawrence Franklin, . . .	67
Bible in the Catholic Church, The Place of the.—Dr. B. F. De Costa, . . .	433, 605	Italian Monarchy Endure? Can the. (Illustrated.)—A. Diarista, . . .	721
Bible in the Life, Thought, and Homes of the People, The.—Dr. B. F. De Costa, . . .	751	Jerusalem, A New. (Illustrated.)—Lucy Garnett, . . .	612
Biologists, Three Great: Theodor Schwann. (Portrait.)—James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., . . .	198	Jew in Europe the Christian's Antagonist, The.—Charles C. Starbuck, . . .	828
Bruyère, Elizabeth. (Portrait.)—Frances Fitzpatrick, . . .	12	Lace-Making in Belgium, On. (Illustrated.)—E. F. Johnson-Browne, M.A., . . .	443
Catholic Church in China, The Prospects of the. (Illustrated), . . .	737	Lane to the Mill, The.—Edward F. Garesché, . . .	590
Catholic Church in Kerkira (Corfu), The. (Illustrated.)—Rev. Daniel Quinn, Ph.D., . . .	17	Languages in College, Teaching Modern.—V. Rev. John P. Carroll, D.D., . . .	622
Catholicity in Northern Europe, Recent Progress of.—Charles W. Dowd, . . .	646	Legend of the Norse-God, A.—Georgina Pell Curtis, . . .	654
Catholic Layman in Higher Education, The.—Thomas P. Kernan, . . .	381	Leo the Thirteenth, The Poetry of.—Anna Blanche McGill, . . .	685
Catholic Mission in the North-west, The Pioneer. (Illustrated.)—E. A. Bridger, . . .	842	Mater Purissima, The Robe of.—B. Nash-O'Connor, . . .	757
Catholic Republic, A. (Illustrated.)—Rev. M. P. Heffernan, . . .	527	Medizval Magdalen, A. (Illustrated.)—Contessa F. Gautier, . . .	772
Catholic Social Settlement, The Scope of the.—A. A. McGinley, . . .	145	Misericordia Domini.—Dr. Nicholas Bjerring, . . .	402
Chemical Romance, A.—Edward F. Garesché, . . .	97	Mivart's Last Utterance, Dr.—Rev. George M. Searle, C.S.P., . . .	353
China and the Missions, The Crisis in. (Illustrated.)—Rev. A. P. Doyle, C.S.P., . . .	548	Modern Science and the Catholic Faith.—Rev. H. H. Wyman, C.S.P., . . .	1
Christian Art: Its Mission and Influence.—Katherine F. M. O'Shea, . . .	815	Montalembert, and his Visit to O'Connell. (Portrait.)—Rev. Joseph Gordon Daley, . . .	331
Christian Brothers' Schools in Ireland, . . .	142	Nativity of St. John the Baptist, (Frontispiece.)	
Christian Missions in Japan.—Francis Penman, . . .	460	Newman, Another Aspect of.—Rev. Henry E. O'Keeffe, C.S.P., . . .	81
Columbian Reading Union, The, . . .	143, 284, 428, 573, 717, 860	Newman, John Henry, (Frontispiece.)	
Convent Graduate in the Social Settlement, A New Field for the.—A. A. McGinley, . . .	396	Old Slavery Days were gone, When.—Bessie O'Byrne, . . .	792
Cromwell and Liberty. (Portrait.)—Rev. George McDermot, C.S.P., . . .	487	Passion as told in the Church's Hymns, The Story of the. (Illustrated.)—E. Lyell Earle, . . .	46
De la Salle, St. John Baptist, and the Founding of the Christian Brothers.—C. M. Graham, . . .	672	Peasant Life in the Harz. (Illustrated.)—Carina Campbell Eaglesfield, . . .	638
Deliverance of P'tit Fils, The.—J. Gertrude Menard, . . .	210	Philosophy in Trinity College, Chair of, Washington, D. C.—Rev. George McDermot, C.S.P., . . .	386
Dudleian Lecture for 1899, The.—Rev. James J. Fox, D.D., . . .	245	Profit-Sharing as a System of Economics.—Leopold Katscher, . . .	785
Ecclesiastical Art, The Reformation of, Editorial Notes, . . .	141, 283, 427, 572, 713, 857	Profit-Sharing Justifiable? Is.—Leopold Katscher, . . .	225
Elective System of Studies, The.—Rev. James A. Burns, C.S.C., . . .	366	Russell, Lord, (Frontispiece.)	
Father Tom's Wedding-Gift.—Austin O'Malley, . . .	468	Russian Schismatic Church, "The.—Rev. Joseph Boyle, . . .	58
Fort Crève-Cœur. (Illustrated.)—Rev. Frank J. O'Reilly, . . .	88	Saint Ignatius, (Frontispiece.)	
Gran Sasso, In sight of the. (Illustrated.)—E. C. Vansittart, . . .	233	School-Days are Over, When.—Hon. Judge Cortwright, . . .	691
He Departed from them, and was Carried up into Heaven, (Frontispiece.)		Scion of Old Spain, A. (Illustrated.)—Edith Martin Smith, . . .	476
Heroes of Our Own Land. (Illustrated.)—Marion J. Brunowé, . . .	802	Solar Eclipse, The Recent.—Rev. George M. Searle, C.S.P., . . .	542
History of Nature, A Plan in the.—William Selon, LL.D., . . .	376	Song of the Lord, The.—Minnie Gilmore, . . .	30, 173
Hoboken Catastrophe, The. (Illustrated.)—Mrs. Alexander Sullivan, . . .	664	South-western France, A Visit in. (Illustrated.)—Alice A. Catlin, . . .	188
Holy Spirit, Devotion to the.—Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P., . . .	290	Talk about New Books, . . .	115, 272, 405, 561, 697, 851
		Texas Missionaries, In the Footsteps of. (Illustrated.)—Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D., . . .	340
		Whittier's "Captain's Well," The Story of. (Illustrated.)—Mary E. Desmond, . . .	595
		Young, C.S.P., Rev. Alfred. (Portraits.) . . .	257

POETRY.

A Nun.— <i>J. O. Austin</i> ,	589	Love's Wisdom.— <i>Bert Martel</i> ,	442
Beauty,	467	Off Shore.— <i>James Buckham</i> ,	209
Cronje's Last Stand.— <i>John Jerome</i>		Painted.— <i>William P. Cantwell</i> ,	380
<i>Rooney</i> ,	66	Peace.— <i>Hamilton Craigie</i> ,	663
Dreaded Dawn, The. (<i>Illustrated</i>).—		Pioneers, The Graves of the. (<i>Illustrated</i>).— <i>Margaret M. Halvey</i> ,	159
<i>Rev. P. A. Sheehan</i> ,	17	Prayer.— <i>J. O. Austin</i> ,	459
Gounod's "Ave Maria,"— <i>D. J. McMackin, Ph.D.</i> ,	187	Preachers, Two.— <i>Lucy Gertrude Kelley</i> ,	352
Homes of the Toilers, The.— <i>James Buckham</i> ,	684	Taps.— <i>Francis B. Doherty</i> ,	365
I am the Way.— <i>Rev. Alfred Young</i> ,	265	The Dreamers.— <i>T. B. Reilly</i> ,	256
Irish Rain, The Dhrup ov the.— <i>Margaret M. Halvey</i> ,	827	Shipwreck, The.— <i>Charleson Shane</i> ,	735
Jewish Maid, Ah, Patient Little.— <i>Mary F. Nixon</i> ,	109	Song of the Summer, A.— <i>Edward F. Garesché</i> ,	486
June.— <i>J. O. Austin</i> ,	289	St. Aloysius Gonzaga, On a Portrait of.— <i>D. J. McMackin, Ph.D.</i> ,	555
Legend Sweet, The,	696	Sursum Corda.— <i>Helen M. Sweeney</i> ,	375

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Alabaster Box, The,	416	Missionary Priest in the Rocky Mountains, Notes of a,	421
Ambrose Philipps de Lisle, Life and Letters of,	131	Mother de la Nativité, and the origin of the Community of the Sisters of Miséricorde,	707
America and France,	709	Music Review,	704
Bewitched Fiddle, and other Irish Tales,	418	My New Curate,	273
Bible and its Interpreter, The,	561	Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ, The,	123
Blood of the Lamb, The,	116	New Evangelism, The,	130
Blue Jackets of 1898,	121	Old Family, An, or the Setons of Scotland and America,	424
Boy,	854	Perfect Religious, The,	417
Boy Saver's Series, The,	277	Port Royal Education,	117
Brook Farm,	405	Reign of Law, The : A Tale of the Kentucky Hemp-fields,	608
Catholic Directory (official), 1900, The,	282	Revolutionist, Memoirs of a,	406
Christianity of St. Paul, The,	115	Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire,	704
Church History, Studies in,	562	Rome, Hand-book to Christian and Ecclesiastical,	855
Church of Christ the Same For Ever,	422	Room of the Rose, and other Stories, The,	276
Conception of Immortality, The,	421	Saint Anthony of Padua and the Twentieth Century,	126
Currita, Countess of Alborno,	705	St. Francis de Sales, Meditations for Retreats taken from the Writings of,	276
Daniel O'Connell : sa Vie, son Œuvre,	423	Saint Jerome,	608
Daughter of France, A,	416	St. Peter in Rome,	407
D. L. Moody, Life of,	569	Sanctuary Meditations for Priests and frequent Communicants; serving as a preparation for, at the time of, and thanksgiving after receiving the Holy Eucharist,	706
Duchess of York's Page, The,	420	Sign of the Harp, At the,	277
Education and the Future of Religion,	710	Signors of the Night, The,	125
English Literature, History of,	411	Soldier of Christ, The; or, Talks before Confirmation,	563
Epitome of the New Testament, An,	856	Son of the State, A,	123
Fabri Conciones,	706	Speculum Perfectionis : seu S. Francisci Assisiensis Legenda Antiquissima, Auctore Fratre Leone. Nunc primum edidit Paul Sabatier,	853
Father Anthony : A Romance of to-day,	852	Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis, The,	417
Four Last Things, The,	276	Story-Books of Little Gidding, The,	116
French Lilies, For the,	119	Studies in Literature,	119
Gabriel, C.P., Life of Venerable,	120	Studies in Poetry, Critical, Analytical, and Interpretative,	701
Golden Legend, The; or, Lives of the Saints, as Englished by Wm. Caxton,	697	Study of the Scriptures, General Introduction to the,	567
Greek Idylls, Echoes of,	117	Theism in the Light of Present Science and Philosophy,	127
Ignatius Loyola, The Testament of,	702	Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in Art, The,	128
Ireland and France,	125	Voices of Freedom, The,	118
Heiress of Cronenstein, The,	420	Woman Beautiful, The,	137
Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, The,	422	Young April,	130
Jack Hildreth on the Nile,	422		
Jane Austen,	407		
Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents, Travels and Explorations of the Jesuit Missionaries in New France, 1610-1791, The,	708		
John Ruskin,	703		
Journey around the World with the Sun, A,	419		
Julien l'Apostat,	854		
Lewis Carroll, The Story of,	119		
Liberty Poems,	702		
Life of St. Mechtildis, The,	566		
Little Maid of Israel, The,	704		
Loretto Centenary, Souvenir of, 1799-1899,	136		
Manual of English History for the use of Schools, A,	563		
Morrow of Life, The,	414		
Michael O'Donnell; or, The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant,	421		

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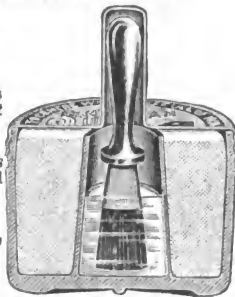
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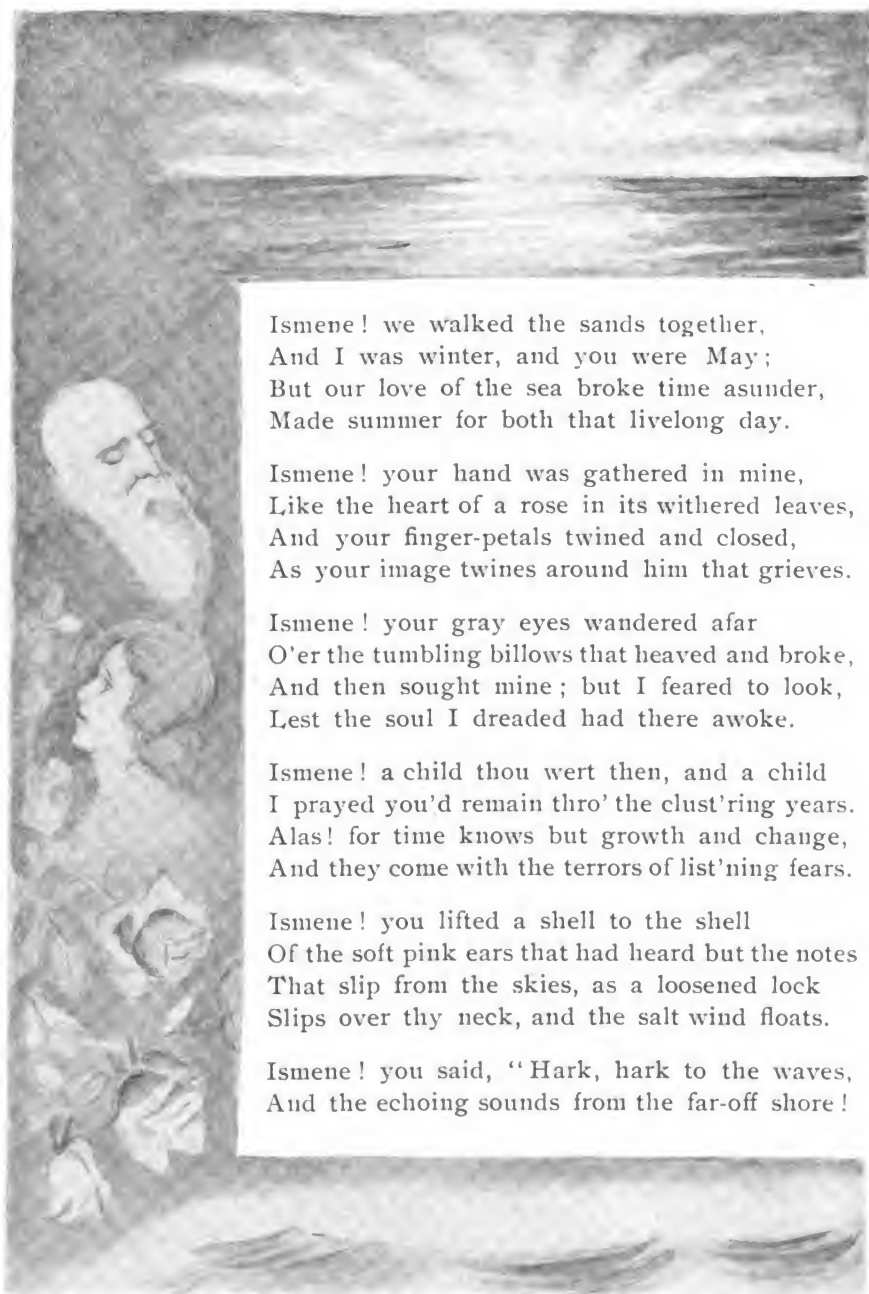
THE DREADED DAWN.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY REV. P. A. SHEEHAN.

*"I know nothing more touching, or perhaps terrible, than
the dawn of self-consciousness in the soul of a child."*

ILLUSTRATED BY KATE MATHESON.



Ismene! we walked the sands together,
And I was winter, and you were May;
But our love of the sea broke time asunder,
Made summer for both that livelong day.

Ismene! your hand was gathered in mine,
Like the heart of a rose in its withered leaves,
And your finger-petals twined and closed,
As your image twines around him that grieves.

Ismene! your gray eyes wandered afar
O'er the tumbling billows that heaved and broke,
And then sought mine; but I feared to look,
Lest the soul I dreaded had there awoke.

Ismene! a child thou wert then, and a child
I prayed you'd remain thro' the clust'ring years.
Alas! for time knows but growth and change,
And they come with the terrors of list'ning fears.

Ismene! you lifted a shell to the shell
Of the soft pink ears that had heard but the notes
That slip from the skies, as a loosened lock
Slips over thy neck, and the salt wind floats.

Ismene! you said, "Hark, hark to the waves,
And the echoing sounds from the far-off shore!"



I wonder do angels play with shells,
Do they start at the leap of the sea's long roar?

Ismene! I thanked my God at the word,
Though I dreaded to meet thy soft gray eye;
And I said in my heart, she is still but a child,
We may linger and love as in days gone by.

Ismene! the hooded eve came down,
And a shadow fell betwixt you and me;
And your brow grew troubled; you looked afar
O'er the purple wastes of the twilight sea.

Ismene! I said, "Let us go"; and you drew
The trembling petals of your white hand
From mine; that closed, as the Hand of God
Drew up his curtains o'er sea and land.

Ismene! I said, "Behold the night!
The hermit night, and his sanctities
Of star and wave." Then I ventured to look
In the fathomless depths of Ismene's eyes.

Ismene! I hoped that thy child-soul gazed
From eyes that were pure as the eyes of a fawn.

*Alas! 'twas a woman's soul looked at me;
I was face to face with the dreaded dawn.*





CATHOLIC WORLD.

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No. 421.

MODERN SCIENCE AND THE CATHOLIC FAITH.

BY REV. H. H. WYMAN, C.S.P.

THERE is no religious question which has excited more comment in our day than that of the relation of the Catholic faith to the teachings of modern science. Unfortunately, too many of the professional scientists of to-day either do not believe in Revelation or are hostile to it; and they have sought rather to find discrepancies between the teachings of the church and the facts of science than harmony between these different orders of truth. Their work is negative and destructive. Our work shall be positive and constructive. On this account I must begin with the principles upon which our comparison is based. In the first place, for the right understanding of the relation of natural to supernatural knowledge, we must always bear in mind their totally distinct spheres. I do not mean by this that the same truths may not belong to both spheres, but it must always be borne in mind that if God has made a revelation to man, it must contain, besides many truths which may be known and demonstrated by natural reason, truths which are above and unattainable by reason; otherwise there would be no need of revelation. Unfortunately, because this principle has been lost sight of by many, and because they have presumed that reason and revelation are on an equality, and that theology and philosophy must be treated in the same manner, they have fallen into the deepest errors. It must also be remembered that revelation is necessary if we are to know any truth above reason. Such revelation raises man to a supernatural state, and on this account God illumines with

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VOL. LXXI.—I

a supernatural light the minds of believers in his revelation. While reason in its own sphere of purely natural knowledge is infallible, it has no right to so intrude itself into the sphere of supernatural knowledge as to claim the power of judging what is true or false in revelation.

God in making his revelation has established, by the perpetual union of the Holy Ghost with his chosen teachers, an authoritative tribunal which alone is competent to judge of such matters. Therefore theological science must not be treated in the same manner as purely natural science.

The so-called Old-Catholics of Germany, for instance, rejected the decrees of the Vatican Council on purely rationalistic grounds. They opposed to the infallible decrees of the church their own private judgment in matters of history, just the same as the so-called Reformers of the sixteenth century opposed their private judgment to church authority in interpreting Scripture. Every one knows how that principle has since worked with their followers. The modern so-called Higher Critics have picked to pieces the Bible and destroyed to a great extent, among their followers, the belief in its authority and inspiration.

We are obliged to adhere strictly to certain clear and self-evident principles if we wish to have knowledge on any subject. Just as it is impossible for one to know what God has revealed without faith, so it is impossible for one to understand philosophy or science without accepting the self-evident truths of reason.

In treating this subject of the relation of modern science with the Catholic faith I shall, therefore, start with these two principles, viz.: that faith must interpret revelation, and that reason must guide us in science, and I am certain that it can be shown beyond question that on this basis there can be no possible conflict between them, but that there is an analogy between them such that the right understanding of the one leads to the true knowledge of the other.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HUMAN RACE.

Let us take as a fair test the question of the origin of the human race. If we reason correctly we cannot help seeing that all finite beings had a beginning. The very idea of a finite or limited being presupposes an infinite self-existent Being who brought it into existence. What are called secondary causes do not account for the existence of anything, for they

are limited and dependent. In the last analysis we find that an Infinite Creator must exist or there could be no finite existences. This ultimate or final Cause precludes the possibility of anything else being eternal; therefore, everything else that does exist must have been created or produced out of nothing. A secondary cause cannot effect something greater than itself. Hence I do not believe in the possible evolution of a higher species from a lower, any more than I believe in spontaneous generation, a theory of the origin of life which was once in vogue, but has since been rejected by the best biologists. While organic or living substances contain elements which are also found in inorganic or lifeless matter, there is in the former a principle of life which makes the organic essentially different from the inorganic body. Therefore, an organic body cannot be evolved from an inorganic. I hold, also, that it would be just as impossible for a rational animal, such as man, to be evolved from a sentient animal, such as the ape. The only point of similitude between them, as Cardinal Manning shows, is in the construction of the body, whereas there are, as he says, five essential points of difference, viz.: articulate speech, abstract thought, a creative mind which produces a poem, essay, or musical composition, moral judgment which establishes law and the social order, and conscience which recognizes responsibility to a Higher Power. A conclusion which ignores these essential differences between man and the lower animal and rests only upon mere physical resemblance, is an insult to our intelligence. But those who have labored most ingeniously to establish these supposed gradations of transition have never found either the perfected ape or the incipient man. The missing link is always wanting. Future generations will, I believe, laugh at the Darwinian theory of the origin of man, as we now laugh at the ancient philosophers who reduced the material elements of the universe to four substances: air, water, earth, and fire.

For the practical-minded it seems to me that the theory which claims to explain the origin of man by the process of evolution from the lowest form of matter is no better than the Chinaman's explanation of the motion of the cable-car, "No pushy, no pully, but goey." In a word, it does not explain man's origin. It only confuses and makes complex what reason and common sense show to be very clear and simple. I think that the old heathen philosophers who discussed the question which was first, the infant or the full-grown man, as far as they went,

were much more scientific than the agnostic evolutionists of to-day. If they had been told that there was an Omnipotent Being who created a man and woman from whom the whole human race has descended, as we know children now are born of parents, they would have considered the solution of the problem as complete. And it is the only rational explanation of the origin and existence of the human race that is possible. Do we not thus see the harmony between natural and revealed truth in accounting for the origin and existence of the human race?

In the earliest ages of the Christian faith there arose at Alexandria a school of philosophy in the church which revolutionized the world. In this great city, which at the close of the second century was the intellectual focus of the world, Pantenus, St. Clement, and Origen demonstrated the origin of all finite things by the creative act of God. From that time we may say that a philosophy in harmony with revelation gained ascendancy in the intellectual world. While the sources of natural and revealed truth are wholly distinct, the effect of revelation has always been to enlarge, systemize, and harmonize the natural sciences.

On the other hand, those who have ignored revealed truth have frequently been led to adopt for a time the most absurd theories in philosophy. History is repeating itself. The anti-Christian philosophers and scientists of to-day are wandering in the dark, and are only causing doubt, confusion, and chaos in the minds of men. They see this, and when it comes to matters which belong wholly to the domain of reason they take refuge in agnosticism, which means simply ignorance. They not only say that they know nothing beyond the phenomenal or sensible sphere, but that such knowledge is unattainable, is unknowable. As Father Madden, in his excellent work, *The Reaction from Agnostic Science*,* well remarks, "The human mind is surely perverse." "You would suppose," he says, "that a handsomely-set-up being like man would be very glad just to find himself so; but no, that is not so." He wants to sweep away the story of a perfect man and woman as the direct master-piece of God and reduce man to the same common level with the brutes. "Grant," says Mr. Darwin, "a creature like the mud-fish with five senses and some vestige of a mind, and I believe natural selection will account for the production of every vertebrate animal."

* *The Reaction from Agnostic Science.* By Rev. W. J. Madden. St. Louis: B. Herder.

INCAUTIOUS ENDEAVORS AT RECONCILIATION.

In view of the fact that so many modern scientists regard this theory of evolution as scientifically proved, some of our Catholic writers have (I think incautiously and rashly) ventured to try and reconcile evolution with the revealed account of man's corporal formation, but I believe there is a danger that such a theory will weaken in many minds the doctrine that man has an immortal soul made by the Creator in his own image. Dr. Mivart, the most prominent theistic evolutionist, has recently shocked the whole Catholic world by his attacks on our traditional system of theology. The out-and-out evolutionist who holds that man, as he is, was evolved from a lower animal, only laughs at the exception which the theistic evolutionist makes in favor of the direct creation and infusion of the rational and spiritual soul into the living body of a brute. But we know that practically the difference between man and brute has always and always will be recognized. Nothing is more self-evident than the infinite gulf between the soul of man and the highest instinct of the brute. And in the moral order the difference is just as marked. Who can believe that the animals which we slaughter for food and destroy as pests have moral rights and responsibilities? The idea is absurd and would upset our whole mode of living.

No matter how much men may laud the ingenuity of the theory of evolution it will never satisfy us, whereas the plain, simple account of a perfect man and woman fashioned by the Almighty Creator and endowed with intelligence and responsibility is as agreeable as it is elevating and encouraging. It makes life worth living.

On the other hand, the question of the purpose of human life, which is the greatest of all questions, can have no meaning according to materialistic evolutionism. All that we can learn on this subject from Darwin's celebrated books, *The Descent of Man* and *The Origin of Species*, says Father Madden, is that "man has been cast into the *mêlée* of this world to fight, to struggle for his very existence, and in that struggle to prove his fitness to live by surviving." "Of what use," he continues, "is it to humanity to be told that there is a compelling and invariable law of struggle in animated nature, in which the weak must always go down before the strong, the ill-suited yield to the fittest." But when confronted with the charge of destroying the purpose of life, which is the main-spring of all successful action in life, they will coolly say

science has not discovered any meaning in life except the struggle for existence.

It is a difficult thing for any one to get anything more than a cursory knowledge of all the so-called modern sciences, and I should consider it a fearful task to attempt to master any one of them, because they are so changeable. The authors of them tell us, any way, that they are as yet only in their infancy, but I believe that most of them will die in the cradle. But when agnostic scientists can succeed in proving clearly how nothing can of itself make itself something, how there can be effects without causes, then I may be willing to believe that a brute can by the process of evolution become a man, but not till then.

DIFFICULTIES BESETTING THE EVOLUTIONARY THEORY.

Brownson shows the theory of evolution to be most absurd and unscientific, for the following reasons: In the first place, the very idea of evolution presupposes something already in existence. Where did that something from which other things were evolved come from? There must have been a First Cause which produced it, which means a Creator.

In the second place, the medium or power which could cause a lower species to become a higher would have to be a Creator just as much as the Cause which produced the first something out of nothing, and finally, just as there would have to be a something before evolution could begin to operate, so there would have to be an end where the process would have to stop. When perfection was reached, there could be no further evolution. What Power sets this limit of perfection except an All-perfect Cause? So for these three reasons I do not see how either the production or development or completion of anything finite could be possible without an Omnipotent Creator. If we say that evolution is the action of the Creator on matter, we deny that there is such a thing as evolution. Evolution, according to the very definition of its advocates, means the power of a lower species to transform itself into a higher, which is just as impossible as for something which did not exist to come into existence. Again, if a being of a lower species could of itself become a being of a higher species, there would first have to be the destruction of the lower species, and then the production of a higher species. If we suppose, as Mivart thinks possible, the Creator may have created and infused a rational and immortal soul into the highest type of brute in place of its previous sentient soul, that sentient soul would have to be annihilated before the rational soul

could be infused, unless we suppose the sentient and rational natures are identical, which is absurd. Such an idea, I think, is most unscientific. Is it not more reasonable to suppose that when the Creator wanted to make man, who is a composite of spirit and matter, that he would take simple inorganic matter at first hand, rather than to take away the sentient soul from a brute and make man out of its corpse. When a spiritual substance like a human soul, which is the image of the Creator, is substantially united to matter to form man, although the matter is like other matter, it receives a sort of consecration. The gold and silver of a chalice are just like any other gold or silver, yet because the sacred chrism of consecration has been applied to it, it may not be used for profane purposes without sacrilege. If we fail to see the dignity of the human form divine and try to put it on the level of other forms of life, we are like sacrilegious plunderers who pollute the sacred vessels of the altar. It is the dangerous tendencies of the theory of evolution which make the guardians of God's revelation oppose its teaching so strenuously. If it be followed out logically, it contradicts also the Catholic doctrines of man's original justice and his fall and its consequences. Almost at the same time that Mr. Darwin published his work on the *Descent of Man* Sir John Lubbock published a work on the *Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man*, in which he maintains that man began in the lowest state of savagery and by force of nature has raised himself to the refinement of civilization. This theory is also based on another theory that the species is necessarily progressive. But both these theories start from a mere assumption. As far as there is any evidence on this subject, it proves not the progress of man but rather his degeneracy when left to himself. The theory is unhistorical. We have no record of a savage tribe becoming civilized without the assistance of other civilized peoples. There has been progress it is true, but it has been brought about chiefly by supernatural teaching. The oldest literature is the best. The book of Genesis is the oldest historical document in existence, and it teaches the purest form of religion. The history of polytheism and idolatry are subsequent developments. Yet in the face of authentic history, so-called scientific men will assume a theory as true and ask us to disprove it, whereas the burden of proof of any theory really rests upon its inventor. I might, for instance, assume that the poet Homer was five feet six inches tall, and because you could not prove that he was taller or shorter, it would not

follow that he was exactly as tall as I said. This is substantially the process of reasoning by which the evolutionists seek to maintain their theory in the face of the contrary teaching of history and tradition.

Now take the question of the fall of man. Have we not evidence in ourselves that we are weak and easily inclined to evil? We were born so. How did the human race come to have this misfortune? Is it reasonable to suppose that an All-perfect Supreme Being made us that way in the beginning? Is not all actual sin the work of our own will? Philosophically it is impossible to suppose that any sin or imperfection to which we are subject is due to any cause but human free will. The actual sin of progenitors is the only rational explanation of the tendency to sin in the offspring.

The doctrine of revelation concerning the origin of the human family and its moral and spiritual condition is in perfect harmony with everything that reason can teach us on the subject. Sin is the great curse of the human family. All admit this, and will readily grant also that any remedy which can cure or mitigate this evil is the greatest boon that mankind can possibly receive; but such is the perversity of men's minds and hearts that they are unwilling to listen to revelation, to look at sin as God looks at it, to struggle against it as all have to who overcome it, and to penitently seek forgiveness from an offended God.

DANGEROUS TENDENCIES OF AGNOSTIC THEORIES.

No one can study the writings of the anti-Christian scientists without seeing that they have a great aversion to the virtues inculcated by the Gospel. They do not wish to believe. They prefer to grope because they love darkness rather than light. We who have the Christian faith know that we cannot shut our eyes to the truth without sin, yet we are sometimes inclined to think that unbelievers are excusable. All I say is, if you only read what they say about the faith you will probably change your opinion. Men actually study to make difficulties against faith; and to make it respectable to doubt, frequently invent theories against it. The most bitter enemies of the church find in Darwinism and its kindred theories their most potent weapons. They are seeking to disseminate these views, which have emanated from the gross minds of English materialists, in the schools of Italy, France, Spain, Austria, and other Catholic countries wherever they can, solely for the purpose of destroying the faith. The aim of the anti-Christian

scientists seems to be to establish theories based on mere assumptions as facts. But if we are able to explain, or if they are unable to prove that we cannot explain, all clearly proved *facts* of science in accordance with the Christian doctrine, they present no real grounds for doubting the truth of revelation. And to these *a priori* theories we are able to oppose the positive testimony of history and tradition. Religion is older than superstition. Men worshipped God the Creator before they worshipped idols. The Jewish religion was not evolved from the patriarchal, but was established on it by new revelations. Christianity, as its history shows, was not a mere development from Judaism, but a new dispensation. So you see how the actual history of religion directly contradicts this theory of evolution.

There is no disagreement with scientists until they deny truths of revelation. If they would only keep to their proper sphere, which is the study and classification of facts that come within the scope of reason and sense, and not go beyond and theorize against revelation, they would never be opposed by theologians. Since both natural and revealed truth come from God, the right understanding of one order is a great help to the other, and on this account the church has always encouraged the study of the sciences. There is an analogy between the natural world and its laws and the spiritual world and its laws, such that we can understand the higher order better by knowing the lower.

When men accept truth of both orders they get more knowledge than if they accepted only one, and that the lower order. But when, on account of some fanciful hypothesis, they deny revelation which rests upon both supernatural and natural facts, they, as St. Paul declares, by professing themselves to be wise, become fools. Of such St. Paul also says they "change the truth of God into a lie."

Life to the mere scientist is an unaccountable mystery. We can find no satisfactory explanation of it unless God has revealed its meaning. Philosophy, as subsidiary and subordinate to revelation, opens a wide field of knowledge, but when it claims to be equal to or superior to God's direct manifestation of truth, it becomes as delusive as a dream.

We can have harmony between natural and revealed truth only by recognizing their different spheres and giving to each what is due. In this way alone is revelation satisfactory and complete and science stable and practical.



The Graves of the Pioneers,

(IN THE ALLEGHANIES.)

BY MARGARET M. HALVEY.

'Neath alien sod and alien sky,
Apart from the beaten track they lie—



Tourist and toiler pass them by—
The sleeping Pioneers!
O glorious hills, enrobed in haze!
O largessed woods! O blossomed ways!
For ye the meed of our stilted praise,
For *them* the tribute of tears.

In death as in life companions still,
Who blazed the trail and clomb the
hill,
And waited in faith and wrought
with will,

Thro' the blank of unnoticed years;
In death as in life one symbol near—
Their salve and solace for hurt and fear—
Cross of the Master! guarding here
The dust of the Pioneers.



From Glenties and Gurteen and Dermacell
Came Cormac and Manus and Neal: well
Their fading names on the cross-arms tell
The story that still endears:

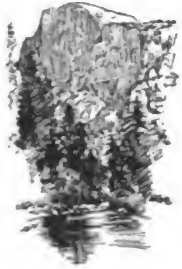


In chaptered sequence it may be read:
How the home arose and the Faith on-
spread,
Till the light of the Altar
here was shed
On the path of the
Pioneers.



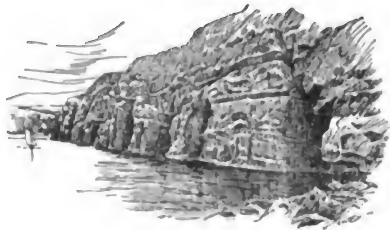
And now! O, ye Celts, is it lone to
sleep
Where warden watch the mountains—
keep,
Where hill winds moan and hill rains weep?
Is it lone 'mid your life's compeers?
Afar from the clover counterpane,

The soft-lipped breeze and soft-shod rain,
Of that land afar o'er the circling main,
The Isle of the Pioneers.

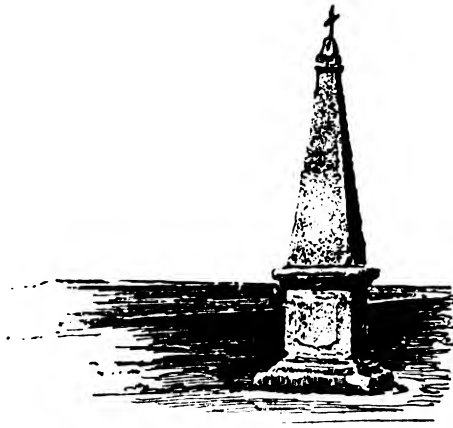


Nay! past the portals of alien grave,
Who doubts the welcome that Columb gave,
And Brendan the Saint of lake and wave
Who curbeth the sailor's fears!
As they, from the *old* Land ruthless driven
Your best to the *new* was freely given,

And never a bond of the old Faith
riven—
God's rest to His Pioneers!



Fadeth their names from passing
gaze—
Their shrunken graves from the
trodden ways—
But aureate still thro' the darkling haze
Behold yon spire uprears.
Columba's gift to Iona's shore,
Ensign that Brendan's *Cur-*
rach bore,
The Cross!—memorial ever-
more
Of the Celtic Pioneers.



ELIZABETH BRUYÈRE.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

BY FRANCES FITZPATRICK.



ELIZABETH BRUYÈRE was twenty-five years of age when named head of the little colony of Grey Nuns sent out from Montreal to settle in Bytown—now Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion. The year was 1845.

For thirty years—that is, as long as she lived—she governed the colony, which at her death had expanded into a dozen houses along the banks of the Ottawa River and the northern borders of New York State, Buffalo leading in the number of these latter.

The chroniclers of this half-century tell us that, under God's providence, much of the success which has visibly characterized the work is directly attributable to the foundress' personality.

The beauty of her character seems indeed to have been great. She was noble, generous, lofty of aim. Intellectually her gifts were of a high order, as can still be attested by the writings she has left, typical among which stands her last letter, addressed to the different houses of the order, which is really a model of close thinking, fluent expression, and virile affection for those from whom she knew she was about to separate, the strong point of it being an elevated exhortation to respect for the hierarchy of the church. This love of the church was one of her prominent characteristics, the trials of the church and of the Sovereign Pontiff being for her a source of solicitude and of prayer. For many years, in fact, the daily recitation of the Rosary, prescribed by the rule, was offered for the intention of Christ's Vicar upon earth.

Her charity was tender and universal. She simply could not view suffering unmoved; and if her sympathy knew preferences, it was for the most needy, the most abandoned, or the most sensitive. In several cases it happened that persons who had known better days were silently suffering the pangs of actual want, when Mother Bruyère, being acquainted of the painful circumstances, came to their relief with a secrecy as delicate as it was absolute.



ELIZABETH BRUYÈRE.

In the typhus epidemic incident on the exodus from Ireland following the famine of 1847, and which in itself would make an historic monograph charged with tragic pathos, Mother Bruyère and her little band of coworkers heroically devoted themselves to the sufferers cast ashore on the banks of the Ottawa, until the last sufferer needed their services.

If her love for her fellow-men in need was sincere and generous as evinced to strangers, so was it tender, watchful, unremitting towards those of her own household. Did any one of hers manifest symptoms of failing health, the mother's practised eye at once detected it and at once sought to apply relief. And in this there seems to have been, personal sympathy apart, a lurking element of justice. She argued that one

cannot stipulate to do what one is not able to do—physically, intellectually, morally—without flagrantly violating honesty.

The piety which characterized her life was of the most trustful nature. Her favorite maxim—that which serves as inscription on her tomb—might very well be taken as the epitome of her normal spiritual attitude: "Cast all thy care on God; he will sustain thee and relieve thee in thy sorrows."

At times, too, she rose to heights of contemplation in which her soul seemed rapt in God. On one occasion, the members of the order being gathered together in the chapel for prayer, which at the moment consisted in certain set invocations to the Eternal Father, Mother Bruyère burst forth into most beautiful impromptu paraphrasing, which the few remaining veterans of her time now describe as having heard, gazing with awed faces on what they considered their Mount Thabor.

In times of supreme trial, to which she in common with other *élite* souls was no stranger, she stood firm and unflinching, trusting to Him who wills that not a hair of our head shall fall without his knowledge, for deliverance, for redress.

In truth, it was largely because of this fashioning on affliction's anvil that she was so often able to be to others "The cup of strength in some great agony."

She had a deep and abiding sense of gratitude. Unceasingly she insisted that benefactors, those even who had ever done the order, or any individual member of the order, a kindness, should be constantly remembered with grateful prayers.

Perhaps the very uprightness of her intentions, the singleness of her purpose, left her open to imposition. She was guileless and unsophisticated in the ways of the world to a degree which, no doubt, may at times have made her a prey to deception. But this was what might be termed her extreme "other-worldliness," or was merely the conclusion—faulty, of course—drawn from the premises of her own candor and simplicity.

Elizabeth Bruyère was, it must be repeated, a woman of high ideals. In all her undertakings she aspired to the best, and this inevitably made her exacting and at times severe.

As regards observance of the proprieties, she seems to have thought, with Coventry Patmore, that "There is nothing comparable for moral force to the charm of truly noble manners." She may be said to have been a stickler for social conventionalities, although detesting martinetism; and frequent

were the individual rehearsals of forgetful junior members in the art of low, graceful bowing, for her never obsolete.

Her own manners were distinguished—the slightest service being rewarded with a gracious “Thanks!” If a favor had to be requested of her inferiors in rank or age, it was couched in such condescending words as to make the granting of it an eager pleasure.

In appearance she was good to look upon, not indeed for perfection of feature and delicacy of color, but because of that expression of soul which lighted up her face with varying evidences of intelligence and emotion. In person she was tall, and in later years inclined to an obesity which in amplifying her form lent to it a matronly dignity. Her eyes were gray, large, full; the brow broad, benevolent; her smile was of the rarest sweetness. The whole countenance breathed an agreeable sanctity. At all times there was discernible in her bearing the distinction of command.

In conversation she was brilliant; French literature, history, and the relations of Christ's Church as the informing idea of all, being pleasant and instructive to hear from her particularly, as her voice was singularly well-modulated and winning.

She possessed in a remarkable degree that penetration of mind so essential to one engaged in directing others; her skill in employing this rare quality being most profitably manifested in her masterly manner of diagnosing a recruit, and in her power of discerning the potentialities of those with whom she had intimately to deal.

Elizabeth Bruyère was one of the pioneer religious educators of Upper Canada, where indeed the United Empire Loyalists had firmly implanted their noble and sturdy traditions, and where the descendant of Scotch Covenanters had transplanted to New World soil the hardy tenacity of their native hills, but where likewise the “exile from Erin” and the loyal lover of the *fleur-de-lis*, anxious to amass for their heirs a heritage of supernatural faith, demanded for their daughters, particularly, the advantage of that careful educational training—character-building under organized, gentle, consecrated womanly influence—which they knew was necessary to this end.

Perhaps it will count among the discoveries of this psychologic age that the church has always had in practice what the most thoughtful educators of the present day augur in the signs of the times. Witness an eminent authority, in the

current number of the annual educational *Outlook*, predicting that the education of the near future "will focus upon the feelings, sentiments, emotions, and try to do something for the heart, out of which are the issues of life."

This the religious teaching orders have always been doing; this Mother Bruyère and her auxiliaries inaugurated at Ottawa in the middle of the century just closing.

In her attitude towards the public she seems to have been actuated by Plato's principle, "The government is for the people"; she believed that the *raison d'être* of an active body is the public need, rather than that body's personal emolument, or rather, even than the exclusive exigencies of rules. And this without detriment to the primal aim of personal sanctification, or rather, as an interpretation of that aim.

There existed, therefore, between her and the society with which she was brought into contact most marked relations of mutual esteem, understanding, sympathy, assistance, and harmony.

Since the advent to Ottawa of the colony headed by Elizabeth Bruyère, in 1845, it is no exaggeration to say that hundreds of thousands of souls have come under the control of the order which she conducted thither, and the impulse of the movement is still going on. The rude and humble inception of the work has taken on proportions of considerable magnitude, to which are not wanting lines of admirable beauty.

Many of the ideals after which Mother Elizabeth Bruyère strove certainly hold still, while others, perhaps of less loftiness, may in some instances be found in the seats of the mighty; but it cannot be gainsaid that zeal and self-sacrifice are now as then passing strong in the order, and seem destined to abide with it a possession for ever.

It is with religious orders as with the patriarchs, they can scarcely be considered out of their adolescence at their fifth decade. Trial and experiment and circumstance must have for co-operator God's own time, whose wondrous works are accomplished with a calmness and a deliberation akin to repose.



ARCHBISHOP OF KERKYRA.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN KERKYRA * (CORFU).

BY REV. DANIEL QUINN, Ph.D. (*Kerkyra, Greece*).



WHAT most emphatically attracts the curiosity of the investigator who would undertake to understand the work of the church past and present in the Greek island of Kerkyra is the widely varying fortune, the odd ups and downs, experienced during the long and troublous ages that she had to live through since the days of her first establishment down to the present century. These successive fortunes of the Church of Kerkyra are complex and extensive.

* We follow by preference the Greek forms of spelling of Dr. Quinn, who has an established reputation as a Hellenist.—ED. CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXI.—2

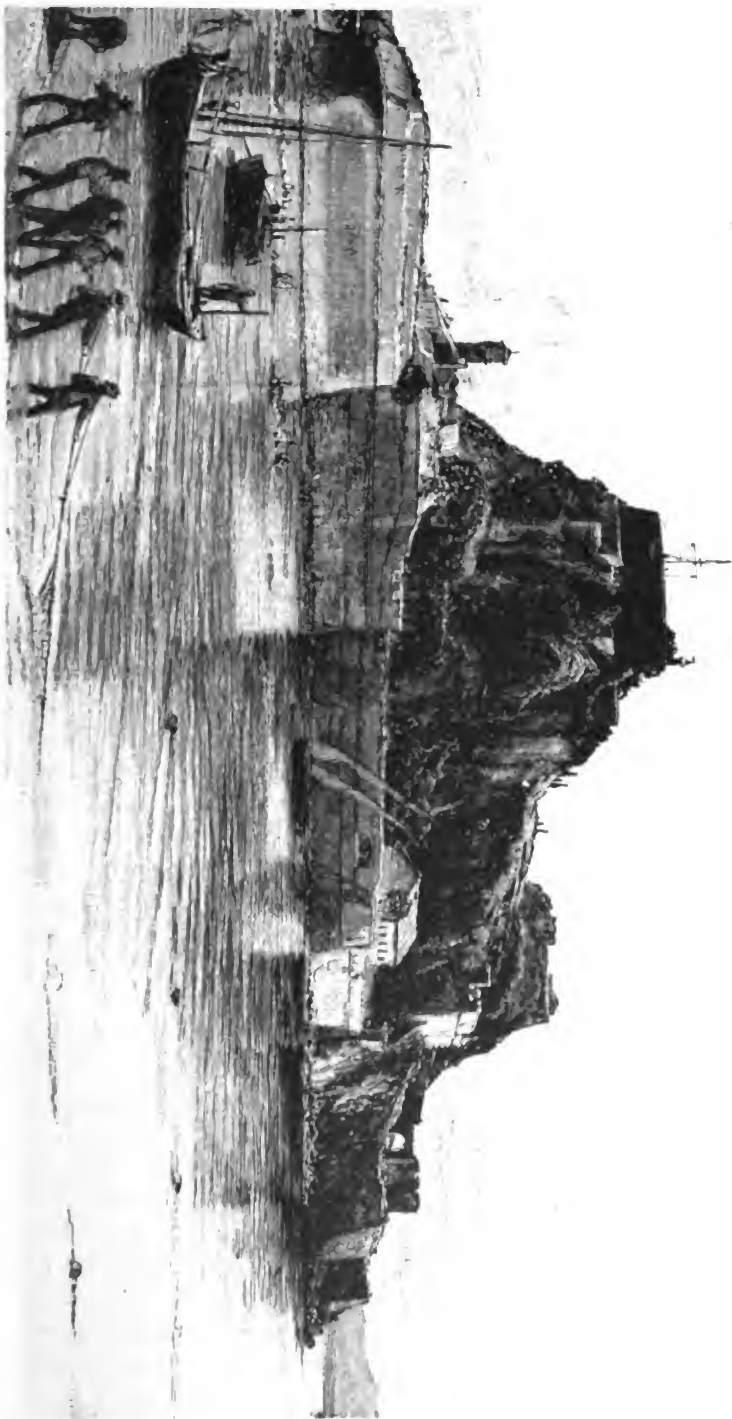
The vicissitudes of the church cannot properly be understood if severed from the varying political fate of the island. For this reason the ecclesiastical historian cannot keep himself independent of those other researchers who have applied themselves to the profane history of the island, nor from those who have scientifically taken up its archæology, or even its geography. And this also may be noted, that while respectably numerous are the scholars who have devoted themselves to the general and profane history of the island, no one has as yet consecrated his energies to the study of the peculiar career of the church here.

Many ages earlier than Christ's coming Kerkyra appeared in official history. It enjoys even prehistoric fame, for there have been and still are readers of Homer who think that this is the fabled island of the Phæaks where shipwrecked Odysseus found rest and hospitality in the palace of Alkinous. The myth might be attractive if retold from the Navsikaa, but it belongs not here. The earliest undoubted historic fact recorded concerning Kerkyra refers to the seventh century before Christ, and notes a naval battle between the Kerkyræans and the men of Korinth. This is the first naval battle recorded in European history.

The lovely climate of the island, its generous fertility, its superb location both as a commercial station and as a military position, have always made Kerkyra an object of desire to those who appreciated these advantages. Often, therefore, in its long history has it seen its masters flee before more powerful successors. Of all the East the Kerkyræans were the first to become a portion of the Roman world; for in the year 228 before Christ, to save themselves from the pirates of Illyria, they voluntarily placed themselves under the protection of the strong republic.*

From this year Kerkyra continued to be a Roman possession. When the empire was divided into Eastern and Western, Kerkyra was kept within the bounds of the Eastern. Thus did it become part of the Byzantine Empire, and such did it remain until A. D. 1081, when it was captured by Robert Guiscard. This brave adventurer had already put southern Italy under the heels of his Norman soldiers, and came East to claim for himself the throne of Constantinopol. But he carried his conquests no farther than Greece, and upon his romantic death in Kephallenia, Kerkyra returned to its Byzan-

* Polybios, ii. 11.



ROUNDING INTO THE HARBOR OF KERKYRA.

tine masters after four years of Norman ownership. Again, however, in the year 1147, the Normans captured it, this time led by Roger, son of the conqueror of Sicily. Thenceforth the island continued almost uninterruptedly to be the property of some Western power, except from about A. D. 1210 to 1260, when it was a portion of the domain of Michael Komnenos, despot of Epiros, who took the island from the Venetians and held it against them for these fifty years.

This meagre sketch of the history of the island is necessary for our purpose. In the course of the narrative it will be needful from time to time to interweave yet other facts of general history.

As regards its geographical position, Kerkyra is a beautiful island in the Adriatic, ten hours by steamer east of Brindisi, and, by the same method of travelling, about two days distant from Triest and Venice. It lies along the mainland of the Turkish Empire, being separated from the province of Epiros only by a narrow strait which forms an excellent harbor. The inhabitants live, part of them, in the city, which bears the same name as the island, and the others in villages dotted over the country districts in valleys and on mountain slopes. The people of the villages are all Greeks, but the citizens of the town are a mixed product, chiefly Hellenic, however. These city-folk speak Italian as fluently to-day as Greek.

The Gospel was brought to Kerkyra and disseminated here by Jason and Sosipatros, two men who are mentioned by St. Paul* in terms of endearment. Sosipatros is not mentioned elsewhere in the New Testament, but this Jason is supposed to be the same as he who is named in the Acts,† and at whose house St. Paul and his companion Silas stayed while preaching the Gospel in the city of Thessalonika.

But concerning these missionaries and their history little is really known. The only sources of information are the liturgical books of the Eastern Church. Following these authorities, hagiography declares that this Jason who came to Kerkyra was, as stated above, identical with him who entertained and protected St. Paul in Thessalonika, and who is called a "relation" by Paul in his letter to the Romans.‡ Being related to St. Paul in some way, he must have been a Jew—one of the Diaspora. And since he had a residence in Thessalonika, and was well known there, he may have been a native of that city. There it was that he first learned from Paul's lips the doctrine

* Rom. xvi. 21.

† xvii.

‡ xvi. 21.

of Christ and became a believer. St. Paul afterward sent him to Tarsos as bishop of the Christian community there. From Tarsos he came to Kerkyra.

The Greek *Menæon* and *Menology*, which narrate the above concerning Jason, teach as regards his companion, Sosipatros,



MONASTERY ON MOUSE ISLAND.

that he was a native of Patras, in Achaia, and that after becoming a Christian he was appointed bishop of Ikonion in Asia Minor. Both came together from Asia to Kerkyra as missionaries. Their labors were successful. A church was built, bearing the name of the proto-martyr Stephen. Here, however, as elsewhere, success was not unmixed. The adherents of the disturbed gods incited persecutions, and many of the Christians died in testimony of their faith in the new religion. Among these martyrs was Sosipatros.

Idolatry did not entirely cease to be the prevailing religion until about the time of the reign of the Emperor Severus (A. D. 193-211). Nevertheless from the very beginning the Christian community was perhaps sufficiently significant to possess a bishop, although if such a succession of bishops actually occupied this see, history, unfortunately, has failed to keep record of the fact. For, excepting the two glorious founders of Christianity in the island, the first bishop of Ker-

kyra whose name has been kept in memory was Apollodoros, one of the Fathers who sat in the Council of Nice.*

When the Eastern Empire was remodelled and redivided, by Constantin the Great, into nomarchies, dioceses, and provinces, the island of Kerkyra became administratively subject to Epiros, which was one of the five provinces that made up the diocese of Eastern Illyria. The chief city of the entire diocese, and therefore the seat of government, was Thessalonika. But the seat of the more local government for the single province of Epiros, to which Kerkyra belonged, was Nikopolis, a city founded by Augustos in memory of his naval victory off Aktion. Since the church government accepted the same divisions and subdivisions as were established by the state, the bishop of Kerkyra was naturally subject to the metropolitan archbishop of Nikopolis, who in turn owed obedience to the exarch of the diocese of Eastern Illyria—that is, to the archbishop of Thessalonika.

This great diocese of Eastern Illyria, to which Kerkyra belonged, was under the immediate jurisdiction of the pope. Different events may be recalled as indicative of this close relation. Thus, during the pontificate of Pope Hormisdas, the bishops of the province of Epiros, among whom was the bishop of Kerkyra, after having selected Bishop John to be metropolitan of Nikopolis, submitted the choice to Hormisdas for his approval.† Also in the ninth century, when separation between Rome and Constantinopol was imminent, Kerkyra was still rather with the West than with the East. And when the quarrel between the followers of Ignatios and Photios disturbed all Christendom, the bishop of Kerkyra, Michael, was, like the pope, one of the supporters of the cause of Ignatios.

Up to the time of the conquest of Kerkyra by the mediæval Europeans the population of the island was of Hellenic blood, comparatively unmixed with foreign elements. During this long period the dignitaries who governed the church here were, as they naturally and properly should be, Hellenes. But when the island passed out of Byzantine dominion into Frankish power, the successive rulers of the state took care that the bishops should be, like themselves, Westerners. This policy was fostered by the close relations then existing between positions of state and ecclesiastical dignities. And for this reason it is historically very easy to understand that the Franks, on having come into possession of Kerkyra, should immediately make the episcopacy of the island a Latin one.

* Le Quien, *Oriens. Christ.*, p. 147.

† Epist. Decr. Summ. Pont., i. 451.

This readjusting of the ecclesiastical affairs of Kerkyra to its new political life was first introduced by Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Louis of France. This Charles, being king of Naples, came to Kerkyra in the year 1268. Shortly after his arrival he disestablished the Greek episcopate.* And accordingly, from 1268 down to the year 1799, the episcopal throne of Kerkyra was occupied by a bishop of the Latin rite. Nearly all of these bishops were Italians, and most of them were Venetians, since the island belonged to Venice longer than to any other Frankish power.

In the year 1799 the French, who had taken possession of Kerkyra immediately upon the fall of the Republic of Venice, were compelled by the combined fleets of Russia and Turkey to withdraw from the Ionian Islands, and a new state was established in the Adriatic, under the name of the "Septinsular Republic." To this new state all the Greek islands of the Adriatic, from Kerkyra in the north to Kythera in the south, were given. The new state was placed under Russian protection. Kerkyra was made the seat of government. One of the



CHURCH IN IPSO, NEAR THE VENETIAN HARBOR OF GOVINO.

first acts of the Greek clergy of the island was to elect a bishop of their own rite. They forwarded their selection to Constantinopol for approval. Accordingly, since the year 1799

* Lunzi, *Della condizione politica delle isole Ionie sotto il dominio Veneto*, Venezia, 1858, p. 57.

there have been two episcopal sees in Kerkyra, one Catholic and the other "Orthodox."

After the privilege of having a bishop had been in former days taken away from the Greeks, they were obliged to recognize a certain jurisdiction of the Latin prelate—something, perhaps, like the Protestants in Malta, who are compelled to celebrate marriage before the Catholic parish priest, just as the Catholics in Great Britain before the Emancipation had to celebrate theirs before the Anglican rector, but at the same time they were not regarded as constituting a portion of the Catholic flock. Their ecclesiastical affairs were under the jurisdiction of an "Orthodox" priest who bore the distinguishing title of "Prothierevs" or "Protopapas," that is, "chief priest." Not being of episcopal rank, however, he could not ordain other members of the clergy. For this reason all Greek priests received holy orders in those days from some "Orthodox" bishop outside of Kerkyra, usually from the metropolitan of Ioannina, in Epiros.

During the Venetian dominion in Kerkyra the relations of the two churches were usually friendly. This was in part result of the fact that the noble families of Kerkyra distinguished themselves continually by their love for Venetian rule, since the Venetian government protected them against the people. And since these noble families directed by the weight of their influence the affairs of their "Orthodox" Church, they naturally kept the "Orthodox" clergy within the bounds of at least outward respect for the Latin rite. But this respect could surely be sincere after all, because these "Orthodox" Christians really differed but very little in belief and practice from their Catholic masters. This outward respect which the Greek clergy rendered to the dominant church took definite shape on certain solemn occasions. For on such days as the feast of St. Mark, the patron of Venice; the feast of Corpus Christi, the arrival of the bishop in the city, or the solemn entrance of the Provedditori and other distinguished representatives of the government, the "Orthodox" clergy were compelled to be present, and to participate in the religious ceremonies, to walk in the procession, and to officiate in the cathedral.*

This friendly harmony between the two ecclesiastical bodies naturally suffered a break from time to time. But the most serious disturbance occurred during the episcopal reign of Arch-

* Cerimoniale che si osserva nelle occasioni delle formalità pubbliche—a MS. in the archives of Kerkyra.



A KERKYRÆAN PEASANT.

bishop Maffei Venieri, a noble Venetian. The archbishop determined to compel the "Orthodox" Christians to recognize his jurisdiction over them in all affairs of canons and conscience. But his intentions were hindered by the direct interference of Pope Paul IV., to whom the matter was referred by Ludovico Rarturo, who then was protopapas of the Greek community. The Supreme Pontiff on this occasion addressed a rescript to the archbishop, exhorting him to abstain in future from all oppressive measures against the Greeks.*

In general the respect which the "Orthodox" bore towards

* Marmoras, *Historia di Corfu*, Venezia, 1672, pp. 318-322.

the Catholics was reciprocated by the Catholics. Indeed, one or two of the acts of condescension which the ruling church showed to the subservient one are worthy of special notice. Thus, for instance, in these Ionian Islands the Catholics have always accepted the old and imperfect calendar which the Eastern Church has so long stubbornly adhered to, instead of following the revised and more scientific calendar of Gregory XIII. Accordingly here in the Ionian Islands the fixed feasts of the Catholic Church usually coincide with the same feasts of the Greeks, and are therefore twelve days later than in Catholic churches in other parts of the world, while the movable feasts likewise coincide with those of the Greeks, but may happen to be weeks later than the same feasts in Europe or America. So that the Catholic traveller who visits Kerkyra may, after having celebrated Easter, for instance, in New York or Paris or Rome, on his arrival here be astonished to find his church still in the sorrows and fasts of the Lenten season. This exceptional departure from the common calendar was allowed by Rome in response to a request presented by the Venetian government of Kerkyra, asking that the exception be made. The reason offered was that since no question of belief was involved, the calendar of the minority ought to conform to that of the majority, so as to avoid the confusion of having every feast celebrated twice, once by the Catholics and on a later day by the "Orthodox." This union of the calendars took place when Archbishop Cocco was in the episcopal see of Kerkyra and Contarini was provedditore, Niccolo Quartano having been sent directly to Rome with the petition.

This interchange of courtesies and services between the two churches does not astonish the canonists; for the respective members of each church really regarded the others as different in race and language rather than in belief and practice. The Catholic Church during the entire Venetian dominion, from 1386 to 1797, freely communicated "in sacris" with the "Orthodox" body; and from what has already been said, this communication was on certain occasions official.

In Kerkyra remains of this former close fraternization still survive. An instance is the following: In the Catholic cathedral of Kerkyra are preserved certain relics or mementos of Sts. Jason and Sosipatros. These relics are exposed to the veneration of the faithful on the feast days of these saints, and on these occasions the Catholic church is visited not only by Catholics but also by crowds of "Orthodox." Then, when the

day comes on which these saints are honored by a feast in the "Orthodox" churches, the Greek priests go to the Catholic cathedral and carry the relics thence into one of their own temples, where with Eastern liturgy they are exposed and venerated, in the presence again not only of "Orthodox" but also of Catholic believers. After the feast is over, the relics are restored to the care of the clergy of the Catholic cathedral.

Another instance of religious fraternization is afforded by the feast of St. Spyridon. In Venetian times both churches united in celebrating the feast of this saint. Now, however, Catholics do not officially participate in the "Orthodox" celebration. St. Spyridon was bishop of Tremithus, in Kypros. Some years after his death his body was brought to Constantinopol, and there it was kept until after the fall of the city, in



THE FORTEZZA VECCHIA, WHERE STOOD THE CATHEDRAL IN VENETIAN TIMES.

1453. Then it was transported to Kerkyra, where it now rests, preserved in a gorgeous repository in a side-chapel of the church built in his honor. Since the bringing of these relics St. Spyridon has been the patron saint of the island. On the occasion of the great naval battle of Lepanto, in 1571, the banner of St. Spyridon was the distinguishing mark of the ships of Kerkyra.

Under the Venetians it cannot be said that either church or state did much for letters and learning in these islands. In Kerkyra letters were only for those who needed them absolutely for some profession. So to look for signs of popular edu-

cation would be vain labor. Of whatever learning there was, however, the churchmen seem to have been the promoters and leaders. We have an example from the year 1656, when about thirty of the more educated men of the city constituted themselves into a literary society under the name of the "*Accademia degli Assicurati*." The members of the society were priests and physicians, together with a few other lovers of learning; and the first president of the society was also a clergyman—a monk of the order of St. Augustine, Gregorio Gritti.* To the glory of Cardinal Borromeo, but to the shame of the Kerkyræans, it may be recorded that a number of the splendid manuscripts which the great cardinal collected for the Ambrosian library which he founded in Milan were sent to him from Kerkyra.

In the year 1564 Archbishop Antonio Cocco, who then occupied the see of Kerkyra, and had sat in the Council of Trent, determined to carry out the desire of the council regarding the training of men for the clerical profession. He therefore founded and endowed an ecclesiastical seminary. This institution continued to exist and to educate priests down to the year 1807, when the lands from which it drew its revenues were confiscated by the French, who had again become masters of the Ionian Islands. Since this year of 1807 candidates for the priesthood in the diocese of Kerkyra are prepared abroad, chiefly at Rome in the College of the Propaganda.

The Catholic see of Kerkyra was once quite wealthy. It possessed lands and other property from which churches and philanthropic institutions were supported. This wealth began with the gifts which the church received from the House of Anjou. The first of these who came to Kerkyra, Charles, presented to the Latin rite a number of churches, including the cathedral, which had hitherto belonged to the Greeks. And some years later his nephew, Philip of Anjou, gave in perpetuity to the church all the then untillied and all the uninhabited lands of the island. This last gift was a large one. But all of this wealth has disappeared. In 1807 the French confiscated not only the seminary, as mentioned above, but also all other property of the church except the houses of worship. The archbishop and the religious orders were sent into exile. Later there came other misfortunes; so that to-day the once opulent church of Kerkyra relies for its existence chiefly on the Propaganda and the Greek government.

* Marmoras, p. 425.

From this government it receives annually \$1,612 in compensation for the property which the French confiscated. The Catholic Kerkyræans themselves contribute nothing to the support of their religion, being spoiled into looking on the church as able and bound to aid them by its charity occasionally, but as having no claim whatsoever on their drachmæ. Moreover most of them are quite poor.

On account of these unpleasant difficulties this ancient church is much in need of care and good management. The present occupant of the see of this grand old Venetian possession is the young and good Archbishop Antonios I. B. Delendas. Being a man of aspirations and of youthful vigor, the Catholics of Kerkyra may resuscitate under his charge. Monseigneur Delendas is a Greek, and received his appointment in virtue of that wise policy which prefers that bishops and priests be not aliens in the land where they are to labor.

Of all the churches of Kerkyra the oldest and most beautiful is the temple of Sts. Jason and Sosipatros in Castrades, one of the suburbs of the city. This church belongs to the Greeks. It is of correct Byzantine architecture, and was built about twelve hundred years ago.

Such, then, is a brief and random sketch of the Catholic Church in the beautiful island of Kerkyra.



SUBURB OF CASTRADES, WITH BYZANTINE CHURCH.

THE SONG OF THE LORD.

A MUSICAL STORY.

"Sing ye to the Lord a new canticle : sing to the Lord all the earth " (*Psalms*).

BY MINNIE GILMORE.

I.

THE SONG OF THE VIRGIN.

"The voice of those that weep " (*Job*).



HE was only a little street-singer—of the rarest type of Italian beauty : a dusky-eyed blonde, with a mouth as red and fresh as the bud of a pomegranate, and cheeks a shade paler, as if only in her lips she blushed. But her voice was as the voice of an angel—high and pure as the skylark's, plaintive as the nightingale's, tender as a woman's who loves ; and better than all, with the divine note in it born, not of the singing human throat but of the soul attuned to heaven. More surprising still was the song she sang—she, the vagrant of New York's midnight streets—not a folk-song of her own country, not a popular ballad, not even one of the sentimental or patriotic strains of the day ; but reverently as the nun sings it in her convent-chapel, as the organ sobs out its soul in the music of the Mass, the Virgin's strain that twin-angels must have whispered to the inspired masters—Bach's "First Prelude," Gounod's melody, popularly known as "Gounod's Ave Maria."

From "Ave Maria" to "Amen" she sang it bravely ; then the beautiful voice died away in a sob of heartache, exhaustion, and hunger. The dark-faced padrone cut short the obligato he was droning from his husky violin, and lifted his foot to kick the little figure, crouching as it sobbed. There was a shrill protest in sibilant Italian as the third of the party darted between them—a bold-eyed, coarsely handsome girl of riper years than her companion, who had rested upon the curbstone, with idle tambourine, as the "Ave Maria" was sung ; and then, all smiles and bows and soft-voiced murmurings, she and the padrone turned simultaneously toward two young men of fashion who, standing aloof, had listened to the song. They were Jack

Darnelle and Vandyke Courtland, dawdling from the Club toward Delmonico's, whose lights, further down the avenue, glimmered just in sight. It was the street-singer's face that had arrested the dashing Darnelle's steps; but Vandyke was a born musician, and had stood astounded and spell-bound by the beauty of her pure young voice. He was older than his companion, but looked younger, by grace of his blond coloring; though it lacked the freshness of vigorous youth and health. Darnelle was dark as a gipsy; handsome, in a saturnine way, but sallow even as the fairer Vandyke was pale. Both bore the same unmistakable stamp—the stamp of the man of the world and “the pace that kills”; but while Darnelle was simply the worldling and nothing more, Vandyke's broad brow and thoughtful face were of a more spiritual and intellectual type. He was not a better man, but he had it in him to be better. Darnelle's soul was asleep; Vandyke's awake and restless. Only when under the spell of his beloved music did he know the joy of peace.

Carriages were rolling up and down the avenue, but the sidewalks were comparatively deserted, the houses curtained and closed; and of the occasional pedestrians passing by, with only a careless or insolent glance at the singer, Vandyke alone had recognized the real marvel of her voice. He had but recently returned from a long sojourn in the land of song and sunshine, and was therefore less surprised than Darnelle, whose ideas were typically American, that genius and beauty should go hand in hand with vagrancy. Music, beauty, and religion, Vandyke had been wont to call the Italian trinity. It was characteristic of the man that he should put music before beauty, and religion last of all. The classification was voluntary and deliberate, as godlessness inevitably is!

He mentioned the Italian trinity to Darnelle now, as he approached the group; but Darnelle, as a youth of fashion, posed as a cynic.

“Idealize Italy, if you will, old boy,” he protested, “but don't waste sentiment on New York pavements. Depend upon it, the little Italian's religion is confined to the creed of the money-changers; her blond beauty came from the hair-dresser's, at a dollar a bottle; and as for the lark in her throat, years will prove it only a raven. But throw her a quarter if you pine to encourage law-breakers. She's open to arrest, you know; but the brute with her probably lacks the *lira* for his oil and garlic! By Jove! she's taking to tears, for our especial

benefit. Look to your singing Niobe! I prefer the smiling Carmen with the tambourine!"

"No, not Carmen! *Caterina!*" challenged the tambourine-girl, kissing the silver he threw her, and jingling her tambourine in thanks. The padrone drew back, smiling and bowing. He would play an Italian love-song while Caterina coquetted with the noble signors whose open overcoats disclosed their irreproachable evening dress. Good Caterina, who knew how to sing with her eyes! As for her who sang but with her voice—*maledetta*, praying little fool and ingrate, earning not a poor man's salt!

Ignoring the coquettish Caterina, who pouted disdainfully at the blond signor's slight, and called upon the stars to witness that for her no man was handsome who was not of midnight darkness, like the noble signor his friend, Vandyke stooped to the little singer. As the electric glare revealed the refined beauty of her delicate-featured face, sombrely illumed by great dark eyes glistening with flowing tears, he uttered a surprised exclamation, and rested his hand on her shoulder. She trembled, and cowered pathetically. So did Marco clasp her when he was going to beat or bruise her. Santa Maria, save her! She was so tired, so tired!

"Why do you weep?" Vandyke asked her in soft Italian. "This man who ill-treats you—who is he?"

"Marco," she sobbed.

"And Marco is—what to you? Your father, your brother, your—?"

She glanced up in quick surprise, standing suddenly erect, with an air of disdain; her lips curling, her eyes flashing, as she answered, in slightly broken English:

"Marco is the *sposo* of Caterina, with whom I live but one month here. She take me from the ship. *Mia madre* die at sea. I sing for the bread, the bed, till I know the America better!"

"How is it that you speak the language?"

"My mother was of the American country, signor. From her I take my hair of sun."

"And this Marco is a stranger? He has no claim upon you?"

"None, but that he take the little money of *mia madre*, and keep it for me, when she die on the ship."

"Would you like to leave him and the streets for ever, to be well housed and clothed, and trained for the stage—to become, perhaps, a great singer?"

"Santa Maria! Such has been my prayer to the Madonna!"

"Then will you come with me—now, to-night?"

"*Madonna mia*, but may I? I find and ask the *padre* to-morrow."

"No, it must be to-night, or never. To-morrow I shall have forgotten. I mean you no evil, little one; it is for your music only—I like your voice."

"Oh, I say, Van!" interposed Darnelle in astonishment.

"What is your price for the freedom of this girl?" demanded Vandyke, in Italian, of the astounded Marco. The jealous Caterina shrugged her shoulders, tossed her tambourine derisively, and danced on, jingling its bells and chattering angrily. *Chè!* The singing-girl might go to evil if she liked; Marco could stay or follow, as he chose; for her, she went to them who knew a handsome girl when they saw her! She, Caterina, to stand aside for a rival, indeed! Marco, and the girl from the ship, and the American signors should see!

"No, the girl was nothing to him," the bewildered Marco was admitting, "yet never had he grudged her bread and roof. Heaven, he knew, would reward him in good time! As the signor saw, she had beauty as well as voice. Of him, her good friend Marco, many honest lovers had asked her hand in marriage—"

"What is your price?" thundered Vandyke. The man cowered, and looked uneasily after Caterina.

"*Sì*," he soliloquized; "the girl from the ship had proved but a poor bargain, making nothing of her beauty—the little fool, with her songs to the Virgin; and running with her tales to the *padre*, making trouble for a good man who was always seen in his church when there was something to be gained. Let her go! His Caterina was left—Caterina who could sing enough, and knew how to smile as well, and who saved her prayers for the Sundays. But yes, he would do it. The noble signor was rich and would be generous. And if the singing fool came to evil was her good friend Marco to blame?"

"If the girl desires to go," he smiled, "Marco trusts to the generosity of the noble signor! *Sì*, but he takes the voice that is the poor man's bread; and she owes already a year and more of living."

Vandyke contemptuously tossed him a bill. "She has been with you one month," he said, "and her dead mother's money, not to speak of her earnings, have paid you a thousand times

over. You are open to arrest as a thief, padrone, and vagrant. If she or I ever see or hear from you again, I shall send you to prison. Understand that I mean what I say. *Va! Begone!*"

The bill was a large one, and the dazed Marco clutched it greedily as he slouched after Caterina, muttering bewildered maledictions as he went. "Might the girl's voice die in her throat, and her beauty wither! Might she sink a knife in the heart of the pale-faced signor! Might the signor's gold take flight on wings! Might he love and lose, and his life be blighted!"

As the girl crossed herself and prayed to the Madonna against the Evil Eye, Vandyke led the way round the corner into the seclusion of the side street. Then, halting with an embarrassed laugh, he slipped both hands in his pockets, and turned his blue eyes upon Darnelle with a boyish look of quizzical appeal.

"And now that I have snared my song-bird," he demanded, "what the deuce and dickens, Jack, am I to do with her?"

Darnelle lighted a cigarette.

"If you take my advice, dear boy," he said, "you'll send her trotting after her macaroni as fast as her feet can carry her. I wash my hands of the affair. That last bottle at the club must have been heady."

In answer Vandyke hailed a passing carriage.

"I'll take her to my mother," he said, as he motioned the girl into it. "Jump in, Darnelle; you must see this thing through, for the girl's sake."

Darnelle dropped his cigarette in dazed incredulity. He was not of fine moral fibre, and had but small sympathy with the scruples of chivalry. As he found himself rolling up the avenue by Vandyke's side, with the street-singer for his *vis-à-vis*, an irrepressible smile of intense amusement irradiated his face.

"I should think," he said to Vandyke, tossing back the lapel of his open overcoat, that his boutonnière might not be crushed,—"I should think that Mrs. Courtland would be enraptured to receive your—*protégée*."

His satire had its justification. He knew Mrs. Courtland well, very well, for he was one of her younger favorites. She was a social queen, not a woman; a soulless, heartless autocrat in the courts of Mammon.

"Oh, mother's all right!" said Vandyke, easily. He un-

derstood his mother. She would stand by him—not in love, but in pride; not in sympathy, but to avert a scandal.

Descending before a brilliantly lighted mansion, on an up-town corner of the avenue, Vandyke escorted his companions through the empty drawing-rooms into an artistic music-room, and then hastened upstairs to his mother's dressing-room, to which he was told she had but just ascended. Darnelle, left alone with the heroine of the evening's adventure, proceeded to scrutinize her more critically than opportunity had yet permitted.

Her short gown which made her appear much smaller than she was; her clumsy blouse, the gaudy cap which disfigured her golden head, could not conceal her really startling beauty—the beauty not of a child, as he now discovered, but of a well-grown girl. Her eyes were like lustrous stars drowned in midnight-waters; her natural golden hair was in beautiful contrast to her dark brows and lashes; and her oval face was refined and chaste in feature, and expressive both of intelligence and soul.

"Why, you're a real little beauty," he exclaimed impulsively. "But you're not as fly as the jealous Caterina, eh?"

"Caterina is good! I love Caterina," she asserted, with an indignant flash of her eyes.

"Happy Caterina!" he laughed, approaching her.

With a disdainful shrug of her shoulders she turned her back upon him, sinking wearily upon a tabouret in the far corner. She had not sung in the streets without knowing men's insolence; but she had no charity for it, no response such as Caterina smiled even while she muttered bad things *sotto voce*; no, not she! Her dear dead *madre*, and the good *curato* to whom she had confessed before she sailed on the fatal ship, had told her to smile on no man save him who asked her in marriage before the altar in the church—and from the friends of Marco, some of whom indeed had asked her even so, she had shrunk in fierce distaste. As for the dark signor who smiled and smiled, *chè*, she hated him! It was a sin to hate—yes, she would confess it to the *padre*; but perchance to hate was less wicked than to love—when one was not asked in marriage.

The portières parted and Mrs. Courtland swept in—a regal figure in trailing velvet, her loosened cloak disclosing her Junoesque throat and arms. She wore a diamond tiara, and over her bodice, glittering with jewels, fell a double rope of pearls,

reaching nearly to the floor. She had driven home but for a moment on her way from dinner to ball.

Darnelle bowed to the ground. To be one of the beautiful and proud Mrs. Courtland's favorites was but to owe her more distinguished homage. Darnelle knew his world.

She acknowledged his presence only by a glance; then lifted her lorgnette, and silently scrutinized the street-singer through unnecessary lenses. With national grace the girl had risen upon her entrance and courtesied respectfully. But as the pitiless inspection continued she look distressed and resentful, and instinctively swayed toward Courtland, who took her hand reassuringly.

"This is my little *protégée*, mother," he said. "You see I have not idealized her."

Mrs. Courtland relinquished her lorgnette.

"Mr. Darnelle," she said, ignoring the others, "when a mother refuses to be the scapegoat of a spoiled son's caprices, another woman invariably takes her place. Until my son marries I prefer the other woman to remain in the background. Kindly ring the bell for my maid, who will see that this young person is safely sheltered for the night. For to-morrow I promise nothing. Sufficient for the night is the folly thereof. Yes, James, I rang. Send Marie to me here. And oh, by the way, to Marie's room, at once, a substantial supper for one!"

"Good little mother," laughed Vandyke, lifting her hand to his lips. "Now you shall have your reward. Your eyes have seen me justified—now your ears shall corroborate them. Little one, sing!"

"The young person has no name," remarked Mrs. Courtland to the ceiling.

"My name is Maria Bianca Mazetti, signora," answered the young person with proud composure. "*Mia madre's* name was Blanche. She, like the noble signora"—Mrs. Courtland resumed her lorgnette—"was of the American country. My father was of the opera—a brother to one of the nuns in the convent that had been *mia madre's* home. She was what you call the orphan, and had pray to become a nun, till my father ask her in marriage. But in Italy he die, and *mia madre* think to make much money in the American country, while her nuns teach me from the books, before she take me back to Italy, for to make the great singer. But she die of the broken heart; and Marco, on the ship, he take from me her money,

and tell to all that I go to his Caterina; and when we land Caterina kiss me, and cry the tears, and take me to sing with her on the American streets. But the good church-padre, when I go to confession, he like not the street-singing, and speak to Marco; so Marco take Caterina and me far off! I run away to find again the *padre*, but I know not where the church; and Marco find and beat me. Marco is bad man, but Caterina is good. When I am the great singer, then will I send much money to Caterina!"

Vandyke had seated himself at the piano. Striking a few soft chords by way of prelude, he glided into the "Ave Maria." He had the touch of an artist and the passion of genius. If wealth had not warped him, he would have been a great musician. As it was, he was only a talented amateur—a musical dilettante.

"Sing, my Bianca, sing!" he whispered, as the obligato ended.

As she had never sung it before, as perhaps she would never sing it again, Bianca sang her favorite hymn to the Virgin. It was a song of faith and love and gratitude and ecstasy unutterable. Had the dear Madonna not heard her prayers, and rescued her from the cruel Marco and the crueller streets, and sent the dear pale signor, like a beautiful white angel, to befriend her? Had he not called her his Bianca, his—with the tender "mia" she had not heard since the waters closed over the one last creature who loved her? If a sob broke her voice, it was a sob of rapture as well as of heartache, and but gave to her song more thrilling fervor, more pathetic sweetness, more passionate devotion. As the golden notes swelled and sank, tremulous indeed with her youth and faulty phrasing, with her excitement and fatigue, and the faintness of long hunger, yet pure and clear and beautiful with the divine key-note which is the rarest of all heaven's gifts to man, Darnelle listened in wide-eyed amazement, and the haughtiness of Mrs. Courtland's face relaxed into an expression of virtual relief. As the song ended her maid entered.

"Marie," she said in a gracious though somewhat mocking voice, "I entrust to your care for to-night a prima donna from Little Italy. The housekeeper will relieve you of personal charge, but you will see that my orders are carried out—bath, supper, bed, and in the morning let the wardrobe of one of the younger maids be drawn upon. Nothing worn at present is to be retained; nothing!"

"Nothing, madam," assured the maid, gesturing to Bianca
But Bianca clutched her blouse in affright.

"But my scapulaire, my beads, my mother's picture—all
these must I keep and wear!" she cried excitedly.

Vandyke extended his open hand.

"Little Bianca," he said, "the scapular, the beads, your
mother's picture shall be left you, yes."

Then she followed Marie from the room.

Mrs. Courtland toyed thoughtfully with her lorgnette for
an instant. Then she lifted her proud, cold eyes to her son.

"The first act of the comedy is ended," she said, "Keep it
a comedy, my son, lest the world laugh at, rather than with
you!"

"Mother is right," Vandyke said to Darnelle, when she
had left them. "Love is a tragedy to every woman. Jack,
say good-by to me; I'll be off on another of my cruises in
the morning. The second act of the little singer's comedy
shall be played without me."

"And the third act?" queried Darnelle, significantly.

Vandyke laughed, pulling his blond moustache. "Come
along to my rooms and take the boys off my hands," he
pleaded. "I'm not in the mood for a night of it. The third
act? Who knows if there be one? Better to end with the
second. The third act of the Human Comedy is inevitably
tragic. It has choice of only two curtains—Love, and Death!"

II.

THE SONG OF LOVE.

"The voice of my beloved knocking" (*Canticle*).

The final rehearsal was over. To-morrow would be Bianca's twentieth birthday; and on its evening she was to make her operatic *début* in Milan—the musical centre of Italy—as Marguerite in "Faust." For seven years she had not once seen the pale American signor, to whom she owed not only her operatic training, but also the happy convent years that had prefaced it. But her memory of him, his beneficence, his picture, and his letters had made him the dream and ideal of her life. To-morrow she would begin to repay him; but to-night, when she was at last to meet him again, she was still his *protégée* and debtor. The thought had no bitterness

for her, however; for love excludes pride, and Bianca loved her benefactor with a love that was all of heaven.

Bianca was beautiful in soul as well as in body. From her father she had inherited her musical genius; but all the purity, the exaltation, the devotion of the child of the convent and prospective novice, had been her heritage from her mother; and as music is the divine art, so the parental inheritances did not conflict in her soul, but blended to make her the ideal young virgin she was. Her years with the French nuns had not changed, they had only developed her. In spite of the streets, in spite of Marco and his wicked kind, she had gone to the nuns as unsullied as one of their niched white statues. On the streets she had sung her songs to the Virgin; between the songs she had told her beads, with her thoughts on her own mother, dead in the sea, and on the Madonna who guarded the motherless. Then the pale signor had appeared like a beautiful white angel, in answer to her prayers; and that was all her innocent story! She had never seen him again—the beautiful pale signor. Even the next morning the haughty signora, his mother, had told her that he had gone to the end of the world, but had left orders concerning her which it was her duty of gratitude as well as to her own vital interest to obey; and less than a week later she had sailed for France, where for three happy years she had lived with the dear, kind nuns; loving the chapel and the music room better than the study and class-rooms indeed, but faithful to her books because the pale signor wished it. Then the signor's proud mother had come and taken her to Italy to a great musician in whose house, outside of Milan, she had become as a beloved daughter. For four long years, now, he had taught her the operas in which at last she was to make her professional appearance. For a prima donna on the verge of her *début* her thoughts were very simple as she waited for the signor; but such is the divine grace of religion, and such, in lesser degree, the human grace of art. Religion is the soul's passion—genius, the intellect's. Where these reign supreme the spirit triumphs.

Vandyke would have preferred that the *maestro's* buxom spouse permit him to see Bianca alone. But the good Italian signora had conscientiously guarded her charge from independent American ways, and had no intention of not being faithful to the end. To-morrow the little Bianca would be a great singer—had the *maestro* her husband not said it?—and

all the moths in gallant Italy would be fluttering in her flame! But to-morrow had dawned not yet; and to-night Bianca was still the cloistered vestal who had received the Host at the early Mass, and heard a second Mass in thanksgiving; then studied her rôles all day; and stolen at dusk, now into the great Duomo, now to some humble wayside shrine, to say her vesper-beads to the Madonna; going to sleep with the birds, indeed, that she might waken with them, to swell their songful matins.

In seven years of such simple life Bianca had changed only as the rose changes, bursting from bud to blossom. In the woman the child still survived. Her bright golden hair, her lustrous dark eyes with their dusky brows and lashes, her straight, slender, sensitive little nose, her pouting red lips, her oval face with its faint bloom and beautiful fresh skin, her lithe grace like that of the Italian rushes swaying by the river—all were as Vandyke remembered them; but her eyes were deeper and graver, her mouth at once more chastened yet more impassioned, her vivid expression more intellectual and refined, and the half grown girl matured to a tall, well poised, magnificently formed young woman.

But even as she had changed for the better, Vandyke had changed for the worse. His pallor was more pallid, his expression less happy, and he looked somewhat worn and languid, though suggesting utter weariness of spirit rather than physical delicacy. In truth, the man was unhappy as only that man is who lives in daily defiance of the call of God within him. In his soul he had faced for years both the divine proposition of God's existence, and its inevitable corollary—the existence of God's one true church on earth. Toward that one true church his trained intellect no less than his called soul had long impelled him; but the world and the flesh had become his ruthless masters, and his immortal spirit was in their carnal thrall. He was a man of spiritual as well as social honor; therefore for him to acknowledge God would have been to enlist in the divine service, and from the heroic sacrifice involved his weak flesh shuddered—though his mind and soul never ceased to urge him on. Small wonder that his face was haggard, his eyes weary! The spectres of Death and Eternity are awful visitants to the souls that see them untransfigured by the supernal rays that shine from the Cross of Christ.

As he met Bianca's eyes, however, Vandyke brightened

into a transient semblance of his younger self, even as she remembered him. A subtle aura of divine peace seemed to emanate from her presence. He felt, as he looked at her, that to his struggling spirit a truce was granted—its flag the heavenward flutter of her pure soul's white wings.

"My pale signor!" she cried impetuously, kissing his hand as she had kissed it once before. It was the title by which she had dreamed of him, and involuntarily it escaped her.

He smiled at the signora's reproving shake of her head, and courteously reciprocated the salute.

"So this is Bianca," he said; "the little Bianca of seven years since—grown up! This time to-morrow night the great singer will belong to the world. For this one last evening I claim all her attention. The good signora will permit us these seats by the window? We have seven long years to talk over."

"Why did you not come before?" she asked him.

"Why?" he repeated. He was wondering how much or how little he might tell her. Her beauty, her simplicity, were alike supremely delightful to him. His moral as well as his artistic nature was satisfied, which was a rare coincidence in the man of the world's experience. Although they had met but once, she was no stranger to him. Nay, he came as a friend who knew her inmost heart—a friend, and perchance something more! Had not her soul revealed itself to him even at first, through her voice? Had not her heart become his open book, through her letters? Now that the sight of her beauty, the response of her eyes, the caress of her hand, perfected his knowledge of her, what was lacking of consummate revelation, pregnant with inevitable love? His heart had long known that in truth he already loved her. Even from the first he had loved her genius and beauty; and year by year a deeper love had grown within him, as her own letters and the reports of her guardians had convinced him of her pure heart and simple soul. Why had he not yielded to love, and anticipated this meeting? Who or what, for seven long years, had made her whom both his soul and heart desired as sacred and forbidden fruit? No man, no woman, no social obligation; for what cared Society for a waif like Bianca? No, only a divine instinct within him, which he had chosen to obey—that was all! But now that the barriers were down at last and his probation ended, all the repressed emotion of years surged up to tempt him. Why should her life be still a

comedy? She was born for the tragedy of love. Why should she be spared its heartache, the fate of all fair women? And even though he still spared her, others would not. To-morrow the hearts of many men would be at her mercy; but should he choose to speak before them, well he knew that all future lovers must be to her but as phantoms that were not!

"I did not come before," he answered slowly—in English, that the signora might not understand—"because I knew that when I came the inevitable must happen. My Bianca, you are beautiful, gifted, and a woman. I am a man and free to marry. When such meet, what results?"

"What?" she asked him, innocently.

"Love, my Bianca; the love of the poets, of the romancers, the love of your songs and your operas; better still, of the human men and maids you see about you. Love is the motor of life; it is the axis of the world, the pulse of humanity, the joy and sorrow, the blessing and curse of every man and woman who lives to maturity. The *maestro* says you will be a great singer, but you cannot be a great singer till you have loved. In love are strength and tenderness, purity and passion, tears and laughter, knowledge and power, the human key-note that thrills all earth, and the echo of the only strain men retain from heaven. Have you, then, yet loved, my Bianca?"

"I have loved the Christ in the Host, and the Madonna of the skies, and the memory of my mother. I have loved the song in my soul, and its echo in my voice, and the chords of the organ, and the strains of the orchestra. All these I have loved with a joy that is pain, and a pain that is sweeter than peace. Ah, yes, my signor, I have loved!"

"And nothing, no one else, my Bianca?" he pressed, pitilessly. "No dream, no ideal, no memory, no creature?"

"But yes, my signor," she answered bravely. "Have I not, too, loved you?"

"I do not know," he smiled. "Tell me, *carina*!"

"I have remembered you always," she trembled; "thanked you always, prayed for you always. It is for you that I have studied, to you that I have sung. You have seemed to walk beside me, your face to be before me always. All others have passed like shadows; you alone have been real as myself. I have never known loneliness, for you have seemed always with me. I have wearied quickly of others, because I longed to be with you alone. Your silence has been sweeter than speech, and your letters like unsung music. When men have smiled

upon me, I have felt a hurt and sorrow, as if they profaned some holy thing that I held in trust for you. In my thoughts, in my dreams, in my prayers, you have been always 'my beautiful pale signor'! It is my heart's name for you! I can give you no other. Is that love, my signor?"

"Yes, that is love," he smiled, with uttermost tenderness. "Tell me more, Bianca."

"You are not angry, my signor, that I should love you?" she pleaded. "The *padre* has said it is good to love one's benefactor; so I have felt it no wrong, no sin. Sin comes between us and God, and darkens the heavens, and puts the Madonna further from us; but my love for you has seemed to bring heaven nearer, and impelled me always to pray—to pray for you! To talk to men of this and that has been nothing. To pray to Gesù and the Madonna for you and your soul has been all. I know not why it is, my signor, but always the tears come when I pray for you. It is as if you were in the pain and sorrow, and cried to Bianca to save you. Is it so, my signor? Have you the secret cross or trouble? Take it to the *padre*. He will help you. When one confesses, then, though the cross remain, there is no more sorrow, but only sad sweet peace!"

"But you know," he said impatiently, "that I am what you call a heretic. There is no *padre*, no confession for me!"

"No? Then what is there for you?" she asked him, pityingly.

He threw out his hands with a weary gesture.

"Nothing," he sighed; "I acknowledge it, nothing."

"And the dear Christ came to live and die for you, only to leave you—nothing?"

He hesitated for a moment, then laughed mirthlessly.

"That's a poser, little zealot," he said, "but to argue religion with a man of the world is always hopeless. Your darts may be aimed surely, but they always rebound, for they strike only against the stone-wall of indifference and rejection—wilful and deliberate indifference and rejection, if you like."

She ignored the admission that his words implied. Perhaps she did not recognize it.

"What is a man of the world, my signor?" she asked him.

"A man of the world, Bianca, is a man who ignores religion, professing no creed save 'Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die!' His god is gold, his heaven the flesh, his

ideals the adulation of the world, the beauty of woman, and the indulgence of the mortal senses. Of the soul he knows nothing, of the heart he thinks lightly. Sometimes he deifies the mind, and lives on an intellectual plane; but more often his entire life is devoted to the luxuries and delights of the body. As he lives without God, so he most often dies without him; and when he is dead, men bury him in the ground, and forget him. It is a short life, my Bianca; just a little human span, with no hope, no suggestion, no sweetest promise of immortality about it; a short life, but a merry one. To live, and love, and laugh, and die—it is enough!"

"But you do not look merry," she said. "The little children at play, the dear nuns at recreation, the good old *padre* when he cheers the sick with his stories and the sad with his jests—these are merry, but not you! Your face is pale, and your eyes are weary. You are not merry, my signor, but no!"

He held out his hands to her.

"Then make me merry, my Bianca," he said. "Sometimes it chances that a man of the world loses his hold on joy; and then only a woman, a good woman like you, can cheer him. The world, the flesh do not always satisfy—I acknowledge it to you. The mystical thing we call the soul hungers, but the man of the world lacks the food wherewith to satisfy it. Then he turns to the one woman—for there comes only one such to each man's life, Bianca, to whom God is real, and heaven near, and the soul immortal, and life a chaste, exalted, consecrated thing—and he says to her, 'Be my wife?' Her 'Yes' may gain his soul; her 'No' surely loses it. Is it yes or no with you, Bianca?"

"Be your wife?" she echoed. "You are asking me, Bianca, in marriage? Ah, my signor, I am not worthy!"

He smiled, well satisfied.

"It is I who am not worthy," he said, "as your priests and all the rest will tell you; but you know me better than they, Bianca, and must judge between us for yourself. Ah, my love, you think it sudden; but, rather, have I not always meant it? When I heard your voice and saw your beauty even on that first night I said to myself that the end, perhaps, would be as it is now! Why did I shrine your soul in the purity of the convent but to keep it white for me? Why have I fostered your genius and beauty save for our mutual happiness, when you shall be my wife? Why have I written you reams

of letters, revealing my own life and inviting the revelation of yours in return, but that our hearts might commune even in absence, know each other even though strangers, recognize each other, after long parting, as affinities that part no more? I have bided my time because it is better for you as well as for me that I marry the famous artist rather than the obscure woman. Make your *début* to-morrow night, win Fame's laurels for a season, and then the roses of Love shall crown you, and my wife shall sing for me alone. The "Ave Maria"—do you remember it, Bianca? It shall be our love-song. I have not heard the golden voice yet. Sing it, my love, my wife!"

The signora had been peacefully dozing in her corner, the unknown language acting upon her like a monotonous lullaby. She roused herself with a start as Bianca passed to the piano, her fingers playing the obligato as one plays in a dream. Then, dreaming still, her voice lifted; and she sang—ah, how she sang! The signora wept in her chair, and thought of angels. Outside the *maestro* sobbed, and cried out that her voice was of heaven! And who shall say that it was not? for love is of heaven till earth has soiled it; and it was love that sang through Bianca—love the pure, love the holy, love the beautiful; love, the divine dove shrined in the heart's human chalice. As he listened, why did Vandyke hear no longer the song of the woman he loved, but rather the Voice of the God he had failed, arraigning his soul, yet alluring his heart till grace could be no longer rejected? All his life he had resisted God's grace; why, of a sudden, was his soul impelled to respond to it? Ah! he had revered the innocent, befriended the orphan, and spared the helpless. Was it not thus that God rewarded him, even as the grateful Madonna herself made intercession for the benefactor of her child?

"*I believe!*" cried his soul. "*Help my unbelief.*"

But to Bianca he said only that she sang like an angel. She smiled at the words, as the signor's compliment; but he knew that he spoke truly. "*Aggelos*, messenger," Greek defines it. In truth, Bianca's "Ave Maria" had been God's messenger of faith.

THE STORY OF THE PASSION AS TOLD IN THE
CHURCH'S HYMNS.

BY E. LYELL EARLE.



HERE is one source of spiritual truth and consolation which we fear is not fully understood and enjoyed by many of the faithful: the Hymns of the Church.

To the priest who recites his daily office, following the changes of the liturgical year, these hymns are a great fountain of spiritual instruction and joy. But few of the laity make a study of the beauty and doctrine hidden in these venerable poems, born of inspired sanctity.

By far, however, the most touching of the church's hymns are those of the Passion. There the widowed Spouse of the crucified God calls on all her orphaned children to read in the blood-dyed book of the Cross the story of the Saviour's love for men.

Beginning with the feast of the Passion, which is always commemorated on the Tuesday before Ash Wednesday, she unfolds weekly the Tragedy of the Passion, from the Love Feast in Jerusalem to the expiring cry of the Master on Golgotha.

Various translations of the Passion hymns may be found. These we give from the original Latin, hoping they may convey some little at least of their unction and pathos.

On the solemn commemoration of the Passion the church gives, prologue-like, the story of the Passion in general view :

Fixed on the cursèd tree of sin
The Saviour hangs in racking pain.
Each torment dread, each sorrow fell,
His tortured soul must now sustain.

With horrid wounds the gory nails
His sacred hands and feet shall bore,
While life's bright streams shall lavish flow
From heart and brow and every pore.

BRIDGE OVER THE BROOK OF CEDRON.



Hark, hear the Son's sad cry of death !
The Mother's heart is rent atwain.
O Jesus! Mary! may our souls
Be pierced with love-begotten pain.

The seas, the mighty deeps, are stirred ;
The hallowed dead forsake the tomb ;
The temple's mystic veil is rent ;
The earth is sunk in nether gloom ;

Sun, moon, and stars, all heaven weeps ;
The earth doth groan in mighty throes ;
Come old and young, come all who love,
And weep for Jesus' bitter woes.

Come, stand we sorrowing by the cross ;
Anoint in love those wounded feet ;
With Magdalen bathe them in heart-tears,
And kiss them dry with homage meet.

O Sacrificial Victim high !
That we might share redemption's grace,
Consummate now thy saving work,
Among thy ransomed give us place.

Sweet Jesus, be our peace, our joy !
Our hope shall ever rest in thee ;
Be thou our guide through life's sad course,
Our crown and glory endlessly.

On the following Friday, the first in Lent, the Agony in the Garden is commemorated.

Taking our departure from the City of Jerusalem, we make our exit by St. Stephen's Gate. It is nearest to the Mount of Olives, and from its massive doorway Gethsemani can be plainly seen. The path first leads us down the steep incline of Mount Moriah, and then over the stone bridge which spans the Cedron Valley. There are three pathways, one leading through the village near by, the other over the heights of Mount Olivet, the third to the dark, silent Garden of Gethsemani. Let us follow this. We soon come to an enclosure within which wormwood and passion vines trail the sombre massive olive-trees, that cast their chilling shadows like giant spectres along the ground. High above us, on either side, is a mountain. On the right towers Jerusalem, a living city ; on

the left, the great Jewish cemetery, a city of the dead. The trees round about us are venerable in their antiquity, cankered and furrowed and gnarled by age, yet sadly impressive in their grandeur. The paschal moon is struggling with the fitful clouds overhead, ever and anon lighting up the sombre passes of the Garden of Olives. As we gaze one of these beams illumines the grove, and beneath a massive, solemn olive-tree we behold a form lying prostrate on the earth. And even as we stand in astonishment, a frightful struggle seems to be going on within him! He half rises from the ground, clasps his hands in agony, falls prostrate again, while on the silent air sounds the heart-rung cry, "Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass!" Then all was still again, seemingly but for a moment, while the struggle went on with increased intensity, when from the stricken form was heard: "Yet, Father, not my will but thine be done!"

What had taken place in the interval of these two prayers? The church tells us in the hymn for the office of the Agony in the Garden:

Mark how the Word eterne came from the Father's throne,
Burning with deepest love man to redeem;
For the first Adam's sin, with its fell brood of death,
Fain would love's victim be, priceless, supreme.

Deep was his spirit stirred at such all-saddening doom;
Longed he our bitter loss full to repair.
Now bows he to the earth; for our guilt-laden souls
Seeks Heaven's pardon through his reverent prayer.

Lo! see sin's torrents foul sweep o'er his spotless soul!
Must he drink sorrow's cup ere grace be won?
"Lord, may this chalice pass!" breaks from his stricken heart;
"Yet, Father, let thy will, not mine, be done!"

Mighty that effort was, piercing his inmost heart,
As pain and grief and sin made their mad claim;
Sad sank he to the earth; forth from each sacred pore
Life's ruddy drops in racking anguish came.

Forth from the hosts at Heaven's word a seraph high,
Speaking the Father's cheer in love's sweet voice;
And at this soothing note uprose the stricken Lord,
Godlike e'ermore in love's unchanging choice.

Praise to the Father be, and the all-saving Son,
Whose name supreme hath made us sinners free;
And to the Spirit, the all-sanctifying one,
Be honor, power, and glory endlessly!

The second scene in the Tragedy opens. It is the crowning with thorns.

Judas has completed his work of treason. The mob have seized and bound Christ, and are leading him away to the high-priest. With jibe and jest and ruthless blow they urge the Saviour on to Jerusalem till they reach the house of Anas. The counsellors of the nation assemble. Christ is arraigned before them. The mock trial goes on; the false witnesses testify; and all this not sufficing, the unscrupulous Caiphas takes the judgment-seat and soon the august Prisoner is deemed worthy of death. At morn he is hurried to Pilate to have the ecclesiastical sentence ratified by the civil power.

Yielding to the clamors of the Jews, Pilate condemned Jesus to the crowning and scourging. Listen to the agonizing cry of the Spouse at the awful sight:

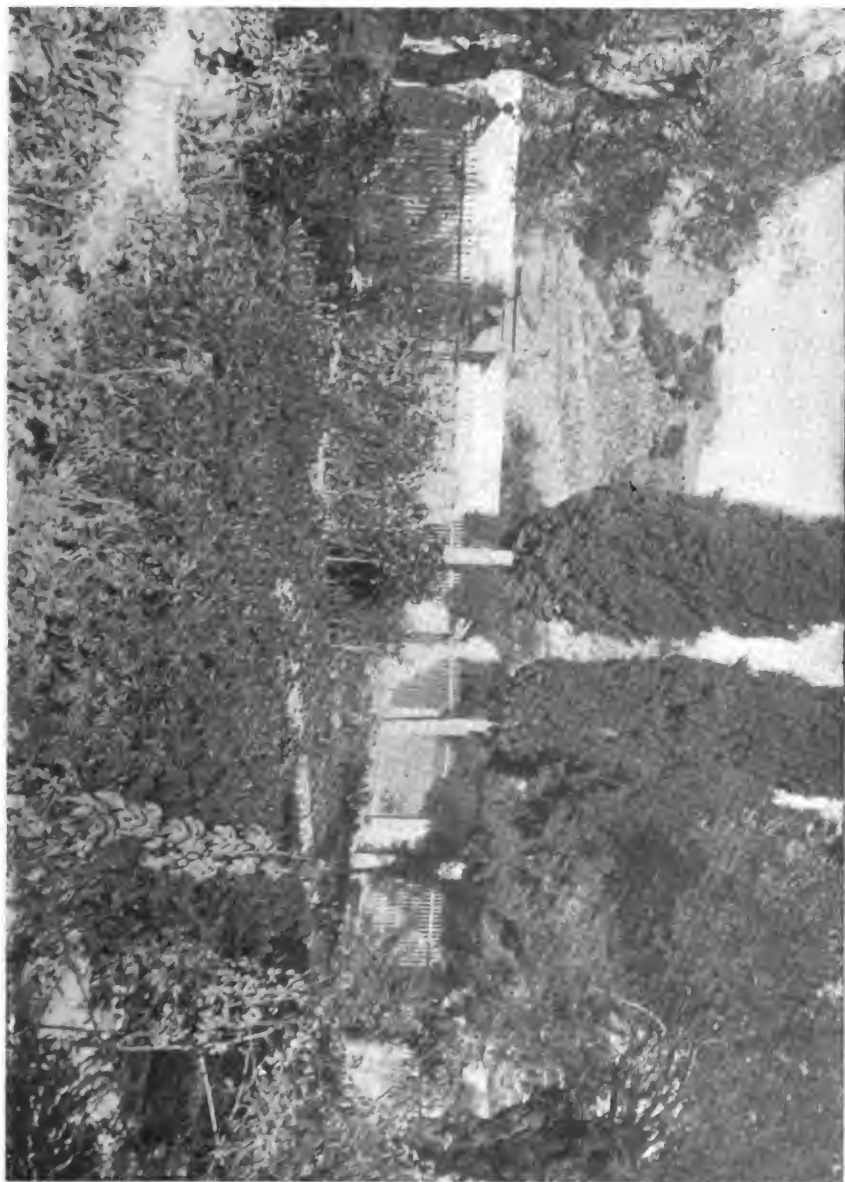
Go forth, O Sion's daughters fair!
Go forth, chaste virgins of the King!
Mark maddened Salem crown the Christ;
Mark Salem's sons mock homage bring.

O horror! see the rending thorns!
The Saviour's locks are thick with gore;
Death bids him on, while down his face
Life's crimson stream doth silent pour.

What soil unfruitful gave ye birth,
Ye bristling thorns, sharp brood of sin?
Who sowed ye, saddest seed of earth?
What cruel hand hath reaped ye in?

Yet, tinged by Jesus' hallowed blood,
Ye turned to ruddy rose and rare;
Your stem accursed bears blessed fruit;
Blight thence becometh blossom fair.

Alack! 'twas plaited crimes of men
That made thee, Christ, such crown to bear.
Weed thou our hearts from thorns of sin;
Sow seeds of fairest roses there.



GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

Be power and glory, praise divine,
Eternal Father, unto thee,
With Son and Spirit, three in one,
Through endless ages endlessly!

Christ has been scourged and crowned with thorns. Pilate has led him before the enraged populace, and we can hear the frantic cries of rejection: "Away with him, away with him! Crucify him, crucify him! His blood be upon us and upon our children!"

The weak and vacillating governor yields. Christ submits in silence; the people and high-priests are wild with delight. The cross is prepared, the procession formed, and the Saviour, already weak and agonizing, begins the journey up Calvary, making the first "Stations of the Cross."

On he struggles, 'mid insult and derision, the mob the while howling like wild beasts hounding down their prey. His mother, Mary, is there. She meets him as he toils onward 'neath the cross. Thrice he falls under its weight, and thrice he rises amid the blows and goadings of his merciless enemies. They have reached the top, and the last act of the tragedy of the Crucifixion is begun.

The Saviour is stripped of his garments, stretched on the wood of the cross; the nails are driven through his hands and feet; the cross is raised and dropped into the hole prepared to receive it; and the last agony of the Saviour begins amid the wild shouts of the Jews.

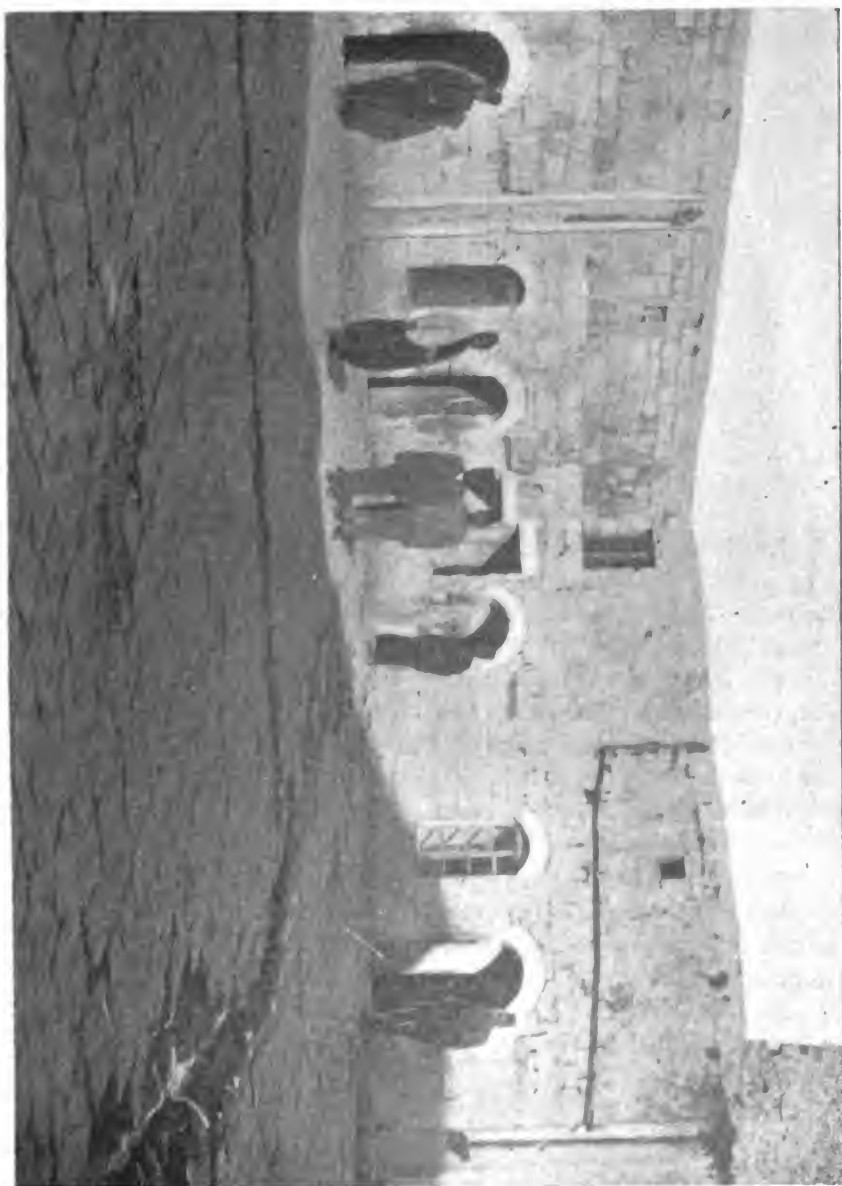
It is here the church introduces her hymn to the Lance and Nails, in almost an exultant tone, as we come nearer the hour of redemption:

Hail, blessed lance! hail, saving nails!
Though erstwhile served ye purpose low,
Now, dyed in Jesus' sacred blood,
Ye ruddy beam with sapphire glow.

Vain Israel's sons in hatred deep
Would choose ye for their fellest crime;
Yet God with mighty power hath made
Ye ministers of grace sublime.

From every hallowed wound ye bored
A stream of life celestial ran,
That ever beareth from on high
The choicest gifts Christ brought to man.

REINS OF THE JUDGMENT HALL OF PUATE.



On my dull heart, Lord, turn that spear,
All crimsoned in thy precious blood ;
With these same nails pierce hands and feet,
And fix me to thy holy rood.

O may thy all-atoning wounds,
Which guilty we for sin should bear,
Prove strength and solace to our souls,
That in thy victory we may share.

Keep thou my hands from evil deeds,
My wayward feet from paths of sin.
Pierce thou my heart with love's pure dart
That all life's aim be grace to win.

Pierced with life-giving lance and nails,
By glory, Jesus, unto thee,
With Father, Spirit, three in one,
Through endless ages endlessly.

Slowly a strange gloom settles over the Mount of Death. The actors in the awful tragedy have all taken up their positions. Claspings the feet of Christ is the Magdalene, her beautiful hair drooping around her, the precious blood of Jesus dyeing it, as drop by drop it falls upon her penitent head. At the right stand Mary and John. Near by are the executioners, Roman soldiers and the high-priest, while all around the mount the Jewish rabble are crowded, watching the scene of death. For three long hours the agony goes on. The atonement is made to its fullest. Christ cries out, "It is consummated," and gives up the ghost. Reverently the devout women prepare him for the sepulchre. The Holy Winding Sheet is wrapped about him, and he is borne silently to his hopeful tomb.

At this stage the church stops again, and sings in beautiful numbers of "The Holy Shroud":

Sweetest Jesus, love consuming,
Stricken turns my soul to thee,
Each life-wound in love adoring,
Mindful they did bleed for me.

O how naked I behold thee
In thy lowly winding sheet,

Rent and racked in every member,
Wounded, heart and hands and feet !

Hail, thou thorn-crowned head encrimsoned !
Reft of all its grace benign
Is that face, 'fore which hosts tremble,
Awed by majesty divine !

Hail, O heart transfixed for sinners,
Hallowed cleft for flight of love,
Fairer far than fairest bower,
Spirit's pledge of rest above !

Hands and feet by blunt nails riven,
I adore each wound divine ;
Turn me not away, O Jesus ;
Bid me evermore be thine.

Grant, most gracious Father, mercy
Through the Son who made us free,
With the Spirit, love supernal,
Through the ages endlessly.

Already night had settled over the Mount of Death. The stillness of the grave reigns supreme. Slowly down the sides of Golgotha the holy women make their way, supported by St. John and Joseph of Arimathea. Our Lady, Mary of Cleophas, and the Magdalene are there. Along the Cedron Valley they pass in solemn and sorrowful silence ; and on through the old deserted Potter's Field, where here and there a solitary tree is still standing. Suddenly the moon gleams out from behind a cloud, lighting up the field, and the little party stop in horror at the sight before their eyes. There hanging by the neck from one of the trees they see the body of a man, and as the moon lights up his face they recognize the features of Judas the traitor !

On they go to wait in silent hope the hour of the Resurrection, which they know will come to every one who, unlike Judas, shall join the holy band of the faithful and trust in the Passion of the Saviour.

We cannot conclude our article better than by the sweet Passion Hymn to the Precious Blood of Jesus, which sums up in beauty, doctrine, and unction all the excellence of those beautiful Hymns of the Passion of which we have given but a foretaste :

Sweet bleeding wounds of Jesus, hail!
Boundless pledges of love supreme,
From whose exhaustless founts doth flow
Christ's saving blood in crimson stream.

More brilliant than the orbs of night,
More fragrant than the fairest rose,
Than sweetest honey sweeter far,
More bright than brightest gem that glows.

Within these hallowed ruddy walls
May rest in peace the burdened mind;
No ruthless, unrelenting foe,
Shall ever there an entrance find.

What tongue can tell that scourging sad,
As Jesus naked sinking stood?
Who count the wounds and sacred pores
Whence flowed the Saviour's saving blood?

Ah! mark thee how the thorny crown
Doth cruelly pierce his pallid brow;
Unto the cross the rending nails
His hands and feet have fastened now;

But scarce his longing, loving soul
Hath fled, when through his sacred side
The ready lance life's fountain pierced,
Whence flowed the double mystic tide.

Like trodden grapes that heart was crushed,
That each redeeming drop might flow,
That in the holocaust complete
Man should Christ's love unbounded know.

Though sin like scarlet on thy soul
Hath fixed its searing crimson stain,
Be washed but in this healing font,
All shall be white as snow again.

To heaven's gracious Lord and King,
To him whose blood hath made us free,
Unto the Spirit of all love,
Be praise and thanks eternally!



VIA DOLOROSA—THE ROAD TO CALVARY'S MOUNT.

"THE RUSSIAN SCHISMATIC CHURCH."

BY REV. JOSEPH BOYLE.



THE rapid growth of political influence, so vividly revealed to the world in a brilliant series of diplomatic triumphs at Constantinople, in the Balkans, and in China, has of late years won for Russia a notable prominence in the public mind. Books dealing with the concerns of her empire are being steadily issued and eagerly bought. Owing, however, to the stringent press censorship that is enforced within the Czar's dominions, outsiders have, in most cases, to rely for their knowledge of things Russian on the hasty and not over-accurate impressions of travellers. Happily there is one side of Russian life—the religious side—with regard to which we are not so unfavorably circumstanced. Even before the discussions on Christian Reunion stirred fresh interest in the Russian Church, the distinguished convert, Father Gagarin, made us familiar with much of its inner working. At times his pictures of religious decadence and apathy were so lurid as to excite a haunting suspicion of exaggeration. Yet it is interesting to note that every one of his statements has been borne out and emphatically endorsed by such an independent and competent witness as Mackenzie Wallace, and still more recently by a German writer, Dr. Knie, who presents his facts from the fullness of knowledge acquired by long residence in the country and intimate acquaintance with its language and customs.

DISINTEGRATION AT WORK.

The process of dissolution into sects, that begins to make itself felt once a religious body goes adrift from the centre of Christian unity, seems to have been especially active in Holy Russia. Peter the Great's high-handed action in abolishing the authority of the Patriarch of Moscow to make way for his own creature, the Holy Synod, as the supreme governing power in the church, was the signal for the secession of large numbers, under the name of *Rasskols*, or old Russians. The absence of all catechetical instruction, and the discouragement of preaching lest it might lead to further schisms, soon reduced the mass of the people to a condition of ignorance and prepared

a fertile field for the propaganda of the sectaries. It only needed the persistent encroachments of German Lutherans and the stimulus of M. Pobedonostseff's persecutions to make the religious confusion worse confounded, and to-day every shade of belief, and unbelief, counts adherents, from the sturdiest Protestantism of Colonel Pashcoff to the most extreme negations of Nihilism. "In all these churches" (*i. e.*, schismatic), wrote Joseph de Maistre, "the great changes will be due in the first place to the clergy, and it is the Russian Church from which we have to expect the commencement, because it more than any other is exposed to the atmosphere of Europe."

The two great wings of the Russian clergy, the regular or Black clergy and the secular or White clergy, or *popes*, as they are more frequently called, are divided by an ever-widening gulf of jealousy. The Black clergy fill the episcopal sees, direct the seminaries, and control nearly all the positions of honor and emolument in the church. This monopoly is bitterly resented by the *popes*, and about the middle of the century they started a fierce agitation against it. Persistent clamor helped to secure for them a few of the posts of importance, such as embassy and military chaplaincies, together with two prominent offices in the Holy Synod. They are universally disliked, however, and, with no educated public opinion to support them, they made no further headway against the combined wealth, intelligence, and influence of their adversaries. The monks still retain the bulk of their privileges, as well as their popularity.

The latter possess whatever learning is to be found amongst the Russian clergy. They are largely recruited from the ecclesiastical *Academies* of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kieff, whither the youth who have distinguished themselves in the seminaries are sent to pursue a higher course of studies. Seminarians of talent see no career open to their ambition by joining the ranks of the *popes*. The monasteries are the recognized avenues to the mitre, and naturally they exercise a strong fascination on aspiring minds. Nevertheless, with such excellent brain-power to draw upon, it is curious to note that Russian monasteries have signally failed to yield any intellectual results worthy of the name. They have furnished to literature, sacred or profane, no names to compare with the galaxy of master minds that have blossomed in the cloisters of the West. Russian monks might aptly apply to their own case what a Panslavist writer somewhat sweepingly remarked of his country as a whole: "We have not contributed a single idea to the stock of human

ideas, and what we have taken from elsewhere has been distorted by us to caricature. Not a solitary great truth has arisen in the midst of us. Even in the world of science our history has no commencement ; it explains nothing, it illustrates nothing."

RELIGIOUS STATE OF THE MONASTERIES.

On the side of Christian practice the monasteries fall far behind the standard of Catholic conventual life. No doubt upright, virtuous, and holy men are to be found in almost all the monasteries ; but the system, or rather want of system, on which the religious houses are conducted is but poorly adapted to lead souls to the higher walks of perfection. Though they are supposed to be under the rule of St. Basil, the monasteries are in reality isolated units, governed largely in accordance with the whims and caprices of the archimandrite, or superior. Community life, as we understand it, is almost unknown. In many houses the monks are provided only with food and lodging ; all other necessities, such as clothes, shoes, and so forth, they are expected to find at their own expense. The revenues are in part divided amongst them, the superior coming in for the lion's share. These revenues, in spite of the confiscating schemes of Catherine II. and her successors, are still considerable. Rich Russians will pay fabulous sums for the privilege of being interred within convent walls. The larger monasteries, or *laures*, where relics are exposed for veneration, are visited by crowds of opulent pilgrims who replenish the alms-boxes with no unstinted hand. It is said that the famous *Laure* of St. Sergius, in the vicinity of Moscow, receives every year no less than a million pilgrims. Its annual revenues are believed to approximate to the extraordinary sum of ten million dollars ! Such an enormous income, and still more its partial distribution amongst the inmates, is not well calculated to maintain the highest ideal of the religious life, of which experience has shown the vow of poverty to be an indispensable safeguard.

Curious devices have been sometimes employed to obtain recruits for the monasteries. The author of a book published at Leipzig in 1866, and entitled *The White and Black Clergy of Russia*, asserts that it was no uncommon thing for the pupils of the *Academies* to frequent the cafés, restaurants, and public-houses of their neighborhood. Sometimes they became so intoxicated that they had to be taken home on a hand-barrow, an incident known in the slang of the place as *the translation of the Relics*. When this ignominy befell any student whom

the authorities particularly desired to enter a monastery, he was summoned by the superior of the *Academia* next morning and informed of his expulsion. It was open to him to retrieve his disgrace by giving satisfactory proofs of repentance, but he was given to understand that no proof could be deemed satisfactory which did not embrace his signature to a document praying for permission to make his religious profession! We would fain hope that this method of making a monk is no longer resorted to. Yet even to-day a vocation does not seem to be insisted upon.

There is no novitiate, or period of probation, in which to train the young monk into settled habits of Christian virtue. From the day he enters his time is largely taken up in the mechanical recital of the long prayers and offices of the Russian liturgy. For the rest, he is free to seek his recreation beyond the monastery walls, almost at any hour of the day or night.

LITTLE REVERENCE FOR THE WHITE CLERGY.

Unsatisfactory as the state of the regular clergy appears, the condition of the *popes* is tenfold more deplorable. "Whoever," says Dr. Knie, "has seen these greasy figures, whoever has got to know the married *popes* with their keen sense of business, will understand how they have become an object of execration and mockery." As a class they seem to be very ignorant and intemperate. The cast-iron system under which their lives are moulded could scarcely have any other result. The White clergy are drawn from the children of priests. A ukase of Alexander I., in 1814, declared that all the children of clerics are at the disposal of the Ecclesiastical School Department. And the department has used its powers with such a vengeance as to have practically excluded outsiders and turned the secular clergy into a closed corporation, or caste. Marriage has been made obligatory before ordination. Candidates are not even free in the choice of a partner, but must marry the daughters of priests. Some bishops even go so far as to insist that their clergy shall not marry outside the diocese. Burdened with wives and families, the energies of the White clergy are wholly absorbed in the struggle to eke out a livelihood. The revenues that might maintain a celibate priesthood in comfort and respectability are quite inadequate for a married clergy, as we were forcibly reminded not long ago by a meeting of Anglican clergy in London, where it was stated that £270 (\$1,350) a year and a free parsonage were not sufficient for the upkeep of a parson's household. Yet the present

lot of the average Anglican parson, however joyless in his own eyes, would make the most comfortable *pope* in Russia turn green with envy. In the country districts he has often to work in the fields like an ordinary *moujik*, or peasant. He is driven to methods of supplementing his income which make him the butt of popular derision. His stipend comes only to a small extent from foundations, lands, or houses; it is principally derived from the casual or voluntary contributions of his parishioners, and these he has to collect in person. At regular intervals he visits the peasants' homes, to recite a Te Deum or to exorcise the evil spirits from the cattle-stalls, and these services frequently give occasion to very undignified wrangling and bargaining about the fee. The peasant fights hard to cut his visitor down to the lowest penny. Sometimes his ignorance and superstition are played upon in order to quicken his generosity. The story goes that on one of these visits a *pope* who had recited a prayer beginning with the words "Benedictus Deus noster" effectually frightened the hard-fisted farmer into payment of his demands by threatening to reverse the blessing, which he pretended to do thus: "*Non* Benedictus, *non* Deus, *non* noster." On the other hand, the peasant occasionally decides the dispute in his own favor by giving his visitor a severe thrashing. No matter how stiff the contest may be, it seems to be the rule for both disputants to bring it to a close by joining amicably in a glass of *vodka*, or brandy, an arrangement not without its inconveniences if, as is usually the case, the *pope* has a round of visits to make on the same day:

In St. Petersburg, and some of the larger cities, the lot of the White clergy is cast in pleasanter places. They are sometimes very rich, and are provided with apartments elaborately furnished. They entertain sumptuously, and, according to Father Gagarin, some of them used to hold regular *salons*. Yet it rarely happens now that the White clergy are to be met with in educated circles, unless where their attendance is needed to perform some official ceremony. If we are to trust the testimony of Gogol's novels, the custom prevails in places of introducing them to assemblies in a state of intoxication in order to serve as a laughing-stock.

MEAGRE THEOLOGICAL KNOWLEDGE.

A more sinister indication of the depths to which the secular clergy have sunk is the marked tendency toward Nihilism that pervades the younger members. The universities have been for long hot-beds of Nihilism. But latterly the spirit of

unbelief has overflowed into the seminaries. In the middle of the last century the *Academies* of Kieff and St. Petersburg were strongly under Catholic influence. Many of their professors were trained in the schools of the Jesuits, and the *Summa* of St. Thomas was regularly taught. The introduction of a theological treatise by Prokopovich, a secular priest, soon opened the door to Protestantism. The employment of a succession of Lutheran teachers, beginning with the apostate Capuchin Fessler, gave further impetus to the movement in the same direction. To day every phase of infidelity that passes over the German universities quickly reflects itself in the ecclesiastical seminaries of Russia.

With its pastors falling a prey to such sterilizing tendencies, it would be surprising to find religion an active force in the life of the people. No attempt at definite religious instruction is ever made. The elementary catechism, drawn up by command of Peter the Great, remains still the only source of enlightenment. The peasant's knowledge of dogma does not get much beyond the elementary facts of curiously reversed importance contained in the Russian saying: "The Czar is in St. Petersburg, and God is in heaven." Superstition is rife in every grade of society. Amongst the upper classes magic appears to be regularly practised. The administration of the sacraments claims little of the clergy's time, and excites less of the people's devotion. To comply with a regulation of the Holy Synod, there is a perfunctory effort made to receive Communion during paschal time; but even then, in most parishes, more than half the population totally disregard the law. Yet the mass of the Russian people are religious, after a fashion. Like most Oriental peoples they are deeply imbued with a sort of contemplative piety. In the peasant's cabin as well as the prince's palace gilt *icons*, or images of the Blessed Virgin and saints, share with that of the Czar the places of honor. In spite of ignorance, apathy, and Protestant propaganda, devotion to the saints has always kept a firm hold on Russian life; it is the one Christian practice that stands out most luminously amidst the spiritual wreckage with which the Photian schism has strewn the East.

VERY LITTLE MISSIONARY EFFORT.

The religious apathy at home has its counterpart in the feeble attempts at missionary work abroad. Though the Muscovite eagles have been borne across Siberia to the Pacific, little has been done to spread Christianity in their track.

It is fifty years since the late Mr. Palmer, of Magdalen College, Oxford, in a letter to the Russian student M. Khomiakoff, severely impeached the utter indifference shown by the Orthodox Church towards the duty of converting the heathen. The impeachment has lost none of its force for anything that has been done in the meantime. The propaganda undertaken in Japan has yielded no tangible results. In Siberia the attempts to evangelize the Buryates who dwell near Lake Baikal have not weaned these people from their Buddhism. The tribes of the Ostyaks, and some of the Samoyeds, accepted baptism under the gentle suasion of bayonets, but their Christianity continues to be more than three-fourths paganism. As if to emphasize the utter hollowness of all this belated zeal, we had the spectacle, some years ago, of whole villages going over to Mohammedanism. The movement of apostasy among individual Russians residing in the missionary sphere still continues, but the defections *en masse* have been checked, thanks to the zeal that occasionally prompts the Czar's soldier to play the rôle of missionary on his own account. In the foreign mission-field, as at home, it is the soldier behind the preacher that proves the most fruitful instrument of conversions. M. Tchiakowski, in reporting the successful preaching of Pitirime, the Bishop of Nijni-Novgorod, significantly added that the efforts of this eloquent missionary were in every case firmly supported by the troops of Vice-Governor Rjewski, who assembled the audience by force.

If the secular power thus lends one hand in the work of conversions, it must be confessed that it has used the other unsparingly to strangle initiative and bring about the stillness of death where the force of life and independence ought to manifest itself. It holds the whole ecclesiastical machinery of Russia in its grip, through the Holy Synod. This curious body is made up of the Emperor's chaplain, the chaplain-general of the army and navy, and certain bishops nominated by the Czar, and removable at his pleasure. Its deliberations are watched and controlled by a procurator, usually a layman. In Peter the Great's opinion, the ideal procurator should be a military officer. The chief function of the Synod is restricted to signing the decrees presented to it by the procurator, who is himself the merest register of the imperial will. On one occasion a member of the Synod, seeing one of his colleagues reading a paper introduced by the procurator, said to him: "Stop! We are not here to read, but to sign; sign now, it gives less trouble and is sooner done."

CIVIL ADMINISTRATION OF THE CHURCH.

The Czar is the real head of the church and the master of its destinies. The fact is painfully recognized in the widespread servility that makes the Russian hierarchy the most sycophantic in Europe. "Nowhere else," says Aksakoff, the able Panslavist writer, "can be found such fear of truth as in our spiritual hierarchy. And the chief cause of it all is that we have so little belief in the power of truth. Our church is a vast and unreliable flock with the police for a shepherd, an institution that may be useful in the interests of the state. But it must never be forgotten that the church is a kingdom where the moral law ought not to be violated, and where infidelity to principle ought not to remain unpunished. And in Russia, instead of the spirit that makes alive, we have an atmosphere of death, and the sword of the Spirit has become rusty, overawed by the material sword of the state, and at the gates of the church, instead of the angels of God, the guardians are gendarmes and police."

The outlook for the future is far from hopeful. It excites bitter misgivings amongst those best qualified to judge, and most interested in the welfare of the Russian Church. Amongst those who have lifted their voices against the aggressive agencies of irreligion, and there are many such, two distinct currents of opinion are visible. A small party, strong in its intelligence but sadly hampered in its freedom of action by police supervision, follows the lead of the Abbé Tolstoi, and sees in a reunion with the Holy See the only hope of infusing fresh life and vigor into the worn-out forces of "Orthodoxy." The larger body of opinion, however, gravitates towards the enthusiasts who still believe in the inherent resources of Holy Russia if she were set free from the long frost of her political bondage. In the immediate future, at all events, these aspirations are hardly likely to be realized. The church has become too handy an instrument in the schemes of autocracy to be left at liberty to attend to her own mission. And should the day of her deliverance ever arrive, it is the deliberately expressed forecast of the historian Pogodin that "one-half of the peasantry will join the sect of the Rasskols, and one-half of the educated classes will become Catholics."



CRONJE'S LAST STAND.

**Here in the trenches of this river's span
Look, if you seek the summit of a man:
Earthquakes of lyddite—fumes of nether hell,
Rattle of Maxim, crash of bursting shell:
Death in the air—death leaping from the ground—
Death in the breeze and with the whirlwind's bound,—
Yet, not to yield until the last respite—
To grasp one trophy from the ebbing fight,
To die, but, dying, not to give
The sign of fear whereby the craven live!
Not nobler in the grim beleaguered pass
The Spartans stood with stanch Leonidas:
Not on the summit of our Bunker Hill
Bath Valor felt a purer, holier thrill.
Above the caverns of this river bed
Her sky of fairest promise Fame hath spread,
And where they died, who died to keep men free,
The stars of Glory evermore shall be!**

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

THE ITALIAN IN AMERICA: WHAT HE HAS BEEN, WHAT HE SHALL BE.

BY LAURENCE FRANKLIN.



ACH new people on its arrival in America has had the same difficulties to meet before winning a foothold on our soil. The Germans and Irish have so far overcome these that they are now accepted by us as brothers. The Italians, on the contrary, have met with persistent opposition and discouragement, and are even to-day regarded as intruders. This has arisen in part from the erroneous supposition that they came to us as temporary sojourners only; in part from the equally fallacious belief that whereas they took much from us, they had little to offer us in return. It is time that we corrected such errors, learned to do justice to these so-called aliens, and began to study what may be done to make them not merely useful but prosperous citizens of their adopted country.

Various efficient efforts towards this end are already being made. Father Russo was one of the first to turn his attention to the problem. Nine years ago he went down to Elizabeth Street alone and began to work among its inhabitants. To-day he has a parish of twelve hundred souls, and he has built a chapel as well as two school-houses, where seven hundred children are taught.

The Italian sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, whose house is in Fourteenth Street, are also doing their share by establishing Catholic schools in the various districts of lower New York.

Among these enterprises, however, the most unique is that of a Catholic Settlement, founded a little more than a year ago by an American girl, Miss Gurney, in one of the laboring districts, thickly inhabited by Italians. Miss Gurney is herself a recent convert to Catholicism. She has for many years been in touch with the church through friends in the different religious orders of the city; but although their teaching made a deep impression upon her, she still held back out of deference to her mother's wishes; and as a compromise—like Cardinal Newman—joined the High-Church faction of the Episcopal

denomination. It was during this period that she became a resident in the settlement connected with one of their parishes, and acquired the valuable experience which is now proving of such service to her. When, however, she made her new confession of faith she had no thought of continuing her philanthropic work along the old lines, until she was requested to do so by one of the Dominican fathers in East Sixty-ninth Street. He had learned from her the aim of the settlement system, and believing firmly in its fundamental principle—that the most effectual way to help the poor is to live among them and be in daily contact with them—he invited Miss Gurney to come into his parish and establish a settlement, the first yet attempted under the protection of the church. The Third Order of Dominicans assumed the financial burden of the experiment; the Cathedral contributed fifteen hundred volumes towards the circulating library. It remained for its founder to rent the house, now occupied by her on Sixty-ninth Street, near First Avenue, and become, with her parents, a resident of the quarter.

The plan of organization followed has been that used in all settlements, and is virtually the same as the system originally evolved by the mediæval monastic orders. A band of monks or nuns moved into a district, visited among the people, became their friends and advisers, instructed the children, arranged festivals, helped the needy, comforted the afflicted, and grew to be the mainstay of the community. So with the modern lay Settlement. Its chief aim is to stand as a social centre, to which all may feel free to come for encouragement, counsel, or assistance. The poor mothers meet there to learn better methods of caring for their children; the children are drawn in from the streets and entertained or instructed in religious teaching, and in practical branches, such as sewing. At the house in Sixty-ninth Street there is a night-school where reading and writing are taught; while on four evenings a week the Italian men and boys have an English class, and it is gratifying to see how zealous they are in seizing the opportunity thus offered. The one cause for regret is that, owing to lack of room and teachers, like advantages cannot be given to the girls; for, as I have already indicated, one of the principal ends of the work in question is to aid the Italians.

The only way to accomplish this is to go in search of them. The non-sectarian settlements of the city have virtually never reached them, and I understood the reason when one of their



"THE CHILDREN ARE DRAWN IN FROM THE STREETS AND ENTERTAINED OR INSTRUCTED."

workers said to me: "No, we have few Italians under our care. You see we never go out to seek any one, and they do not come to us."

Nor would they, for it is not in their nature to do so. They have little initiative or aggressiveness. They take with eager, outstretched hands what is brought to them, but they do not know how to hunt down fortune. Yet no people are more appreciative. A kind word or a pleasant smile counts in their eyes as a service.

"Ah! signora, I carry all your letters round with me in my clothes; then I know where they are when I want to re-read them," an Italian youth once confessed to his benefactor; and the gratitude and delicate sentiment expressed in his avowal is what one meets constantly among them in exchange for the smallest proof of sympathy or interest. A friendly visit has as much value for them as the present of a loaf of bread; and in many cases it has been the means not only of cheering them but of saving them from serious mistakes.

Thus, when St. Rose's Settlement was founded over on the

denomination. Only an Italian was attending Mass, and there resident in the school of their children in the Sunday-school, while and acquired thence to a Protestant mission near by. An in-such service to the cause of this disclosed the fact that when-fession of faith moved into the neighborhood one of the mission-thropic work in them, agreed to pay the first month's rent, and do so by one of flour, if they would join her congregation. A Street. He so given to every child who entered the Sunday-system, another dollar promised for each new proselyte. that they to imagine what a temptation this was to poor workers struggling to earn the bare necessities of life. Nevertheless an appeal to their consciences sufficed to bring them back to the Faith, and to-day so many have returned to the church that it has become expedient to have an Italian-speaking priest in the parish to minister to them. These same children also, many of them, made their First Communion last spring, and the following anecdote will illustrate the effect produced on them:

It so happened that after the Mass they were coming home with their medals, ribbons, etc., when they met their former pastor.

"Why, boys, what does this mean?" he asked, stopping before them on the sidewalk.

"We have been making our First Communion, sir," was the answer.

"Bah! it won't do you that much good"; and he snapped his fingers.

Several boys tried valiantly to explain the significance of the act, until one lad, more assertive than his comrades, exclaimed:

"Well, I know it's done me good, 'cause now I ain't afraid to die."

"But neither am I," retorted the pastor.

"Well, sir, if you died now, I guess you'd make a pretty bad finish."

There is no greater error than to suppose the Italian can be helped outside of or despite his religion. His salvation is through it. It is part and parcel of him. The church represents to him his one refuge in trouble, his only guide in moments of uncertainty, his sole restraint in the hour of temptation. In Italy it is not merely a place where he worships on Sunday, it is the spot to which he gravitates all the

week. The mother brings her baby to play under its eaves while she plaits her straw or spins her yarn; the old men sun themselves on the stone bench along its side; the mattress-maker dries his wool on the broad flagstones before its door; the children play hide-and-seek about the pillars of its porch. Then, when the Vesper-bell sounds, they gather round the altar in the cool shadow within as naturally as they would go home to their firesides. In the same way it is the ecclesiastical calendar which orders their comings and goings, dividing their year not into weeks and months, but into feast days and fast days. They know that the anniversary of this saint will



A STREET IN OLD ITALY.

bring a procession; of that, a solemn celebration with flowers, lights, and music; and in the rural districts especially these constitute the people's only recreation.

I remember with peculiar pleasure an Easter-tide spent at Assisi. Every morning I was awakened by the sound of distant chanting, and, looking out of my window, I could see a band of peasants, headed by their parish priest, toiling up the steep ascent to say their prayers and place their flickering tapers before the tomb of St. Francis. Each day brought the inhabitants of another village. But on Easter the entire population of the surrounding country came in a body to assist at the procession of the confraternities of the town. The vast public square was thronged with men and women in gay, beflowered shoulder-shawls and bright-colored sashes. In their midst were the different societies, each with its distinctive uniform and towering crucifix. When all was ready they moved slowly up the narrow, winding street to the cathedral, then down through another cleft of houses to the shrine of St. Clara, and back under the high arch of the inner gate to the starting-place. Here as many as could pushed their way into the church. Hundreds, however, remained on the square outside, their eyes fixed reverently upon the blazing altar visible through the wide-open door. They could hear nothing of the service beyond an occasional burst of music, yet as the Host was raised for Benediction a hush fell on the throng, the people dropped on their knees and bowed their heads. A few moments later the exodus towards the valley had begun, but I could see from the happy faces which passed me that the day had brought to these simple hearts rest and cheer enough to carry them patiently through many months of drudgery.

Take this out of their lives and they would be as much adrift as is a mariner without a compass. Herein lies the danger for those who migrate to this country. At home a chapel or church stood at their very door. Their parish priest was their personal friend, who had baptized them at their birth, taught them their catechism, and watched over them like a father or elder brother, reminding them when they remained too long absent from the confessional and the sacraments. Over here they are suddenly thrown back upon themselves, without either tradition or public opinion to foster their sense of moral and social responsibility. The people about them are strangers, not only in language but in their manners and habits of life. No church is to be found in the long row of tene-

ments which form their horizon line, and the priests whom they meet speak another tongue. Thus, like sheep without a shepherd, they too often go astray, wandering into some other fold, through interest or ignorance. I know, for example, of one family who during many months walked every Sunday from 61st Street to 112th to attend an Italian service, without suspecting that it was a Methodist chapel.

"But could you not see that it was not the same?" their informant asked.

"Well," they replied, "we saw that there wasn't any crucifix, or any altar to the Virgin, but we thought that was how they did it in America."

The truth is that the Italian knows but one church. Talk to him of Christians and heretics, he understands. Try to explain the various conditions of sectarianism existing in the United States, and he is completely at sea. Any church, therefore, means to him a Catholic church. A number, I am aware, go to the Tabernacle in Broome Street; but they invariably refer to it as the "Protestant Society," frankly admit that they join it because they receive donations of fuel and clothing, and at the next "Festa" are seen carrying lighted tapers behind the statue of the Virgin. As for the spiritual teaching received there, it is of so unintelligent a character that even the believing members of the congregation cannot uphold it. The daughter of a Milanese pastor said to me:

"I never go to church, because I cannot stand the sermon. The preacher is absolutely illiterate. Over here the Protestants allow any one to enter the ministry. The most uneducated, in consequence, adopt the calling as an easy way of gaining a livelihood."

This confession shows how incompetent the various denominations are to meet the situation, and how urgent it is for the church to protect her children. I would not infer that she is not laboring ceaselessly, but what is needed are more priests and more lay workers who understand the language and the nature of this people. The task to be accomplished by them is a weighty one. The suppression of so many convents and monasteries in Italy has deprived the peasants there of an important source of instruction; and because of this they come to us in a much greater state of ignorance. I believe, however, that those who seek to uplift them will be amply repaid for their efforts.

The Italians are already a passive force in this country by

reason of their great numbers. In the year 1898 alone 76,492 landed on our shores, and statistics on immigration show that many over a million have passed through Castle Garden. Add to this their high birth-rate (for no nation is more prolific), and we see how great must be the multitude of them at present settled among us. If, through education and a better understanding, we can transform this passive into an active power, think what an important factor it will become in our national life! A factor, moreover, which should prove of benefit to us; for the so-called "Dago" or "Guinea," as his fellow-immigrants have contemptuously dubbed him, can boast of qualities sadly needed among us.

Take, for instance, his temperance. During my frequent sojourns in Italy I do not think that I ever met an intoxicated man on the streets, and a drunken woman is such an anomaly that she is regarded as a social pariah. Some few, I am sorry to say, have learned the vice from us, but they are still the exceptions. Another point in their favor is their purity. Until recently prostitution was virtually unknown in their colonies, and although some attempt has been made to introduce the hideous traffic, it is meeting with strong opposition.

They can also teach our people much in the way of manners. Even the roughest of them have an instinctive courtesy, an innate gentleness which makes them peculiarly susceptible to refining influences, and especially when their æsthetic sense is appealed to. They take a child-like delight in beauty for itself. If an Italian girl sees a pretty gown she will stroke it, admire it, call the attention of others to it, but with no thought of envy. It is something which pleases her eye, and she looks at it as we would at a picture in a museum. In the same way they respond quickly to the least attempt to embellish their surroundings. It is touching to note with what eagerness the inhabitants of Little Italy are awaiting the completion of their park at First Avenue and One Hundred and Twelfth Street, with what pride they speak of their new stone tenement-houses as "*palazzini*," and declare that theirs will soon be the handsomest quarter in the city. Why should not this love of the beautiful eventually modify our utilitarian acceptance of ugliness, as the Germans have quickened our musical understanding, and the French our artistic sense in dress and decoration?

Unfortunately, with this quick appreciativeness comes also great sensitiveness, which unfits them to cope with our ruder methods of dealing. I know, indeed, of no subtler commentary

on our habitual brusqueness, bred of hurry, than was made to me by an Italian boy for whom I had secured employment. When he came to tell me how happy he was in his new position, he made no mention of the better wages or easier work, but merely exclaimed :

“Just think, when my ‘padrone’ comes in he always says



“THEY DO NOT KNOW HOW TO HUNT DOWN FORTUNE.”

‘Good-morning’ to me, so does his son”; and the lad’s eyes filled with tears.

To speak of their industry and thrift seems well-nigh a platitude, since even their calumniators allow them these two virtues. Yet they cannot be passed over without word, for it is through these that they will primarily advance. One thing only must they learn, to practise the second more wisely. At present, although they are past-masters in economy, they have not learned the equally important lesson of judicious spending and investing. Unless they have enough to purchase a plot of ground—and to be a land-holder is their highest ambition—they will secrete their savings without any effort to place them

where they will bring in a return. Even when they do reach the point—like a certain man in Mulberry Street—of owning four or five houses, they still continue to live in a few rooms like the poorest of their tenants. The result is that they are slow to profit by their own increasing prosperity.

In one respect only has our broader civilization already made a signal impression on them—it has developed in their minds a profound reverence for education. They see that this is essential to all progress. They themselves have been hampered by the lack of it. In a nation where every one knows how to read and write they have been constantly pushed to the wall because of their ignorance. While the Germans and Irish have risen to responsible positions because of their superior schooling, they have been forced to accept the humblest employments. What wonder, therefore, that they covet education for their children? It is often this which lies at the bottom of the requests made to place the latter in some public institution, even when both father and mother are able-bodied. The motive is not lack of affection, for the Italians are notably fond of and kind to their children. Nor can it be laziness, since they continue to work as hard. No; they are actuated by a desire to procure for their boys and girls the advantages which their meagre earnings cannot buy. They know that under the charge of the State the children will receive an American training as well as better instruction, and it is with pride, not shame, that they speak of a son at "college" (for such they call it), while the boy himself, when he comes out of the Orphan Asylum or Protectory, is looked up to by all his old comrades in the quarter.

Those who remain at home are sent to the public schools, and the truant agent is seldom called upon in their behalf. Some even go on to the university—and those not always the richest. I know, for instance, a stone-cutter's family in Little Italy which has denied itself almost the necessities of life in order to give the only son a college training. The boy is now in the New York University and shows an excellent standing, while two others of the colony took prizes at Columbia last year. In all grades teachers agree in commending their intelligence and studiousness, for next to the Jews they are the best scholars in the matter of application. The boys are especially clever in drawing, modelling, and manual work which requires delicate fingers. The girls are better in languages and history. One has only to pay a visit to the Baxter Street

school, and observe the number of neat, bright-looking Italian children there, to realize how unjust we have been in treating this race as outcasts and aliens.

It rests, indeed, with this younger generation to revenge their elders, and prove what excellent citizens Italians can be. They have already taken the first step by breaking down the barriers which have separated them from other nationalities. Heretofore the Italians have lived too much to themselves. Through instincts of economy they have huddled together in their over-crowded colonies, as ignorant of America and American affairs as they were in Palermo or Naples. They have not even shown a disposition to gain strength through consolidation. It is rare, indeed, that an immigrant from "High Italy," living in Thompson, Sullivan, or MacDougal Streets, will associate with his brother from the South over in Mulberry Bend, while the poorer inhabitants of Little Italy are treated with condescension by both. If you go to a house full of Genoese and ask if there are not other Italians in the vicinity, they will answer in the negative.

"But are n't those Italians across the way?" you persist.

"Over there? Yes, but they're Sicilians, and I would n't advise you to go there. It might n't be safe."

Visit the Sicilians first and ask about the Genoese, the warning will be the same. Occasionally these geographical distinctions are carried still further, and an entire tenement will be occupied by emigrants from one small village—still so closely bound by home customs that when the anniversary of the patron saint of their community comes round, they set up a shrine in the back yard, decorate the fire-escape, organize a procession, and march round the block, with all the fervor with which they once bore these same banners up and down the winding streets of their native place.

The most important of these festas in New York is that given at the Carmelite Church in East 115th Street on the 16th of July, Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Thousands of Italians travel from all over the country to assist at it, camping in the vacant lots near the river, and feeding on "polenta" (boiled mush), "castagnaccio" (chestnut cake), and fruit bought from the push-carts drawn up along the sidewalk. The celebration opens in the morning with a solemn procession. Women bear on their heads altars covered with decorated candles, from each of which hangs a white ribbon held by a little girl in her First Communion dress. At intervals in the

long line of participants come bands of music preceding some sacred image with its guard of priests and acolytes, while at the end is the statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. After a tour of the neighborhood, the procession returns to the church and High Mass is sung, while during the rest of the day the Italian chapel in the basement is thronged with pilgrims eager to lay their offerings at the feet of the Madonna.

Whether these festivals will retain their specifically Italian character a quarter of a century hence is a question; since, as I remarked earlier, the children of to-day already possess much less feeling of race difference than their parents, and their children in turn will probably be thorough-going Americans—or Irishmen; for strangely enough it is the Irish who seem to make the strongest impression on them. The other day, for example, my attention was drawn to a small Neapolitan.

"Are you an Italian?" I asked, merely to open the conversation.

"Sure," was his reply.

"Were you born in Italy?"

"Sure'n I was," he continued in so broad a brogue that had not his teacher vouched for his assertion I should have doubted his veracity.

It is, furthermore, this younger generation which in the near future must lend an entirely new aspect to the Italian problem, since because of its superior numbers it will hereafter counteract the effects of all subsequent immigration. What will be the outcome?

To begin with, the children enter the race equipped with a knowledge of English, familiarity with American customs, and an acquaintance with the leading traits of the various nationalities with which they will have to come in contact. They will, therefore, be free to give full play to all their inherent capabilities. Their first impulse, we may be sure, will be in the direction of politics, for the Italian is a natural-born politician. It was this which in the middle ages made every city of the peninsula a separate state. It is this which to-day leads to so many misguided political movements there. Already on this side he has begun to take a hand in the government, and more than one Murphy or Donnelly is really a Morfeo or Donati, who for the sake of greater authority and power has translated his name into good Celtic. When, moreover, he has acquired influence and learned to use it intelligently, he will necessarily turn it against certain abuses which have grown up



"TO SPEAK OF THEIR INDUSTRY AND THRIFT SEEMS WELL-NIGH A PLATITUDE."

among his own people as the result of their ignorance and inexperience.

The first to be attacked will, I hope, be the "padroni system," which literally farms out the newly-arrived immigrant to some boss, who reserves for himself not only the right to employ the laborer, but also to clothe and lodge him. Then if he chooses arbitrarily to suspend work or reduce the number of hours, the man must still pay his board and sleep in the shanty, which perhaps his employer has also contracted to build. Still worse; the "padrone," not infrequently, has had to borrow the money necessary to secure these privileges, and

the first condition made by the lender is that the whole gang of laborers deposit their earnings in his bank and send their remittances home through him. When, moreover, these sums do not reach their destination, if the sender dare cast suspicion on the money-changer he is threatened with discharge. And this silences him, not only because he fears that he may not find another job, but also because he does not wish to lose the five dollars paid to the boss to procure the present one. Nothing could be more deplorable than this state of things, and the remedy can only come through the Italians themselves. Some attempt to call attention to it has been made by the Immigration Bureau, but to accomplish anything final all the intelligent members of the colony must co-operate.

A better understanding of the political conditions will also bring more rapid commercial advancement. We have already seen what can be done from the fortune of \$800,000 recently left by the caterer Maresi, as well as from the several millions willed by the banker, Mr. Fabri, to his nephews. But in a smaller way there is greater prosperity in the colony than we suppose. More than one immigrant who has started with a push-cart as his sole capital has ended by discarding its wheels, converting it into a fixed counter, and building up a profitable grocery or fruit trade about it. Another who has begun by grinding an organ has ended by manufacturing hundreds of them, or has formed a syndicate, and sent out twenty or thirty men a day to play his instruments in different parts of the city. If this has been done by the first generation, what may not be expected by the second with its superior training. They will develop what the colony most needs, a strong middle-class, which is always the backbone of every community.

Heretofore, those who have come to us have belonged either to the lowest strata of society, or to the highest—the latter, I regret to say, having too often emigrated because of some misdeed committed at home. An occasional trustworthy physician, lawyer, editor, or banker has also joined in the exodus, but they have been too few to constitute a separate faction, and it remains for the Italian-Americans to fill the wide gap which has until now existed in their colonies. That they will do it efficiently is the hope and belief of all those who have gone among them with sympathy and understanding in their hearts.

ANOTHER ASPECT OF NEWMAN.

BY REV. HENRY E. O'KEEFFE, C.S.P.

FOR the student it is worth noting that quite recently a complete and at the same time the only authorized edition of Newman's writings has been published.* This edition is of value because of the author's corrections, modifications, notes, comments, and amplifications. Apart from his interesting personality, Newman's style will remain a perennial source of inquiry and imitation. Newman would have found many things in America to distress him, yet it would have pleased him to learn that the few thoughtful among us have studied him almost as eagerly as the flight of rare spirits who watched him by day and night in his own holy city of Oxford. If his influence there has waned, it can never wholly die. He has attached himself to the everlasting world of literature by his gift of imagination and speech. Nothing in English can be compared to his simplicity and self-restraint. An acute critic has placed him for music of language alongside of Cicero; yet this gift is a mere incident, for of more worth is the sincerity of the mind behind the faculty—the truth consistent with and almost one with the expression. The personal element in all he has written is very akin to Dante's characteristic; yet the personalities of each are vastly dissimilar. What was said by both was first felt in the marrow of their bones. When they faintly intimate the difficulty of a mystery we know that the pressure on their minds must have been enormous. Yet withal there is ever a due reserve and sense of composure, which can be attributed to Newman more easily than to Dante. Immeasurably narrower, however, is Newman's mind when compared with Dante's. Is there any human being, not even forgetting Shakspeare and Goethe, who can be associated with this mighty Italian for breadth of imagination? For him the gutters of Florence ran streams of flame, and the stones of Giotto's tower were singing pæans to the stars. His mental action is of white heat intensity almost to the point of insanity, and one wonders,

* *The Works of Cardinal Newman*. Complete edition in thirty-eight volumes. Longmans, Green & Co., 93 Fifth Avenue, New York, and London.

with Plato, if such be not divine. Within his wrinkled pate he gathered the worlds; he knew what is best in the sciences, astronomy, mathematics, computed and foretold systems in the heavens, then turned his mind to the constitution of matter and concocted theories of chemical operation. He knew history, sacred and profane, pagan and Christian. He sounded the deepest depths of emotion and expressed in his life the most incessant action. He controlled with ease the principles of philosophy, ancient and mediæval, and traversed with the swiftness of Mercury the three great departments of divine theology, and perhaps saw their causes more clearly than most of the bishops of Christendom.

So it is not judicious to compare Newman with Dante because of his living perception of the invisible, so subtly expressed in his one Dantesque poem. The similarity is rather in the fact that what was said or sung was part and parcel of themselves, and came like electric flashes from the tips of their fingers.

Yet who so self-possessed as Newman? There are passages of his which act like a sedative on the mind and the heart. We must thank England for giving us this spiritual genius. Amid the strife of many voices his note of solemn unction sounds clear and brings silence, as the music of a bird when all the woods are hushed. Every true man must perforce and in time become a genius. The continuity and unvarying quality of purpose in his life will ever be the device with which Newman will capture honest and free minds. The reader is impressed with the overwhelming conviction that what is said by the author is indeed true. He does not write of what he has not seen clearly and felt deeply. Indeed, his fault is to so fascinate the mind that we begin to fear for the validity of an argument which does not appeal to him because of his own structure of mind. To most minds an act of faith would be a rational process, for the beginning and end of the act are built upon the foundations of reason. To Newman's mind it would be a leap into the dark; the reasons for the leap might be clear and so he would take it, but his mind was so large and demanded so much that even the ultimate region of truth must be for him clear as a sky of blue. It is the temptation of great minds. Dante cried for peace of mind and Goethe died asking for more light. It is a question whether the mere language which became the raw material out of which serious agnostics could construct the charge of scepticism.

ticism be not warranted. It is denied by many, and of course Newman has given many external arguments to prove that Catholicism is the only historically and logically tenable form of Christianity, yet the atheist might be anxious to reduce Newman to the more radical question: Do you find the difficulties fewer or as many in Catholicism as you do in Atheism? In other words, is the matter entirely tweedle-dum, tweedle-dee? or, to speak in a commonplace manner, is humanity an ass with its head between two bales of hay—both acceptable objects—and attracted from some unknown instinct toward one rather than toward the other. Is there as much in Atheism to quell the restless inquiries of the mind as there is in Catholicism? And if there is, is he—Newman—drawn to the latter through the head or the heart? Certainly, as he himself has said, “to a perfectly consistent mind there is no medium in true philosophy between Atheism and Catholicity”; but what if there be one reason for accepting Atheism and two for Catholicism? In explanation he would seem to intimate that one bale of hay might be excellent food for one donkey, but poison for another. He remarks; by way of amplification, in the Note II. of the *Grammar of Assent*: “I am a Catholic, for the reason that I am not an Atheist.” Then one is tempted to forget reverence and fear for his genius, and beg him to say, rather, I am a Catholic because the arguments for Catholicism have an objective value: they are adequately proportionate to my intellect; they have satisfied the logical demands of my mind; they do not totally explain the difficulties, but they give me something by which to adjust my visual power; if I cannot see, then the defect is with me—in my organism for seeing—but there is a reality of existence in the arguments, and they are external to myself and the same for all minds. Then, on the other, I would with becoming and profound humility and deliberation ask him to put on record that he believes the arguments for Atheism prove and explain nothing, not because the arguments for Catholicism do explain and prove, but because they have no existence, and therefore cannot create a medium of adequate proportion between intellect and object. Of course nowhere in his writings is the philosophic value of Atheism expressed; indeed, the thirty-eight volumes which he has left and the example of his blameless life are a testimony of the thoroughness of the argument for Catholicism. Yet if he leaves me, the reader, with the impression that there is another intellectual region where my mind might be

satisfied either more or less, I feel constrained to leave him and seek my fortune in that new country; for the laws of my own land rationally demand my entire obedience, and they only explain, and that partially, the difficulties which beset my mind. In writing thus there is excluded, to be sure, the Christian idea of probation in life and the relative value and supernatural merit of an act of faith.

It would be dishonest to say that Newman was a sceptic; yet that his mind was of sceptical construction must be the conclusion arrived at by the disciple who has studied his revelations analytically, especially the more intimate ones, like the *Apologia* or the *Grammar of Assent*.

Scepticism is always a serious charge, but a sceptical or incredulous quality of mind may be a good thing if the individual behind it be honest and possess that rare gift of analysis. Possibly in his tenderness Newman may have been seeking a mode of justification for those minds which because of their peculiar complexions excluding the influences of education, prejudice, temperament, or domestic and social affiliations, seem to honestly reject the irresistible force of evidence in argumentation. Yet he does not say so, and the question is whether the fear of distracting ill-educated minds may have kept him silent. In the note at the end of the *Grammar of Assent* he compares his manner of thought concerning the quotation above to the famous argument in Butler's *Analogy*. He contends that no one would dare to forget Butler's sermons on Christian subjects, or his consistent Christian life, because forsooth the bishop defended the proposition in defence of his own creed, that it is the only possible alternative of the denial of the moral law. Then, immediately after this, Newman reveals his own mind in the words: "If on account of difficulties we give up the gospel, then on account of parallel difficulties we must give up nature; for there is no standing-ground between putting up with the one trial of faith and putting up with the other." Again one is tempted to ask him: are not the reasons for putting up with a trial of faith so irresistible that there are no reasons left for putting up in the least with any other mode of thought? The question is: are the things which make a trial of faith of any objective value whatever, or are they not rather disturbances or ill adjustments of essentially good things which have produced the confusion of history, the tumult in the physical universe, and disorder in the mind? I gather from Newman's writings an impression which has never been relieved,

that although he did not formally deny the logical and external proof of the existence of God, he does not care to study it, because he is so sure of himself and of his own personal arguments. He rushes away from the world with its marks of design; he puts aside the books with their stock proofs of positive value, and there within the sanctuary of his own mind the existence of God is; he says, "borne in upon me irresistibly, . . . the great truth of which my whole being is full."*

Again, it may be questioned whether this argument, so personal to Newman, be of any value to others. We have the traditional argument from the law of conscience, but its foundation is not only from within but from without; from a study of the polity and policy of nations, the principle of cause and effect written upon stones, the law of justice detected in even the warfare of rude savages and traced in the tribal relationships of early historic periods, and lastly the keen moral sense of advancing civilization.

But of what objective value would Newman's personal spiritual experience, and the revelation of it, be to a mind less candid and pure than his? One might ask the same of Rosmini's or of Des Cartes' personal argument. In affirming this one would be very narrow to disregard the validity of the personal within its own sphere, as we on our part demand a reverent inquiry into the external objective argument in its sphere. Indeed, the *Grammar of Assent* and the *Apologia* may both be said to be personal, yet who can deny the intellectual merit and the help which these books have been to some? There is so much that is overwhelmingly good that only an unusual reader does detect, and in spite of himself, the peculiar quality that lurks in them.

A sentence such as this which may be found in the *Oxford University Sermons*† forces us to believe that either we have misinterpreted philosophy and logic or else we are ignorant. But it is a fact, and all the more curious because it is against the vanity of nature, that when a mind is shadowed by so earnest a mind as Newman's it does not rely on its own power but abandons itself to the superior's transcending charms. Herein lies the danger. He tells us: "And such mainly is the way in which all men, gifted or not gifted, commonly reason—not by rule, but by an inward faculty." In the *Grammar of Assent*‡ he would leave us free to believe that the motives of credibility for the truth of a proposition are not in the expression of pre-

* *Apologia*, p. 241.

† Sermon xiii. 7, p. 257, 3d ed.

‡ Chap. viii. § 1.

mises or conclusion. "As to Logic," he remarks, "its chain of conclusions hangs loose at both hands; both the point from which the proof should start and the points at which it should arrive are beyond its reach; it comes short both of first principles and of concrete issues." If this mean that logic has no right to confine an idea—supposing even the deepest and most transcendental—then the system, as constructed by Aristotle and perfected by Saint Thomas Aquinas, is of less value than we were taught. The soul is wider in its breadth of being, yet it is one with the body. Can sentiment, taste, impulse, memories, moods, inclinations construct an argument? If they can, then let us ask merely concerning sentiment: what is the comparative worth of its argument in appealing to all minds or even to one mind?

Briefly stated, the scheme intended to be conveyed in the *Grammar of Assent* is this: It begins with the refutation of the fallacies of those who say we cannot believe what we cannot understand; then indirectly reasons are given for believing in a Mind which established those laws which interlace the structure of the universe and which show a method of transition from cause to effect. There then appears the curious question as to whether the cumulation of probabilities can give certainty. According to the more strict method of philosophy, which Newman does not use, certitude would exclude all possibility of doubt; probabilities might be regarded as the lower strata of the material out of which certainty is moulded. Then the author proceeds to give a direct proof of Theism; then the proof of Christianity from the striking fulfilment of the prophecies, and the principle of continuity running from Judaism through to Christianity, and its living expression in Catholicism. He ends with a picturesque passage on the preternatural fortitude of the early martyrs.

Newman would seem to explain the modes of procedure in ratiocination to two methods—to what he calls "the ascending or descending scale of thought." He preferred the descending—a sentence from *The Discourses to Mixed Congregations* will elucidate; it is in the Sermon on Mysteries: "If I must submit my reason to mysteries, it is not much matter whether it is a mystery more or a mystery less; the main difficulty is to believe at all; the main difficulty for an inquirer is firmly to hold that there is a living God, in spite of the darkness which surrounds Him, the Creator, Witness, and Judge of men. When once the mind is broken in, as it must be, to the belief

of a Power above it, when once it understands that it is not itself the measure of all things in heaven and earth, it will have little difficulty in going forward. I do not say it will or can go on to other truths without conviction: I do not say it ought to believe the Catholic Faith without grounds and motives; but I say that, when once it believes in God, the great obstacle to faith has been taken away, a proud, self-sufficient spirit," etc., etc.

The truth is that Newman, like any other man or school in the church, must be studied, and he is of value only in so far as he provokes us to think and make judgments for ourselves. The full-blown maturity of his power is in the *Grammar of Assent*, and it truly seems to bear the seal of what we term genius; yet it is only a testimony, unrivalled, if you will, for condensation and seriousness, but personal unto himself. To the religious philosopher it will ever be an enigma, and to reduce it to value some sympathetic disciple shall have to harness it in scholastic terminology, else it will ever remain a tangle of mental moods. In the face of his numberless ardent admirers we may venture to say that he was not a philosopher, no more than he was a scientist or a mystic. Perhaps the fault we find may be one of the golden charms with which he shall attract the future modern mind. Yet one may be permitted to say this and still kneel in reverence to the light of his spiritual sense, to the glories of his literary art, to the unvarying purpose of his honest life and his unflinching faith unto death.





"PEORIA, NEW WITH THE PULSE OF MODERN LIFE; EAGER, RESOLUTE, THRIFTY, GROWING."

FORT CRÈVE-CŒUR.

BY REV. FRANK J. O'REILLY.



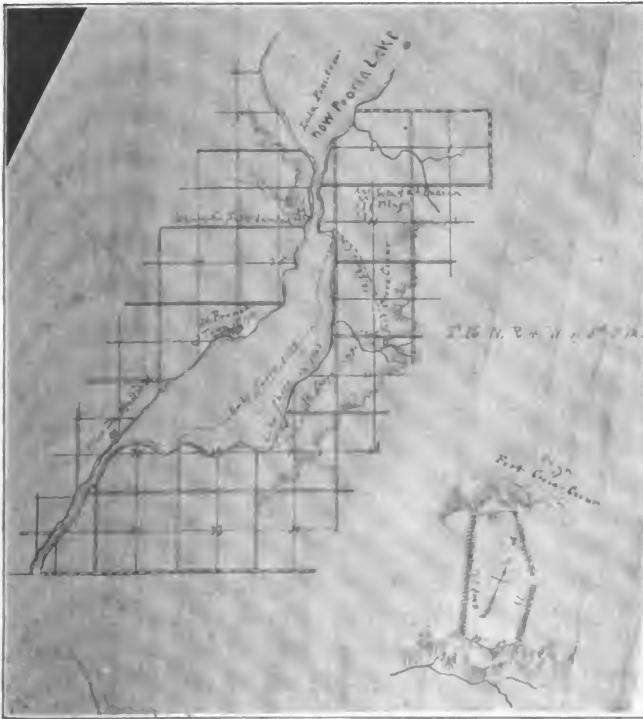
WITHIN easy view of the modern city of Peoria lies the site of Fort Crève-Cœur. It is in keeping with the lines of faithful narrative to speak of the site; for more than two hundred years it has been little else. The trees and varied wooded growth that surround La Salle's first stand for civilized life in the discovery of the Great West have not the vigor and growth that divert attention to themselves; neither have they the grandeur that forced from Emerson, in the Yosemite, "The Plantations of God!" Rather do they climb and retrace and tumble in seeming anxiety to rival more the ivy that in Europe everywhere manifests a philanthropy that time perhaps would neglect. The half-broken and crumbling walls which give us the touch in which every European traveller finds such relief and relish for all inconveniences alone are absent.

The completion of Chicago's thirty-odd million dollar canal directs attention anew to our Fort. The last year of the century forces a retrospect; the canal suggests a prophecy. The prophet need claim but little of the divinity that doth hedge us round to venture into the future. The retrospect



compels one in recalling the loss of *The Griffin*—the first boat to whiten with its sails the waters of Lake Erie—to moralize how frequently fortune frowns upon the noblest endeavors. Coy is she, for out of disaster are wrenched fame and permanent place. Had success crowned the early endeavors of our explorer, he might have confined his energies to commerce, and fallen from a permanent place with the triumvirate of explorers, Champlain, D'Iberville, and La Salle, which France gave to the new

world. Had Wendell Phillips, the youthful lawyer of twenty-four, not found his true client in the aged colored woman sold at auction in the early October afternoon of his own city, he would have attained affluence and distinction in Boston, but the world certainly would have lost an orator and mankind an



THE SITE OF FORT CRÈVE-CŒUR, NEAR PEORIA.



PEORIA'S FIRST PRELATE.

emancipator. The relentless bitterness of experience but deepened La Salle's nature to the capacity of a vision of suffering at once appalling and sublime. The unknown, hazardous but fascinating, beckoned him on. His was the true instinct of the explorer. The Illinois and the Mississippi allured his generous soul and took his name from all the narrow circumstances of a burgher's Rouen home.

The mention of explorers suggests thoughts quite unlike anything else coming out of the past. With their advent we see the passing away of a life that brings us face to face with the very Stone Age itself. In commenting on the work of Francis Parkman, Professor Fiske says: "In an important sense, the age of Pontiac is far more remote from us than the

age of Agamemnon. When barbaric society is overwhelmed by advancing waves of civilization its vanishing is final; the thread of tradition is cut off for ever with the shears of Fate. Where are Montezuma's Aztecs? Their physical offspring still dwell on the table-land of Mexico and their ancient speech is still heard in the streets, but that old society is as extinct as the trilobites, and has to be painfully studied in fossil frag-



PEORIA'S CATHEDRAL.

ments of custom and tradition. So with the red men of the North; it is not true that they are dying out physically, as many people suppose, but their stage of society is fast disappearing, and soon it will have vanished for ever. Soon their race will be swallowed up and forgotten, just as we overlook and ignore to-day the existence of five thousand Iroquois farmers in the State of New York."

On the one side of the Illinois River is the site of Fort Crève-Cœur, having still many of the primeval traits which no stretch of the imagination finds hard to say are the same as when La Salle landed in January, 1680, and began with his faithful followers to build the first home of the white man in the Great Valley of the Mississippi. While the name given the Fort recalls the heart-breaks of the past, the building of the Fort itself betokens iron will to press on and on. On the other side of the same river is the City of Peoria, new with the pulse of modern life, eager, resolute, thrifty, and growing. The hither and the yon tell the story of the nation, the present and the past, the merchant prince and the hardy pioneer. The State song speaks with no exaggerated enthusiasm of our topographical and moral worth. The world is, in truth, enriched by both.

By the river gently flowing,
 Illinois, Illinois,
O'er the prairies verdant growing,
 Illinois, Illinois,
Comes an echo o'er the breeze
Rustling through the leafy trees,
And its mellow tones are these—
 Illinois, Illinois.

Through a wilderness of prairies,
 Illinois, Illinois,
Straight the way and never varies,
 Illinois, Illinois,
Till beside the inland sea
Stands the great commercial tree,
Turning all the world to thee,
 Illinois, Illinois.

Not without thy wondrous story,
 Illinois, Illinois,
Can be writ the Nation's glory,
 Illinois, Illinois.

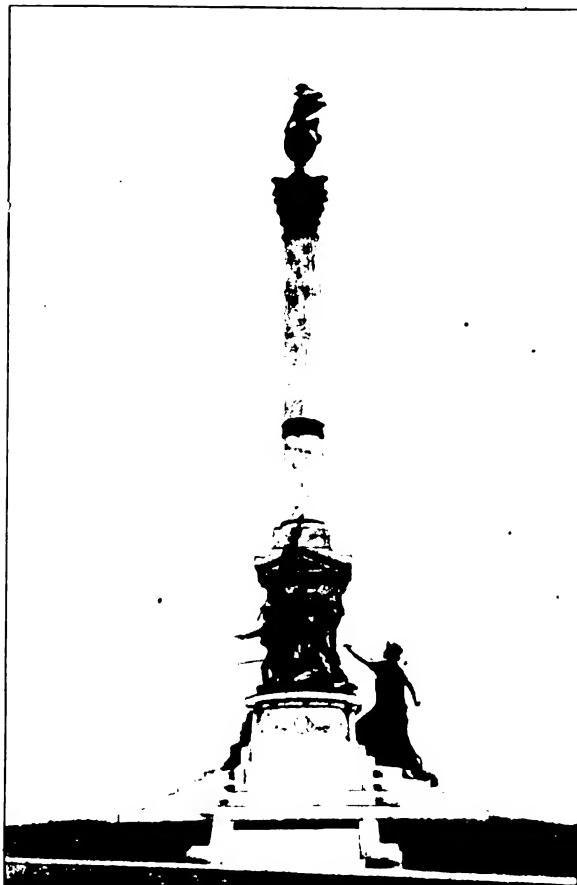
On the record of thy years
Abram Lincoln's name appears,
Grant and Logan—and our tears,
Illinois, Illinois.

It would indeed be difficult to overdraw the story of the development of the Great West. La Salle's stand at Fort Crève-Cœur opens a chapter whose close no one has hardihood enough to forecast. Recent events foreshadow the growth in commercial utility of the Illinois River until it becomes one of the great highways of trade. If the spirit of our daring explorer ever wander back, it would note how much more marvellous have been the changes during the past seventy years than during the century and a half that followed his first visit to the spot. This later growth seemed to be stimulated by the pent-up energies of the intervening years. Previous to 1830, however, the glimpses of fitful life seen here tell us of struggles and patriotic doings that later gave Illinois permanent place in the nation's gratitude.

In the Revolutionary War, for example, the Royalists, holding Kaskaskia, Detroit, and Vincennes, controlled the North-west. To dislodge them Illinois contributed two companies of soldiers commanded by Captains McCarthy and Charleville—the shamrock and the lily transplanted to the banks of the Mississippi, yet waving victorious, as thirty-five years before they had over the same foe along the lazy Scheldt at Fontenoy! In this same struggle the services rendered to Colonel George Rogers Clark by Rev. Father Gibault, of Illinois, were such as to merit public acknowledgment in the legislature of Virginia in 1780. The



THE NEW CITY HALL.



MONUMENT TO THE HEROIC DEAD OF THE CIVIL WAR.

monument recently dedicated at Peoria by President McKinley is a real work of art, and it is Peoria's determination that at least the sacred memories of the heroic dead of the Civil War shall not wholly perish.

In the track of the early French explorer there came to the valley of the Illinois a mingling of nationalities that, in their present prosperity, illustrate "United we stand, divided we fall." Little wonder no race claims monopoly, for the deep loam and rich prairies seem to say to all the

earth, Come and partake. They are the real kopjes upon which America must rely for defence; the food wealth is the only permanent wealth of a nation.

Far and wide stretches a landscape that pastoral Pan and the ancient vales of Thessaly might envy—rich with tilth and husbandry. The traveller's vision of June becomes the ripe reality of October; no longer the waving corn, but stalk drooping heavy with autumn's ripening harvest. The State of Illinois alone produces annually 247,000,000 bushels of corn; it has for export 115,000,000. Prosaic as these figures seem they scarcely hint at the possibilities of the great cereal. Within the very shadow of La Salle's landing-place, Peoria consumes in her highwines and glucose alone 14,680,000 bushels annually.

The newer uses of cellulose and velvrl add to the value of the crop. In truth, no one visiting the Corn Palace of October, 1899, thought of the prosaic nature of figures in the artistic mural decorations, all made of corn, which have been sent intact to the Paris Exposition of this year. It is a long distance from Peoria to Paris, yet surely the telepathy is unbroken from the spot where La Salle, first of white men in the Western World, stood and said, "Here let us build," to the capital of the land that gave him birth and inspired him with faith enough to find a soil now enriching all the earth.

The church, too, has had a growth steady and virile. In



THE SPALDING INSTITUTE.

the State where La Salle stopped at Crève-Cœur to gather up the shreds of broken fortune, we number to-day upwards of a million. In keeping with the phenomenal growth of Chicago has been that of the church for whose pioneer life stand Marquette, Hennepin, Rebourde, Membre, Allouez, Gravier, Marest, Charlevoix, Rasle, Joliet, Tonti, La Salle. Chicago to-day has more organized centres of religion—parishes—than any other city in the world. The avowed resolution of its devoted metropolitan, as expressed at the consecration of his auxiliary, furnishes the key-note to its present vigorous and harmonious growth. If

there be any suggestiveness in the spot where first in the discovery of the Great West civilized life flashed its light, however brief, that will be borne out not only in the thriving second city of Illinois, but symbolized in her chaste Gothic cathedral, whose great uplifted arms cast falling shadows in the golden sunlight of the long summer afternoons, as if to bless the very spot where our ancestors first landed and took hope again. And if one seek a proof of light and life less material, surely there will be no disappointment in Peoria's first prelate, whose luminous mind, in touch with all that has been wrought, pleads always for "Education and the Higher Life."

No monument yet marks the spot where La Salle and his companions landed in January, 1680. The survey herewith submitted shows how rapidly time changes even the comparatively new. The Fort year by year finds itself farther from shore. The twentieth century will see it situated on the banks of the great water-way from the Lakes to the Gulf. The era of treasuring our remote heroic past is upon us, and the sculptor has yet a stimulating theme for his chisel. In the early future there may be erected in enduring form a fitting monument to the heroic explorer whose courage in battling with disappointments furnishes a figure of heroic mould.



A CHEMICAL ROMANCE.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ.



GODEFROY VON RIEFELSTOFFEN was a genius by lawful inheritance. His father, old Herr Professor Von Riefelstoffen, had been a savant of the deepest dye. He was of the old Teuton stock, a member of a score of learned societies, a mine of curious erudition, and had carried his black cap and glaring spectacles with honor through a hundred hard-fought experiments. Losing his right hand in one of these, he of a sudden bethought himself of his desolate state; married a wife, and was soon busily engaged in drilling into the head of a youthful Von Riefelstoffen the elements of scientific lore.

Behold, then, young Godefroy, a very miniature of his sire, saving the cap and spectacles, toiling up the steep and arid slope of the hill of Knowledge. He showed himself a worthy son of the Herr Professor. When other lads were busily engaged with whipping tops and flying kites, he was beginning to feel on terms of intimacy with old Homer and to look on Marcus Aurelius as a prosy old melancholiac. But chemistry was his great preference. He would pore for days over steaming crucibles, and dream of nights of the compounds of mercury. Being arrived at the proper age, he went to Heidelberg, and often did his amazed professors ejaculate in wonder, "Potz tauzend! the youth is inspired," seeing how the difficulties of analysis, and synthesis of knotty formulæ and occult prescriptions, dissolved like magic before his studious eye and bulbous forehead. Withal he could be a right jovial youth when the beer and pipes sent mingled and delightful savors eddying around the board. The blooming frauleins cast many a coy and interested glance toward him, as he strolled abroad among the student walks or into the country surrounding; yet, like ill-aimed arrows, they failed to affect the even tenor of his scientific course. Which was the more strange because, in truth, he was a personable man, despite his long hair and short vision, being a broad-chested, straight-backed, lithe-limbed youth, and fair with a Teutonic fairness.

The good mothers of his social sphere found him wanting

VOL. LXXI.—7

in no regard from their maternal stand-point. Yet he went his way unscathed by all assaults upon his heart. And when one day his sire, the Herr Professor, bethinking him of his own long bachelorhood, and gazing on his comfortable spouse, remarked to his son: "Godefroy, it were well that thou wert thinking of being wed, for a man unmarried is but half a man," he dutifully replied: "Yes, my father, but I am already wed." This remark had a most startling effect upon his good parents. Albeit grown corpulent with age, they leapt simultaneously from their chairs and gazed horror-stricken on their beloved offspring. Godefroy, however, hastened to reassure them, between puffs from his student's pipe. "Calm thyself, dear mother," said he, "and you, father, also. I did but employ a metaphor. If I am wed, it is only to my beloved chemistry, to whom I propose to remain constant all my life." And as he uttered these daring words he looked with a vacant gaze straight into the eyes of the fat little Dutch Cupid on the clock above the mantel-piece.

So, impervious, he passed the days of his studenthood, and arrived at last to that sorrowful yet exhilarating hour when one sees for the last time the merry and rotund faces of his fellows under the student caps, sings the old traditional songs of parting, drinks beer unmeasured, swallows oceans of comfortable smoke, and wakes the next morning with a feeling of present discomfort, and a confused but ecstatic memory of the events of the evening before.

Some two weeks after that happy occasion, as Godefroy reposed in his father's laboratory, in the luxury of pipe and slippers, his thoughts agreeably divided between the sonorous refrain of "*Ubi sunt qui ante nos*" and the bubbling of a retort which seethed on the brazier, there sounded of a sudden a loud and emphatic knock on the outer door. Now, although Godefroy was as unemotional a youth as ever one could desire, and though he knew as well as I who tell this tale that it could be no one else than good old Gretchen with the diurnal mail, yet it rapped out so sharp and startling that it stirred his soul like the call of fate. He sprang from his seat, threw open the door, startled old Gretchen out of that small remainder of breath that the long stairs had left her, and took from her outstretched hand—a letter. Externally it was the most prosaic, matter-of-fact, unpromising of letters; addressed to Mr. Godefroy von Riefelstoffen, Number so and so, Berlin, stamped with an American stamp, and sealed with a great lump of

solemn black sealing-wax. Yet Godefroy opened it with emotion, and unfolded a letter in matter and form as follows:

DEAR SIR:

NEW YORK, May 2, 187—

From my friend, Professor Von Schwarthingen, to whom I wrote for advice, I have learned that you are a recent graduate of Heidelberg, a proficient chemist, and a young man of promise. To such a young man I make the following proposition. Come to America and take charge of the chemical part of a silver mill, which I propose to set on foot in Nevada. I will pay you fairly, you may return in two years, and Nevada is, from all accounts, a perfect laboratory of nature, where a chemist who loves his art may find endless scope for discovery and development. If you desire to accept, start at once for New York by the mail packet, and I will meet you at the wharf. I desire a chemist of your skill, because I never run any avoidable chances of failure. Commend me to your esteemed father, whom I knew when I studied at Heidelberg.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN MARDAYNE.

He remained, his eyes staring at the sheet. It was as though one should find, in a yellow envelope, written in a business-like way, an invitation to come and dwell in the "Elysian fields." "Take charge of a silver mill in Nevada—a perfect laboratory of nature, endless scope for discovery and development."

He gazed out at the window, as if in a dream. What a stroke of fortune! No, it was the reward of Heaven for his labor. What would his classmates say? He laughed to think that only yesterday he had envied—yes, actually envied!—Karl Reitermann, whose uncle, the brewer, had placed him in his great brewery in Hamburg. Ho! ho! It was Karl's turn to envy now. Then he grew suddenly grave. He had remembered that he must leave the good father and mother, and the Vaterland, and go over seas to a new and different land. He could speak English—happy learning!—though it had cost him dear. But the Herr Professor grew old, and the mother—his reverie grew deeper. He recked not that the liquid in the still bubbled and bubbled until only a white sediment remained, which the glass, breaking under the heat, presently scattered, with a faint tinkle, over the table. He did not see the long shadow of the old cathedral creep across the street; he did not hear the Angelus which tolled from the Catholic chapel near. The bonds of time were loosened to his thought;

he had already returned to Germany laden with scientific spoils, he was again at Heidelberg; but it was as a Herr Professor he mounted the rostrum and looked down at a sea of admiring faces. The first words of his lecture on the "Chemical Wonders of America" were on his lips—

"Ach, Himmell!" said his father, throwing the door wide open, "but it grows chilly without." Then, as he spied the broken glass, he stared in wonder. But Godefroy allowed him but little time for wonder. "Read," said he, and handed him the letter. The professor read; with true Teutonic deliberation he carefully wiped his spectacles, sighed and read it over again. Then, fixing his eyes on his son, he sighed again more deeply. "Godefroy," he said, "it is a grand opportunity."

They talked long and earnestly. The Herr Professor remembered Mardayne as a youth, when he himself was tutor in the university. He was a typical man of America—industrious, sagacious, but fearfully and rashly enterprising. He remembered that at one time he had in the course of a lecture remarked that there was a certain experiment as yet untried, since it was sure death to attempt it. Mardayne hastened from the room, and in the dead of night a fearful crash resounded from his lodgings. He had tried it and he lived; but his eyebrows, his hair, his pretty beard suffered woefully! But this Nevada—echoes of its mineral richness, its plains of borax and of salt, of soda and of potash, its mines of metals, its fields strewn with agates, its overflowing and unsounded wealth, had drifted over even to Heidelberg—to Berlin. Only its vastness, its appalling distances, its remoteness from all civilized contrivances, made it difficult of development.

"But," said the professor solemnly, "it is the land of young men. At your age I should have suffered nothing to restrain me from those virgin fields of my art."

"Nor will I, my father," said Godefroy. "To-night we will visit Professor Von Schwarthingen, and if his account be as favorable as I hope, to-morrow will behold me preparing to set out for America!"

By good fortune Professor Von Schwarthingen was then in Berlin. To Godefroy's questions he made right hearty answer. Mardayne was one of the most solid, most important, and most influential citizens of New York. He had recommended his young friend to him with much pleasure, because he knew it would be an excellent field for his so well known enthusiasm

and industry. Godefroy, as his speech progressed, smiled broadly. The Herr Professor blew his nose violently to conceal his joyful emotion. They returned home rejoicing. And a week from that day having, with his good mother's tearful aid, stowed his belongings in a tight, black travelling chest, and taken leave of his parents with many dutiful phrases and some secret tears, he tucked his letter of credit safely away in his purse, and departed by rail to take ship for New York.

Two weeks thereafter, some hours after the German mail had been sighted off Sandy Hook, there strolled, with energetic step, up and down its pier at New York, a somewhat stout and elderly gentleman who, to judge from the sharp glances he cast in the direction of the harbor, was expecting some one by the German boat. He was in appearance and indeed every inch a man of business. Not in the vulgar and humdrum sense that the word has taken, but a man of energy, of resource, and of determination; one of those courageous, strong-willed, and enterprising characters who have triumphed as much, and with as beneficial results, in the wars of commerce as have their brother Americans in the wars of powder and steel. Externally he was of medium height, straight, broad, and portly. Presently the ship for which he waited drew up to the pier, the gang-plank descended, and the travellers rushed down it, eager to set foot on firm land again.

John Mardayne surveyed them with an amused and observant eye. Finally he fixed upon one, a tall, fair-haired youth, who strolled leisurely down to the wharf, glancing around with interest at the new world he was just arrived in. Mr. Mardayne walked forward, and as their paths crossed, "Mr. Von Rieffelstoffen?" said he; "Mr. Mardayne?" inquired Godefroy in turn, and they clasped hands heartily. As they walked up into the city Mardayne set himself to gauge the character of his new employee, and found him much to his liking.

When they had reached the old Astor House and Godefroy had written in a bold hand, on the register, "Godefroy von Rieffelstoffen, Berlin," Mardayne took him into a private parlor of the hostelry and unfolded his plans for the expedition to Nevada.

"You must know, Mr. Von Rieffelstoffen," said he, "that I have an only daughter, whose mother died when she was but twelve years old, and whom, as you may easily believe, I

love more than anything else in the world. Some three years ago I took her to Paris, and left her to be educated by the good Sisters of the Sacred Heart. She returned, much improved in everything but, alas! in health. The air of France had not agreed with her; she had grown pale, and the doctors assured me that nothing would be as beneficial to restore her health as a trip to some of our Western States—a change to the exhilarating air of the plains. It is an old habit of mine never to lose an opportunity to mingle business with pleasure—in fact, I have long found my chief pleasure in business—and I cast about, therefore, for some enterprise which might employ me while my daughter enjoyed the climate and the purer air. With us, of late, nothing has been so much talked of and heralded abroad as the healthfulness, the richness, and the opportunities of Nevada. I resolved, therefore, after some thought and a great deal of inquiry, to establish a silver-refining plant out in the wilderness. For, though the mines are rich, their great distance from the mills, and the difficulty of transporting the ore, make them hardly worth working. We will take a force of men with us to assist in the erection of the machinery which we must carry along. It will be a fearful task to transport such heavy burdens through a country wholly without roads, and, as I tell Diana, she will be almost as serious an encumbrance as all the other baggage combined. However, courage and resolution, which have removed mountains, are certainly adequate to the moving of a woman and a silver mill, even to the heart of Nevada.”

Godefroy laughed a most hearty and Germanic laugh, and Mardayne, rising, resumed: “Come home with me and I shall introduce you to Miss Mardayne; we will leave a week from to-day.” They mounted one of the lumbering vehicles of the time, and soon drew up before the respectable mansion of John Mardayne.

Some quarter of an hour afterwards Godefroy was bowing low before Miss Diana Mardayne.

The summer sun beat furiously down at Silver Mill, Nevada. In a depression between two lofty ridges a line of rude, yellow sheds, built of rough sawn boards, nestled incongruously. In the rear of the sheds, and stretching down the valley, a pile of dark-colored débris was already growing by wheelbarrowfuls. From a large shed in the centre came puffs of black smoke, and the dull thump and thud of a mighty ham-

mer, crushing the ore. Some hundred yards away a neater and more carefully built structure, with glazed windows and an adobe chimney, bore the legend painted across the door-top, "Laboratory and Office."

Within the latter building, in a room whose peculiar furnishing at once proclaimed it a chemist's den, stood our friend Godefroy. But what would the good Frau Von Riefelstossen have said could she have beheld her son? His face was as brown as a berry, his form was clothed, but not adorned, by a rough flannel shirt, the sleeves rolled up to his elbows, and a pair of leather trousers and mighty boots. A three months' growth of beard curled around his throat, and his muscular neck and arms were tinted with the mahogany of sunburn. He leaned over a broad table, busily engaged with test-tube and filter. Without, the landscape shimmered with dry, intense heat.

"Ach, Gott!" said Godefroy, between his teeth, as he poured a liquid from tube to tube, "what would the father say if it were true? A new and better means of extracting silver, twice as productive, ten times as quick—my discovery! It would be the happiest day of his life; and I—I will be rich; and Mardayne, too. Ho! ho! how he will rejoice! For this confounded mill, as we are working now, is barely paying expenses, despite his efforts—and the mines are closing. And Di—Miss Mardayne! Confound it, why am I always thinking of Miss Mardayne! But Himmel, what a girl! However, this discovery will tie me to my beloved chemistry more than ever before."

His reverie was suddenly interrupted. From the upper end of the valley came the regular, rapid beat of a galloping horse's feet. Godefroy's face lit up wonderfully. "Miss Diana," said he. Soon, at the upper end of the road that the ore carts had worn down the valley, came a flying pair. A girl of twenty summers, her habit waving in the wind, and a sturdy bay pony, that swung along as though he enjoyed it hugely. The rider looked as little as possible like the pale young lady who had ridden that way for the first time three months before. Her lithe form was full and strong, her cheeks a "delightful conflict of red and brown," as Godefroy expressed it, and her voice rang clear as a bell as, reining in her steed, she called out: "How goes the experiment, Master Chemist?"

Godefroy grinned broadly. "As well as possible, Miss Diana," said he. "Many thanks for your interest."

"It is papa's interest," said she; "he would have me ride over in this broiling sun to inquire when the results would begin to appear?"

"I hope to finish this evening," said he; "if you would like to witness the final process, I shall begin it at about four. I would feel, Miss Diana, that your presence would, ah—be propitious—ah, to its final suc—success!"

She looked at him in wonder, as indeed she might, for, indifferent as the compliment was, it was the first that had ever passed his lips. Then, turning her steed homewards, she bade him good-by and galloped away.

Godefroy mused silently. Then he said: "I believe that I have fallen in love." He made this remark in much the same tone that one might say: "I believe that I have slain my brother!"

Some moments afterwards a broad and tattered hat came in at the window, and a hoarse voice remarked: "Mr. Reeves, the spring has dried up."

"Well," said Godefroy, "go down to Mr. Mardayne's and get some water."

"Been there," answered the voice; "their spring's dried up too."

"The stream in the gulch?" said Godefroy, with a tinge of anxiety.

"Been dry for two days."

"Great heavens, man! get out a team, take the water-tank and haul some from the rocky pool down Bingham's way." The hat disappeared at once.

"Stop," said Godefroy; "how long will it take you?"

"Six hours at least, sir," said the voice, diminishing in the distance.

Godefroy sat down on a stool and clasped his hands to his head. Six hours! and in two hours he must have water or the experiment would fail. He looked at the vessel in which the liquid was slowly bubbling over an alcohol lamp. He rushed to the rear of his building and peered into his water jar; it held some six drops of tepid water. He snatched up a hat and ran down to the spring. It was dry and a pony was just nosing in the moist sand for the last drops of coolness. He caught the pony by the hanging strap of his tether, and mounting him, steered him for the Mardayne abode. It was a mile and a half away, a broad, one-story building, with a deep veranda. The spring usually bubbled up just at the corner of

the porch, and he leapt off his horse and ran to look at it. It was, being on a hill, rather drier than the other.

He rushed up to the front steps and rapped on the door; whereat Miss Diana, who had seen part of his strange proceedings from a window, came tripping to open it.

"Have you any water?" said Godefroy, looking into her eyes in such a longing fashion that she blushed.

"Not a drop," said she. "Papa has just sent James with a barrel to get some from the rocky pool."

"Not a drop," echoed Mardayne, coming out from a side room, fanning vigorously. "I told that confounded old fool, Bowles, to haul some from the rocky pool; but he forgot it, and so did I until our whole supply ran out. I have some splendid liquor here, though, Reeves; if you are thirsty come in and join me in a glass."

"Thirsty!" cried Reeves; "I could bear thirst, but if I do not obtain by some means a quart of pure water before five o'clock this afternoon MY EXPERIMENT WILL FAIL!"

Mardayne looked amazed. "That will be unfortunate," said he; "but, heavens, man! it is only a question of losing five days or so of work, and some material; begin it over again. 'If at first you do n't succeed,' you know"—

Godefroy groaned. This man was not a chemist; he had no sympathy in his soul; he could not understand the fearful pain of seeing a promising, nay, an almost certainly successful, experiment fail at the very moment of accomplishment! He groaned again. No one who had not felt the keen interest of it—the zest, the expectation—

"Mr. Reeves," said Diana, "I am so sorry!" He looked up. Her eyes were actually filled with tears.

"God bless you, Miss Diana!" said he; "but isn't there *any* water in the house?"

They went together to the dining-room; the vessels were all empty. They went to the adobe kitchen, it was hopelessly destitute of water—"even of soda water," said Diana, looking mournfully at a bottle which had once contained that delightful beverage.

"Soda water would serve," said Godefroy; "I might distil it, you know; there would still be time."

His sorrow was somewhat lightened now that he felt the sweet balm of sympathy. *She* sympathized with him. He looked at her tenderly. But she was looking out of the kitchen door, looking with a sort of delight which, being so incongruous, rather pained him.

Could she see water? He followed her gaze, but it rested merely on the dry, baked prairie, shimmering in the sun. Far away to the very horizon's brink the desolate, parched plain; and, near at hand, only the stables, and—her water-melon patch. Could she be looking at that water-melon patch? The thought had scarcely shaped itself in his mind when she turned towards him; her sweet eyes sparkled, her dear cheeks flushed. "My water-melon!" said she.

"O Miss Mardayne," he murmured—"Diana!" For he it known that water-melon was the pride and joy of her heart. Mardayne had teased her to no end when she timidly produced a package of water-melon seeds that her old nurse had sent her, "from away down in Georgia," to comfort her in that far-off land. The tiny seedlings, breathed on by that strange, dry air, had died, one by one, despite her careful nursing. Only one had thriven, watered every day, and they could see the single great melon which it had borne shining, like a round green boulder, on the plain. She had dreamed, oh! many a time, and planned how she should at last enjoy that tangible memory of home!

With the proverbial thoughtlessness of his sex, Godefroy accepted the sacrifice. They went down to the patch together, and he lifted the splendid melon from its bed in the sandy soil. Gayly they bore it together around to the front, where his pony grazed on the lawn, and affixed it to that patient animal by means of a bag and some saddle-thongs.

Mardayne looked at them from the porch with a soft expression in his eyes. He knew how his daughter had valued that precious melon. "Well," he said to himself, as he watched them going down the road, one on each side, guarding the pony's precious burden, "he's a good fellow, a splendid fellow. But what enthusiasm! what enthusiasm! He's caught the spirit of the country."

They did not talk very much on the way to the mills. They were each busy with their own thoughts. Godefroy was trying to still a strange, fluttering emotion which his strong Teutonic heart had never felt before. Diana was thinking—but who can portray a woman's thoughts?

They gained the laboratory and bore the melon in triumph. He split it with a single stroke, and the sap dripped from its pale and watery heart. He scooped out huge pieces of it, and squeezed them into a gallon retort, until it was half full of green, murky juice; he placed a lamp beneath, led the

neck of the retort into a still, and then waited. Drop, drop, drop, the clear and limpid water flowed from the mouth of the still. Drop by drop the flask filled with *aqua pura*. By the time that the amber liquor, which for four hours had seethed and bubbled in the vessel, had reached the point of precipitation, as the old alchemists would have called it, a quart of sparkling water shimmered in the flask. Breathlessly he took the vessel from the fire, breathlessly poured in the watery treasure, when behold! as the clear water eddied down into the viscid solution, a perfect shower of black, infinitesimal specks disengaged themselves from the fluid and floated down to the bottom. Godefroy stirred the mixture, and it became as black as ink. He turned it upon a filter, and the liquor, seeping through, left a black, thick precipitate upon the sheet. Radiant with joy, he turned—to see Diana in tears!

“Oh,” said she, “the horrid black stuff; and *it is* a failure!”

“Failure! A most brilliant success!” said Godefroy; and shaking some of the precipitate upon a crucible, he held it in the flame of the lamp. The black powder, melting together, glowed with silvery lustre. “A brilliant success; and you, you have brought it about. You are worthy to be the wife of a chemist!”

This lofty compliment brought a deepened blush to Miss Diana's features. “Ah,” said Godefroy, “I love you; you have been my guardian angel. I owe my success to you. Will you—will you share it with me?”

He trembled, the beaded sweat stood on his forehead; that was indeed a violent and terrible revolution which had turned him, in so brief a time, from misogynist into lover; and to tell the truth, he was afraid. His ideas were turned awry; he feared, he expected, a repulse from this glorious, this inestimable woman! He anticipated her wrath. But she merely looked at him, and then—put her hand in his.

With what fervor he kissed it, with what joy they went back to her home together, I need not tell. He thought no more of his experiment that day, until the maiden aunt who “kept house” for Mardayne suggested that it was time to be abed. Then he went back to his deserted office and worked at the technical description of “Von Riefelstoffen's new process”; while from her window Diana smiled, through happy tears, at the lonely water-melon patch, shorn of its only glory.

Shall I continue, and tell that by virtue of Von Riefelstof-


fen's process that silver mill won final success, while many a similar enterprise had failed utterly, and left the bleak planks of its abandoned buildings to rot slowly in the dry air of Nevada? Or how, for ten years, Mr. and Mrs. Von Rieffelfstoffen wandered over the land, now at Yellowstone Park, now at the mines of Illinois, on scientific missions bent? Or how some little Godefroys and Dianas distracted the sweet sympathy of Mrs. Diana from chemistry to its kindred science—experimental biology? Or how, grown rich with royalties and wise with exploratory lore, Godefroy and his little world, when John Mardayne had retired, crossed the ocean once again to the Vaterland, to Berlin, to the intense delight of the good Herr Professor, who had vibrated uneasily between the two continents since his son's greatness had begun?

But there is one scene that I would dwell on in parting.

It is the month of September. The scholastic year at Heidelberg is just beginning. The great chemist, Herr Professor Von Rieffelfstoffen, is to deliver to-day the first lecture of his course. Throngs of celebrities, savants, scientists, have come out by the morning train to Heidelberg to hear the great man's opening speech. As the hour of two approaches a mob of students, of all classes, pours into the auditorium. Reporters and under professors are there with their notebooks; finally the crowd of visitors swarms in. In the midst of the hum and buzz of conversation and of expectation the great bell tolls the hour of two. In a sudden hush the murmur of the multitude dies in an instant. Out to the rostrum, his broad breast covered with the tributes of many lands and many societies, strides our friend Godefroy; nay, pardon—the Herr Professor! A roar of applause, of cheers, of student salutations, makes the auditorium tremble. Men famed in scientific circles yell undignifiedly in greeting. But the great man looks above their heads to where, in a secluded corner, Diana sits smiling and joyful—on one side the old Herr Professor, smiling too, through misty spectacles; on the other, John Mardayne, setting the vibrant air a-tremble with the strokes of his heavy cane. Then, clearing his throat, the great man begins his famous lecture on “The Chemical Wonders of America.”

Ah, Patient Little Jewish Maid!

Mary F. Nixon. 1871

 patient little Jewish Maid
Sweet Mary, all intent
On simple, homely duties
Was thy fair girlhood spent
The spindle and the distaff there
By thee were duly plied,
And countless household matters
Were thy sweet spirits pride.
Yet, through the homely, toilsome days
Strange music oft there rang,
And dreams of wider fields than thine
In thy chaste bosom sprang:
Within thy veins flowed royal blood
Of Kingly Davids' line,
And Jephtha's song and Esther's deeds
Their graces blent with thine -
Thy beauty was the wonderment
Of Jewish maid and youth.
Thy soul so pure was meet to hold
The One Incarnate Truth.
Ah, lovely little Jewish Maid,
Thy heart was formed for joy,
And timorous maiden hopes and fears
Sweetness without alloy
And though thy destiny was grand
Greater beyond compare
Thy lordiness and bitter pain
Than other mothers bear
Yet, when the angel came to thee
In modest rapture stirred
Meekly thy answer came - "My God,
According to Thy Word."

IMMIGRATION AS IT HAS BEEN.*



THE sixteenth annual report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics for New York contains a history, in outline, of the immigration which entered that port from the year 1613 up to the year 1898. Though the details are necessarily meagre, we find a few leading facts projected in very strong colors on the scene. There are the evidences of inconceivable suffering undergone by immigrants until far into the century just closed, the brutality of persons in any way engaged in the traffic, and the condition of things in the countries of the old world which did not prevent immigrants from risking consequences to which the perils of the deep in the wretched vessels of former days were a mere bagatelle. This last consideration is the severest condemnation which can be pronounced on European governments.

It looks as if those states had no concern for numbers of their population. What became of them was of no moment. They were an incubus on the land except in times of war, when possibly they might serve as food for powder. In peaceful times they contributed little directly to the revenue, indirectly they must have contributed far more than their share, because there were taxes on the necessities of life. A foreigner on a visit to an Irish wit exclaimed: "How pure and balmy is the air in this place!" "Let no one hear you say that," rejoined his host; "if you do, the English will tax it." This is an illustration of the searching nature of the taxation which wars and the pomp of courts imposed on the principal states of Europe. The facts stated in the report of the bureau bring this phase of oppression of the poor in Europe more sharply to the mind than the wildest utterance of the demagogue, or even the madness of the unhappy sufferers flinging their unarmed hands against the gates of power.

The outrages and cruelties practised by owners and masters of vessels would be incredible if not placed beyond denial by public records. The immigrants were sold at auction, and this

* *Sixteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the State of New York for the Year 1898.* Transmitted to the Legislature January 23, 1899. John McMackin, Commissioner.

came down to a comparatively late period, namely, 1819, in Philadelphia. This bare statement would of itself suggest the information supplied by documents. If the immigrants were practically slaves to be sold at the port of debarkation, it does not need a very high degree of penetration to estimate the regard for them during the voyage. Even if they had been well-to-do, and had shipped unfettered by any condition, there was nothing or little to be feared by a ship-master for any injustice or injury he might choose to inflict. He was an autocrat on board; he could construe what he thought into mutiny. Irons in the hold would tame the spirit of the stoutest passenger. But we are informed that in the eighteenth century the vast majority of immigrants were so poor that they could not pay the passage-money. They were taken on board, however, and when they reached America they were sold to pay for the passage and such advances as might have been made.

No one in England, Ireland, France, or Germany seemed aware of this. It does not seem to have occurred to public authorities in any of these countries that the benevolence of ship-owners was amazing. We are told by Mr. Kapp, State Commissioner of Emigration in 1869, that ship-owners and ship-merchants derived enormous profits from the sale of immigrants. The rates for passage were very high, he tells us, and a hundred per cent. was added for risk. In other words, the passage itself stood at an insurance figure, and in addition an insurance equal to that figure. And yet European powers have whole peoples of the quality of those poor immigrants armed in their service. It is not easy reading unless one prepares for it by submitting to an exceptionally exhausting process of phlebotomy.

Mr. Kapp, as though speaking of the sections of an iceberg, informs us that "old people, widows, and cripples would not sell well, while healthy parents with healthy children, and young people of both sexes, always found a ready market." These were all white men, women, and children. Mr. Kipling ought to transfer his sympathies to the African who bore the burden in the Southern States. Only he had done so, it is impossible to calculate the number of passages afforded by benevolent ship-owners on the generous conditions pointed out above.

The system was beautifully adjusted; we cannot help thinking Mr. Kapp looks upon it with a loving eye. It is scientifically perfect, a marvel of economic fitness. "If the parents

were too old to work, their children had to serve so much longer to make up the difference." In lucid moments of classical pagan philosophy the proposition was advanced that children should be obliged to support their parents. The Jewish dispensation made the obligation a reality. The same duty was enforced in one or two of the unclassical pagan codes; the law of charity enunciated by our Lord has enforced it by a sanction irresistible and universal. Failing to perform it is a sin. So we have systems and laws, human and divine, anticipating and confirming this provision of the ship-owner.

We remember reading of instances of sagacious cruelty. The mother who refused to offer incense to an idol would not be sentenced to the red-hot iron or the flaming wood—at least just yet—but she would hear a doom passed upon her young daughter more terrible than the burning fagot or the hissing metal. Sons have been scourged before their fathers' eyes to lacerate the parents' affections as no torture could rend nerve and sinew, but those representatives of British commerce could give an application that philosophy or religion had not dreamt of, add a sting to motive that the craft of politic tyrants had not devised.

But this is not all. "When one or both parents died on the voyage their children had to serve for them," by a species of Protestant after-life atonement as novel in benefit as in conception. It was a maxim of English law that death discharged personal debts. The seizing of a dead body for debt was an expedient of sheriffs or their deputies without authority in law or sense. We believe that fine scenes in novels turned on this so-called right to levy execution on the poor remains of mortality, but the British ship-owner knew as well as Shylock that human flesh was not good as "beeves and muttons."

We think the subject sickening, but we will not refrain from adding another provision or two. The honor of the English merchant, the free-handed liberality of that sturdy type of what is wisest and strongest in the superlatively excellent Anglo-Saxon race, all this and more demand the tribute at our hands. Again we call Mr. Kapp to give testimony to character: "The expenses for the whole family were summed up and charged upon the survivor or survivors." There is a touch of the ingenious covetousness of Mr. Warren Hastings' way of dealing with the begums, the princes, and the people of India in this provision. A man was emancipated the moment he touched the deck of a British vessel. The soil of

Britain is incompatible with slavery, was the dictum in the case of a fugitive African who landed in England from America. In America this African was a chattel at the time; but the King's Bench held that he was free the moment he touched the British shore. America was at the time part of the possessions of England, and on the surface one would see there was nothing more than a question of jurisdiction, that the English court had no jurisdiction over the property, that the chattel should be dealt with by the court of the local venue. The King's Bench rose to the occasion. Somerset was a man, and not goods; and as though there was something sacred in the soil, the chains fell from around him when he touched it; as though there was a free spirit in the very atmosphere itself, the moment he breathed it his soul expanded to the dignity of his master's.

But though great lawyers apply constitutional principles with philosophical loftiness and breadth, there is a class of mind whose cunning ferocity and greed will evade them. The deck of a British vessel is the soil of Britain, but the moment the immigrant of the old days stepped upon it he became a slave. True he was permitted to bind himself for a term of years, under certain penalties, by an indenture of apprenticeship, but he could not bind himself for life; he could sell his labor under stringent conditions, but he had no power to give an estate of freehold in himself to any one. The African was only a chattel sold by one owner to another; the indentured servant simply engaged himself in a contract of hiring. Yet the covenant making him liable for the work due by all his family virtually constituted him a slave for his life, a slave as absolutely and helplessly as the negro.

We cannot proceed with this disgusting history; we shall conclude our extracts from Mr. Kapp with this one, which condenses the iniquity of the institution into a few words: "It was a daily occurrence that whole families were separated for ever."

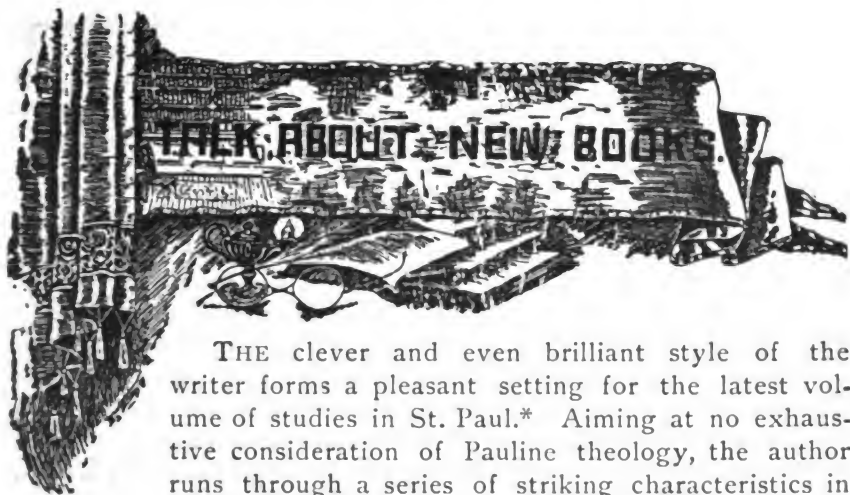
The successful termination of the War of Independence attracted the oppressed people of Ireland, England, Scotland, France, and Germany. There was a check during the Napoleonic wars, owing to the blockade of European and English ports. In 1811 commerce between the United States and France was resumed, with the result that American vessels were seized by the British cruisers. The war in consequence lasted until 1815. Peace was established, but a very interesting

souvenir of the feeling stirred in England at the time is preserved in an act of Parliament passed in 1816. Vessels sailing to the United States were allowed to carry one passenger for every five tons, but vessels sailing to other countries were enabled to convey one passenger for every two tons. This, we think, supplies a curious instance of maternal love on the part of what we hear called the mother-country; and we appreciate the manly feeling of the writer of the paper in not omitting it through deference to the servility of fashionable people here and the convenient professions of relationship on the part of the superior people on the other side.

There are admirable paragraphs on the dishonesty of boarding-house keepers and their agents in New York. The writer does not hide the cruel frauds practised upon the poor foreigners by his own countrymen which rendered government control necessary. He sets out with force the efforts of authorities, both central and local, to protect the immigrants against the knaves that pounced upon them when they landed and hung about them until their last coin was extorted. There was a great difficulty in reaching an effective method of protection, but at length patience, good-will, and an exceptionally benevolent public spirit succeeded in accomplishing admirable results.

We have been constrained by our limits from notice of several interesting topics. It would appear that the State of New York has been receiving an Irish influx for more than two centuries. It began in 1698, a fact which leads us to suspect that Jacobites must have been among the immigrants, if all of the immigrants were not Jacobites.





THE clever and even brilliant style of the writer forms a pleasant setting for the latest volume of studies in St. Paul.* Aiming at no exhaustive consideration of Pauline theology, the author runs through a series of striking characteristics in St. Paul's personality, endeavoring to uphold them to modern Christians as the right ideals for worship. The conception is good, the treatment sympathetic, the language free and charming. There is evidence that the writer has been an appreciative student of Wordsworth, and one can trace between the poet and himself a certain similarity of disposition.

While really satisfying, thoroughly Catholic, nobly ideal in most of his eulogy of St. Paul's character, the writer is less happy when he enters upon certain considerations of theological drift. His "Charity before Faith" shows a decided lack of synthetic grasp and a tendency to press theories rather far. His view of the rôle of doctrinal definitions is all too loose and uncertain to suit the reader whose church history is well fixed in mind, and his conception of Ecclesiastical unity must be of the haziest kind if he can view with complacency the so-called unity attained by the efforts of the Church of England, or rather, by those in that church who believe in the necessity of such a thing. A shallow-minded sneer at the doctrine of Transubstantiation ill befits the kindly, dignified, and temperate tone so well preserved throughout the greater part of the volume. That monastic institutions are a dictate of the highest Christian ambition, and that they alone can supply a deep social need is the thought suggested to our mind by the very chapter following that wherein the life of quiet prayer and the contemplative vocation are frowned upon.

All in all the book will well repay its readers. It is no unwelcome addition to that mass of literature gradually building up about the marvellous character St. Paul—surely one of the most wondrous manifestations of the power of Christ to transform humanity.

* *The Christianity of St. Paul.* By S. A. Alexander. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

A volume of conferences* on the Precious Blood of our Divine Lord, written in fervent and devotional tone, and graceful in style, forms no unwelcome addition to our sermon literature. The chapters devoted to the "Way of the Cross" and "The Crucifixion," perhaps, stand out as superior to the others in suggesting thoughts of real value for fervent meditation. Thoroughly attractive and in no sense extravagant, the book may be commended for bringing home with considerable vigor some of the tremendous significance attaching to the mysteries of the Divine Blood-shedding. In the main, the writer tells us, the volume is made up of notes prepared for conferences to the Confraternity of the Precious Blood, and gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to Father Faber's great work, with a like title, written for the same society.

The Story-Books of Little Gidding† has an historical suggestiveness that is at once curious and significant. It gives a peep into a happy and devout home-life under Elizabeth which discloses much that is consoling in offset to the corruptions and cruelties of the court. The family of Nicholas Ferrar, a man of parts and of public station, Protestants of the new "Anglican departure," but who, in the words of the ancient annals, "outdid the severest monastics abroad," were accustomed as part of their spiritual exercises to hold religious dialogues in the great hall of Little Gidding. One after another of the company would give some story from profane or sacred history, or some pious legend that passed current for history, and draw therefrom lessons for the moral guidance of his or her audience there assembled. The result of two years of this devout entertainment is the book before us. There is in nearly all the stories the Old-English quaintness, simplicity, and homely earnestness. Naturally into a few of the dialogues have crept some of the hobgoblin canards about the Catholic Church which were then settling themselves into the folk-lore of England and building up the fabric of the "great Protestant tradition" which is still one of the ramparts of Nonconformists and rural Church-folk. But, so far as our examination has gone, the book is remarkably temperate in this respect—much more so than one would look for in the record of a family who listened at supper to the reading of that monstrous imposition, the *Book of Martyrs*. The history of the Ferrar family is stamped plainly with the

* *The Blood of the Lamb*. By Kenelm Digby Best. London: Burns & Oates, limited; New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Story-Books of Little Gidding*; being the Religious Dialogues recited in the Great Room, 1631-1632. From the original manuscript of Nicholas Ferrar. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

lingering memories of the ancient church. Their daily order of devotions, their respect for God's word, their sacrifices to attend public worship, their fasting and nightly vigils—all these have sad suggestions of the faith which had sanctified England for a thousand years. We are here in the afterglow, and the atmosphere is still warm after the sun of truth has set. But we doubt not the book is not half so sombre in its lesson to a Catholic as to a modern Anglican who affects the primitive and apostolic in creed and custom. For its Catholic, almost monastic spirit, is a portentous reproof to the present day Church of England for having raised anchor from the ancient moorings and embarked recklessly on the sea of change, of innovation, and of compromise in doctrine, the end whereof is no port of stable safety, but shipwreck irretrievable.

There is a grace about Mr. Mifflin's latest book* that makes its title most appropriate. The sensuous beauty of the original idylls adorns his lines, and the immortal music of the Greek re-echoes in the choice and lovely phrasing with which these pages abound. "Every bit as pagan as their prototypes," is the verdict of the reader as he reluctantly confesses real admiration for what is so painfully and undisguisedly a mere picture of external Nature, leaving out its Maker. One or two less happy selections of words, and a rather unpleasant uncertainty of rhyme, we might mention as marring the very thorough beauty of these verses. Apart from that and the disappointment occasioned by sudden and surprising rhymes in the final lines—for instance, matching the fourteenth at random with any one of the preceding five—nothing occurs to us as likely to offset the great and evident excellence of the volume.

An account of the famous Jansenistic schools of the seventeenth century is given in a recent book† published by C. W. Bardeen of Syracuse, the noted writer on educational topics. Its method is the opposite of scientific, consisting chiefly in the sketchiest sort of monographs, an abundance of pedagogical *notitiæ*, and foot-notes which when not partisan and sneering are empty and superfluous. Doubtless the school-teacher can get some benefit from the regulations and suggestions concerning child-study and class-management, but the intelligent general reader who looks for a wide, liberal, philosophic study of a question will find only disappointment and regret.

* *Echoes of Greek Idylls*. By Lloyd Mifflin. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *Port Royal Education*. Edited by Félix Cadet, French Inspector-General of Public Instruction. Syracuse, New York : C. W. Bardeen.

Rather more metaphysical in character than any of his preceding volumes, Mr. Dresser's latest work* contains a considerable amount of speculation not likely to interest the ordinary reader, but scarcely up to the standard of genuine philosophy. Still, the conceptions in general show an evident disposition of mind toward sane speculation and the treatment is no hazier than is necessitated by the consideration of matters akin to cosmic emotion and studies in the ideal of a "zestfully laboring Absolute." It is rather disheartening, however, to find so much refined theorizing merely grouped about a curious plan for annihilating physical disease.

From a religious stand-point the volume is promising in a sense, but on the whole rather saddening. To see so much of pure and high-minded aspiration mixed with wildly speculative and utterly intangible solutions brings lasting regret that to the author the Catholic religion is, as he confesses, as unknown as are his glaciated speculations about the absolute incomprehensible to a peasant of the mountains. Were it otherwise, he might come to understand that, excepting that most extravagant and unwholesome license he demands for personal opinion, nearly all that is positive and definite in his ideal would find its best and sanest expression in the church of the ages. He is quite wrong in imagining personal dignity to be a modern growth superadded to the genuine concepts of Christian philosophy; nor is the idea of religion as essentially a personal matter between God and the soul a notion foreign to Christian teaching. The value of spiritual ideals too, and the profit derivable from meditation, from concentration of thought and simplicity of mind, these are strange to no student of Catholicity, as they existed centuries back. 'Tis she in her dogmatic symmetry and solidity that can best correct the vague and ineffectual dreams of shallow-minded prophets, reading the future and blind to the actually present.

The attitude assumed in controverting Pantheism and the Philosophy of the Unconditioned is good and cleverly sustained. The writer's mental constitution seems to be not naturally biassed towards extravagant idealism, and though tainted therewith, he signifies his disagreement with its extreme positions. Indeed, in many passages we read indications that he is after all not far from the Kingdom of God. The lamp of faith may soon guide his feet unto that fuller knowledge at which he is now so fruitlessly grasping.

* *The Voices of Freedom.* By Horatio W. Dresser. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Every one knows just what to expect when the publishers announce a volume from the real Alice in Wonderland. And every one's expectations will be justified by the present charming little volume* outlining the story of one of the most wonderful and famous of friendships. There is little to be said in comment, for all know the writer of the three immortal children's stories, *Alice in Wonderland*, *Alice in the Looking-glass*, and *Hunting of the Snark*, and to know him in that guise is to have learned pretty much everything possible on the subject. Still a little more information is a welcome treat. The sketch just published is meant to do for the children what the biography published last year has done for the "grown-ups." It has all the quaint charm inseparable from its subject. There is no attempt at literary polish or historical detail, but we venture to say it will leave but one regret in the minds of its child readers, namely, the regret that they did not share in that strange friendship which proved so wonderful a privilege to the real Alice.

For the French Lilies is the title of an interesting tale† recounting the adventures of a young Dauphinese, Marcel St. Eymond, during the years 1511-12. His father, aged and blind, about to enter a monastery to spend the remainder of his days in preparation for death, leaves the young Marcel in the charge of an uncle, a Milanese. Despite the opposition of his uncle, who had his own evil schemes for the young man's future, Marcel enlisted under the banner of Louis XII., in the war against Pope Julius and his allies (the Spaniards and Venetians), to fight "for the French Lilies." The war itself is not discussed, the story dealing only with the young Marcel and his adventures. The general plan of the story, the style—always pure and vivid—the remarkable success in satisfactorily picturing the scenes of action without entering into the mass of details that characterize the larger historical novel, and most of all, the wholesome Catholic spirit and tone that prevails throughout the entire story, make it a first-class production, and we strongly recommend it to the young Catholic reader.

Studies in Literature‡ has for its direct purpose the delineation of what the author is pleased to call the sanctity of literature. He evinces great critical acumen, admirably blending a knowledge of the ethical conditions that influence writers with

* *The Story of Lewis Carroll*. Told for young people by the real Alice in Wonderland, Miss Isa Bowman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

† *For the French Lilies*. By Isabel Nixon Whiteley. St. Louis: B. Herder.

‡ *Studies in Literature*. By Maurice Francis Egan. St. Louis: B. Herder.

faultless literary taste—the primary qualifications of a critic. Singularly appropriate is the phrase, for every true book should breathe the atmosphere of “sanctity.”

Rightly judging that this principle should be applied to all literature, Mr. Egan makes it the standard of his criticism of the authors noted in this volume of essays: “The poet, in spite of himself, must be religious. Similarly the writer of prose, though he may belong to a school which tries to ignore things spiritual, must constantly encounter the grand fact of Christianity, must recognize that Christian ideals have made modern poetry what it is, for all poets have drawn their inspiration directly or indirectly from the sacred truths of religion. The sign of a great poet is his religious reverence for women. It was reserved to the purest and the best form of religion to offer the ideal woman to the worship of the world.” Again: “His theme may take the form of patriotism and seem to leave out God, but the love of country must find God or die. It may praise human love, but love must be tinged with the divine or it cloyes.”

While this central thought, the “sanctity of literature,” pervades and gives definiteness to all these essays, each is complete in itself and possesses many individual excellences.

A brief and beautiful introduction to this little volume,* by Cardinal Gibbons, opens to the reader's eye the inner motives of the spiritual life, especially as developed in religious communities.

The story of the saintly young religious then follows, simply and admirably told. Venerable Gabriel, born in the town of Assisi, the birthplace of the great servant of God of the thirteenth century, was baptized in the same baptismal font as the great St. Francis. He received his early education at the hands of the Christian Brothers and later became a pupil of the Jesuits.

Though even as a young man he ascended to great heights of sanctity, still in his earlier years he seems to have been but a boy among boys, lively, giddy, foolish, by times studious and dutiful. But, with all his love of amusement and his ardor and impetuosity, he was open, candid to a fault, affectionate and sympathetic, a generous and noble nature.

It was clear that his was a specially destined soul whose bent, however it might be determined, would wield a powerful influence. Happily he obeyed the inspiration that bade him enter religion, and that transformation was effected in him which fixed his career as a saint.

* *Life of Venerable Gabriel, C.P.* By Rev. Hyacinth Hage, C.P. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

Almost immediately the divine call became manifest in him, so rapidly and so completely did he conform himself to the way of perfection, and so thoroughly did he appreciate and assimilate the maxims of the spiritual life. He threw himself heart and soul into the spirit of his surroundings, and became rapt in a desire "to walk attentively in the presence of God." The headstrong temper that had characterized him as a youth in the world now changed into a calm and resolute disposition to follow after the highest perfection. There seemed to be no virtue the fulness of which he did not possess; and the devotions which to us are ordinary were all special to him, particularly those of the Passion and of the Seven Dolors of Our Lady. Constant fidelity to every manifestation of the divine will, whether it came interiorly from the Holy Spirit, or exteriorly from his rule and the wishes of his superiors, marked his progress in the way of perfection, sanctifying his life and making it the joy and edification of his brothers. Unfortunately we are deprived of a more complete record of Gabriel's interior life by the destruction, at his own request, of his memoranda of the graces and benefits bestowed on him. Gabriel died a most holy death in the year 1862, without having finished his studies for the priesthood.

Since the process of his beatification, begun in 1892, many well authenticated miracles have taken place at his tomb, which has become a place of pilgrimage to those who venerate the blessed memory of the humble Passionist.

*The Blue Jackets of 1898** is a complete and well-written account of our own side of the Spanish-American War. From the text of the book one learns that it was meant to be a history, but the general tenor of the work is such as really to exclude it from the ranks of that class of literature. The mind of a true historian must have a strongly judicial cast; it studies and states with patient, exhaustive diligence both sides of every quarrel and dispute, following up to the end every hint and clue that tends to shape final decision. It steadily endeavors to lay aside impulse, passion, and prepossessions, that reason may have full and undisturbed sway in balancing evidence and in giving judgment.

That the author of the work in question has fallen somewhat short of attaining these high but just requirements is undoubted. Still it is not matter for surprise or for blame. Indeed, the war with all the crimes and blunders that led up to

* *Blue Jackets of 1898*. By Willis J. Abbot. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

it, together with their most unworthy accompaniment, a vast amount of hasty, prejudiced scribbling and babbling about Spanish character, are not yet far enough off to be easily marked down to their true value. Apart from this slight criticism, which aims merely at pointing out the unhistorical character of the book, we take pleasure in recommending it as interesting and enjoyable.

Supernatural manifestations in the lives of the saints are considered in directly opposite ways by Catholics and non-Catholics. By those enjoying the light of the faith it is recognized that genuine miracles, while they are the evidences of undoubted sanctity, are merely accidental, though very logical, accompaniments of an unusual conformity of the human will to God's. By those without the church, on the other hand, these extraordinary phenomena have long been considered the dominating characteristic of sanctity. To the Catholic the saint remains a saint, and his sanctity is unimpeached in spite of strained, plausible, or demonstrable scientific theories of second-sight, telepathy, hallucination, and suggestion. The church has always taught that the exercise of preternatural powers may be common to saints and sinners alike, and for that reason her process for canonization is bound by stricter rules of evidence than any civil court, but to ascribe all such occurrences, or even a large part of them, to diabolic or merely natural and pathologic influences requires an abnormal trend to artless self-deception.

The case of Sister Anne Catherine Emmerich, who died in 1824, is a widely-known modern instance of interior illumination of which medical science offers no adequate explanation. That a poor, illiterate peasant-girl should develop, with no apparent assistance, a minute knowledge of theology, biblical history, and topography, in addition to the gift of prophecy, and supplement the researches of archæologists by original statements afterward verified in actual discoveries of science, is certainly unintelligible in the case even of a neurasthenic, and that her words should invariably preserve a sublime fitness for the subject they explain, and throughout a maze of details of description and incident should uniformly breathe the charm and simplicity of the Gospel narrative and share its power to edify, is a fact that outstrips any merely natural causes that can be suggested. Disease may imitate unusual manifestations of the power of God or of the devil; that it can counterfeit a high degree of sanctity expressed in consistent action from

the cradle to the grave is utterly incredible. In the twelve rules of criticism laid down by Pope Benedict XIV. for detecting spurious cases of supernatural vision we have a most severe standard of measurement, and although no official pronouncement by the church has yet been made, it would seem that the revelations of Sister Emmerich are vindicated by an application of this test.

The occurrences surrounding our Lord's birth as detailed by the *stigmatiste* have been gathered into a little book* that should appeal especially to all Christian realists. The photographic tracing of endearing though minor circumstances serves to fill us with tender emotions of love and pity for our little Mother Mary, the girl-bride of fourteen, as with tears in her eyes she begged the priest's permission to remain a servant in the Temple, or for noble-hearted, patient Joseph, choosing rather to become an exile in a foreign country than accuse the child-wife to whom he had given his heart. The whole daily life of the times is brought back to us vividly, and minute descriptions of food, clothing, and articles of furniture are as fully given as is the geographical information and the characters of persons with whom the Holy Family had dealings. To those who habitually entertain doubts upon any and all subjects the book has no mission; but to lovers of the simplicity that yields only to a doubt well recommended, the meditations will prove a new spring of devotion.

It may be only a fancy, but the thought that perhaps this favored religious had a message to Americans especially, whom she would see improve upon the religious corruption of her native land, is fostered by a sentence she addressed to the Pilgrim, as she called Clement Brentano, her patient biographer, who has preserved us so many of her words: "What the Pilgrim gleans he will bear away, far, far away, for there is no disposition to make use of it here; but it will bring forth fruit in other lands, whence its effects will return and be felt even here." And in this connection it is pleasant to associate the recollection that America derives its name, through Amerigo Vespucci, from one of her ancestors, St. Emmerich.

A Son of the State† is the title of a clever novel by W. Pettridge picturing phases of criminal life in London and illustrating the benefits of reformatory legislation in rescuing

* *The Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ*. From the meditations of Anne Catherine Emmerich. Translated from the French by George Richardson. London: Burns & Oates limited; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

† *A Son of the State*. By W. Pettridge. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

so many of the young from vicious associations. The little boy who has been taken out of criminal companionship and adopted by the country spends some years in a home where a benevolent and judicious discipline makes a man of him. He is very precocious, possesses a good deal of the reckless humor of the Artful Dodger, but not very much of the hard cynicism of Fagin's distinguished pupil. There is at the basis of his character a fondness for the better side of life, and a respect for the exertions, and a sympathy with the pleasures and interests, of the amiable and high-minded who come across him.

The book is pleasant reading, and we hope that the impression it is intended to produce as to the success of this branch of humane legislation is not too highly colored. The following extract will convey an idea of the spirit in which Mr. Pettridge looks at the effect of the work of the school in lifting to a better life this waif cast upon the shore by poverty and the evils in its train: "It seemed to the boy that already he had lived two lives; that the first had been broken off short on the day he turned out of Worship Street Police Court. He could not help feeling a vague admiration for that first boy because the first boy had been a fine young dare-devil, never trammelled by rules of behavior; at the same time it was as well, perhaps, that the first boy had ceased to live, for he was not the kind of lad Bobbie could have introduced to the angel."

The reforming process had put a new character on Bobbie, covering over and to an extent smothering the old habits. There might be always danger that the old habits might assert themselves, but as long as strong motives could be brought into alliance with the later habits these would strengthen and the chances of relapse diminish from day to day. We noted a curious sentiment which displayed itself before Bobbie was taken in hand by the state, and while still the companion of the thieves who were bringing him up in the way in which he should not go. His nefarious friends took him one night to a transpontine theatre. The whole party keenly sympathized with what was generous and devoted in the action of the play, showed detestation of whatever was cruel and false; and this while not one had the slightest idea of missing a chance of stealing what he could lay hands on; not one of them would dream of denying himself a vicious gratification the moment it presented itself.

We are not surprised. In the worst periods of moral decay the literature has not been unmixedly wicked. Notwithstanding the revelations of the divorce court, from time to time public feeling will be roused against some one's disregard for

domestic ties. It may happen that the condemnation will fall on a person who was not worse than many who escaped censure; a comparatively recent instance of this is well within the knowledge of this country and the United Kingdom, when a man who filled a great place in political life was struck in his pride as by a judgment—but the excitement of the public in such instances is still a testimony to the hold which virtue has upon the very springs of life. The feeling of the lawless crowd in the novel before us shows the author's knowledge of a fact of social experience, that the mass of men have better principles than the individuals who compose it. We think there is in this a hopeful prospect for the exertions of all who are interested in the elevation of the broken elements of society.

The Signors of the Night,* by Max Pemberton, is a series of incidents in the shape of stories hung on to the life of Fra Giovanni, who is made to exercise a mysterious power over Venetian society in the early years of the eighteenth century. There are several illustrations which will help the eye, even when the text may produce vexation of spirit. We cannot altogether congratulate the writer on his success in reproducing the world within that republic which occupies so remarkable a chapter in the history of European states, even to the very end of the seventeenth century. Venice had been sinking for a long time no doubt, it is likely her peculiar institutions could only have been successful when foreign conquest and the extension of her commerce afforded opportunities for the enterprising spirits that were shut out by their birth from employment at home. These outlets had departed, but her law was strong and her decay was that of age rather than the resolution of the state into its elements. Now, the sketches before us would indicate a breaking-up of society in the beginning of the last century, instead of the diminished vigor which followed on the Turkish wars and the closing of the ancient spheres of her activity. Some one or two of the scenes are drawn well, though spoiled by the purposeless mystery which reigns over the entire book. We do not think the eeriness in which the author tries to involve us in the last sketch, "The Haunted Gondola," is a bit more real than the terror of a spirit-rapper's sitting; but there is force in the tale "White Wings to the Raven," both in the fancy and delineation, and so we dismiss the book.

M. Duquet's little book † tells of that incident in the relations of France and Ireland so characteristic of the two

* *The Signors of the Night*. By Max Pemberton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

† *Ireland and France*. By Alfred Duquet. Baltimore: John Murphy Company.

branches of the Celtic race, in the warmth of the sympathy of the one and of the intense appreciation of that sympathy by the other. The Irish equipped an ambulance brigade for France during the war of 1870, and certain French gentlemen went to Ireland at the peace to thank the people for that service. There was nothing peculiar in the Irish fitting out such an expedition of humanity; other peoples acted in a somewhat similar manner. Why was France so wildly enthusiastic in her gratitude to the one country? The reception given by the Irish to the representatives of France went beyond anything in their history, save a scene or two during the career of O'Connell. Why did the Irish prostrate themselves before the representatives of the defeated nation? Why did they behave as if those Frenchmen were moving in the chariots of a triumph such as Rome turned out to see when her generals brought the spoils of nations in their hands?

One interesting fact we have some pleasure mentioning: a member of the deputation when paying his bill for a night's rest in London and a cup of coffee in the morning handed a hundred franc piece in payment. The hotel proprietor not finding it convenient to give change, added some imaginary items to the bill and squared it. The same gentleman called a man with a wheelbarrow to carry his portmanteau to the railroad station, but while getting his ticket for Holyhead, the man, the barrow, and the portmanteau disappeared.

The members of the deputation were much enlightened on their return from Ireland to London to read a notice warning against pickpockets at the Charing Cross station. Like the sight of the gallows which made the wanderer among savages feel that he, at length, had reached the frontiers of civilization, so the English hotel proprietor, the English wheelbarrow man, and the notice at Charing Cross station must have presented gratifying evidence that in these usages of a successful and refined life England stands foremost, while in such customs Ireland is so far behind as to be invisible; these Frenchmen must have seen, indeed, that time does not weaken the spirit of Anglo-Saxon appropriation or use stale its infinite variety.

The present great popularity of devotion to Saint Anthony has evidently excited a demand for accounts of his life written with brevity and attractiveness. Such a biography is the one in hand.* With little or no pretension of giving a chronological story of the events of the saint's life, it yet covers all that

* *Saint Anthony of Padua and the Twentieth Century.* By Rev. Francis Dent. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

is important, while it gains in popular interest as being a sketch of the character and career, rather than a set *life* of the "wonder-worker." We would wish that every one of the faithful multitude who are devoted to Saint Anthony might read such a work as this, for devotion is intelligent and fervent in proportion as the life and spirit of its object are known. The ordinary reader will find in Father Dent's book more than a mere sufficiency of food for admiration and piety for Saint Anthony. The style is lively and interesting, with few faults; and, in general, the subject is well conceived and intelligently treated.

The ten lectures given under the auspices of the New York University in the recently endowed Deems Lectureship in Philosophy have been issued in book form.* Roughly we may say that Dr. Iverach's argument consists of an attempt to establish cosmic teleology, and to analyze its transcendental implications for the Being and Attributes of God. Five lectures are concerned with final purpose in the universe as displayed by science, two with Personality and Religion, two with Agnosticism and Idealism, and one with a special study based on the writings of Mr. Benjamin Kidd and Mr. Arthur Balfour.

The first five lectures we cannot regard as other than very ordinary. Perhaps we look for too much in a treatise aiming to demonstrate purpose and final cause; but truly, if just here, as is largely probable, lies the very fate of Theism, we shall not be blamed for placing our standards of philosophical apologetics uncompromisingly high. Is the world the outcome of a creating and conserving Providence, whose mind is disclosed throughout the cosmos from the constant laws of attraction and repulsion between the cryptic atoms to the awful harmony of the marching spheres? or is it a mindless bubble blown from the sea of infinite chance, with laws that are the outcome of lucky accidents and with a progressive development of no deeper basis than the fortuitous association of inexplorable molecules that, out of a billion possibilities of combination, bumped together into the present universe? This, we say, is perhaps the supreme question now to be solved. There are many others to be asked and answered before the battle of Theism is satisfactorily decided—questions chiefly of epistemology which will save philosophy and faith from the shipwreck threatened by the critical school and by its offspring, the agnostic. But if not deeper, at least more universal and far more practical, is the question we have just stated—between

* *Theism in the Light of Present Science and Philosophy.* By James Iverach, M.A., D.D. New York: The Macmillan Company.

God and godlessness; between theism and atheism; between a dualism which would establish relations of the immortal spirit of man with its Infinite Creator, and a materialistic monism which would annihilate both; between final cause and purposeless chance. "I do not say a hasty thing," said Dr. Barry fifteen years ago, "when I affirm that to-day the weightiest *præambula fidei* are the truths of science expounded by Christian professors." And the most imperative duty of this Christian as well as philosophic exposition of science is to show Intelligence and Providence in the world-plan.

Judging from this high view-point the importance of the question, we have been somewhat disappointed in Dr. Iverach's scientific reading of the universe. Much in it is good, but it presents a diffuse sketchiness—if we may juxtapose two such words—which seems to make but little for the theistic interpretation. In his formal treatment of agnosticism we would wish for stricter method, as well as a deeper research. No scientific or even just estimate of agnosticism is possible which leaves out of reckoning the historical and noetic elements that enter into the fibre of this modern nescience—philosophy. Still this lecture has many sharp criticisms, striking phrases, and manifestations of keen analysis. On the whole the book has seized on one of the gravest problems now confronting the theistic philosopher and has handled it with respectable ability. We wish the Deems Lectureship God-speed in its work of building a solid framework in reason for the claims of religion and the requirements of revelation.

Surely the Archangels and the Guardian Angels must have rejoiced when the erudite Eliza Allen Starr began to write words intended to increase devotion to the angels. To add to the force of her words she has enriched her pages by copies of the choicest pictures in the world. She says in her preface that "to the uplifting of this daily life of mundane necessities these pages and their angelic embellishments are devoutly consecrated."

The book* cannot fail of its object if eyes are turned to it from "mundane necessities," we need not say long enough to read it, because to look is to read, and to read is to reflect.

The four pictures of St. Michael are from Fra Angelico, Raphael, and Perugino. Comparing the Perugino with that of Raphael makes one realize that Raphael was particularly favored in his master. The Assumption by Perugino, in which is found the heavenly warrior St. Michael, is large enough and

* *The Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in Art.* By Eliza Allen Starr.

so distinct in the book as to enable one to form a good idea of the beauty of the original.

The author mentions many other pictures of St. Michael and tells where they may be found. She gives a graphic account of many of the manifestations of this great archangel, notably when he appeared during the pontificate of Gregory the Great on the Hadrian mausoleum, standing on its summit, watching the grand procession of Roman penitents who were pleading for a cessation of the pestilence. The great pontiff, leading the procession, looked up and saw St. Michael "sheathing his sword, as if he had come triumphant from the battle-field of death. A church was dedicated there in honor of St. Michael, and the mausoleum has borne ever since the name of Castle Angelo."

The Archangel Gabriel as represented in the catacombs, and by Fra Angelico, Della Robbia, and Overbeck, should be seen and studied by every one. Not many in this country have had an opportunity of seeing Overbeck's picture of St. Gabriel in Gethsemani; but of all the words ever written by the gifted author none move one more, bring one nearer heaven's gate, than what she writes about the Angel Gabriel, the strength of God as pictured by Overbeck, who paints him bearing the cup to Jesus in his agony.

The illustrations of the Archangel Raphael are from Perugino, Luini, Von Deutsch, Overbeck, and Raphael. The author gives the various offices assigned to the Archangel Raphael as revealed in Holy Writ and by the traditions of the church. She quotes the best of authorities in support of her reasons for saying St. Raphael was the guide of the Israelites to the Promised Land, the angel whom God meant when he said to Moses: "Behold I send my angel before thee, to keep thee on thy journey and bring thee into the place where I have prepared."

Here again the author portrays vividly the other pictures of this archangel, and so well chosen is her language of description one fancies the beautiful creations of art mentioned are before him.

Under the head of "The Guardian Angels" we find St. Frances of Rome by Iltenbach, the beautiful "Guardian Angel" by Mintrop, Guardian Angels in "The Resurrection" by Fra Angelico, and St. John of God by Murillo. All and more are described or, correctly speaking, interpreted.

This book properly belongs with the one treating of *The*

Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin and *Christian Art in Our Age*, all by the same author, all indispensable desk-books for every teacher and every scholar, for the author reads out of a picture its spiritual signification as but few can read it. The hearts of Christian people will be gladdened by a perusal of this and the related books by Miss Starr, for to-day art, like literature, is often dragged in the dust by so-called friends. The pages are permeated with lofty sentiments that give one ennobling thoughts, and that cause one to walk through life with more ardent longings to one day see face to face those angels for whom we have greater love and stronger attachment since reading this little book.

The author's name is guarantee for deep earnestness, charming frankness, and solid interest in the present volume.* Yet, after all, its theology partakes of that vagueness which we have come to consider a probable characteristic of all books bearing the legend "New." There is here again the same humanizing of things supernal, the same intangible profession of faith in the "Son of God," the same wearying misapprehension of what is meant by Church Infallibility. Could this last point be well understood, and the principles of doctrinal development as taught in the Catholic Church be understood, most outside critics would find their occupation gone.

Of course the essays are instructive, entertaining, and full of inspiration. The full earnestness of the man revealed in his admirable life lends weight to and drives home every appeal he makes for higher, nobler living. As to sound doctrine and definite teaching, that nowadays, outside the church, seems scarce a requisite.

Young April† has met with considerable praise from critics and a most favorable reception at the hands of the public. The absorbing interest which it provokes and sustains to the end, together with its striking force and vivacity, have justly won these many admirers; but it must be said that its swing and power are worthy of a better work, for in the end the book falls far below the level of high-class literature. The force of this objection will appear if we hearken on the one side to the urgent cries of critics against the plague of over-production in the literary world, and on the other to the words of Frederic Harrison: "Are we not, amidst the multi-

* *The New Evangelism*. By Henry Drummond. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

† *Young April*. By Egerton Castle. New York: Macmillan Company.

plicity of books and of writers, in continual danger of being drawn off by what is stimulating, by curiosity after something accidentally notorious, by what has no intelligible thing to recommend it, except that it is new? Now, to stuff our minds with what is simply trivial, simply curious, or that which at best has but a low nutritive power, this is to close our minds to what is solid, and enlarging, and spiritually sustaining."

By constant extravaganza and occasional coarseness the book fails of that simplicity and purity of style indispensable for a fitting vehicle of the moral lessons the writer would convey. Similar lessons and characters may be found in works of high reputation, and *Young April* suffers by the contrast. To those for whom reading is something more than a luxurious enjoyment the book would scarce recommend itself as superior to another among the stream issuing from the publishers with such constancy day by day.

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I.—AMBROSE PHILLIPPS DE LISLE AND THE CONVERSION OF
ENGLAND.*

The first question that suggests itself on the perusal of these most interesting volumes is the choice made by the family of a biographer. Mr. Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning* caused so much controversy and the condemnation of the methods adopted in it was so general that it seemed unwise to entrust to him a work of a similar character. The Preface written by Mr. Edwin de Lisle, who has edited the whole work and who on Mr. Purcell's death brought it to completion, explains this matter. It indicates approval of the way in which Cardinal Manning's life was written—an approval both on his own and his mother's part. It was the last act of her long and checkered life, we are told, to commit to Mr. Purcell the letters and manuscripts made use of in this book. With Mr. Purcell's ideal of what a biography should be, as indicated and defended by himself, we ourselves have complete sympathy. The reader of a biography ought to be able to learn from the book which he reads the truth about the subject of the biography. Too often it is rather the biographer's own views that are expounded, and we see of the subject only so much as he thinks edifying and

* *Life and Letters of Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle.* By Edmund Sheridan Purcell. Edited and finished by Edwin de Lisle. New York: The Macmillan Company.

proper to tell us. What Mr. Purcell was to be blamed for in his *Life of Cardinal Manning* is, that he had an evident animus against the Cardinal, and that that led him to belittle and besmirch his memory. As the *Spectator* said, the documents published in his book did not bear out and support the assertions of the text. But in this case the sympathy between Mr. Purcell and Mr. Phillipps was so great that no such danger existed. Moreover the work was, as arranged originally, to be submitted by its author to the judgment of Mr. Edwin de Lisle. In fact, owing to the death of Mr. Purcell before the work was finished, Mr. De Lisle may be considered responsible for the whole. So far as we can judge, no unpleasant consequences are to be apprehended from this publication; at least nothing is published of which Mr. Phillipps' family have any right to complain.

What was Mr. Phillipps' exact place among the Catholics of England? "If England is converted to Christ, it will be as much due, under God, to you as to any one." So wrote Cardinal Newman to Mr. Phillipps in 1857. "An Israelite in whom is no guile"—such was Mr. Gladstone's opinion of him. Readers of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's *Life of Cardinal Wiseman* will remember the account which he gives of the more sympathetic attitude of Wiseman towards the national mind than that taken by Manning. The latter is represented as aiming at a closer assimilation to Roman and Italian ways. Manning's views prevailed. Phillipps represents this more English and national attitude, and the object of this work is to continue (shall we say revive?) the Wiseman-De Lisle ecclesiastical policy.

The conversion of England to the faith was the object nearer to the heart of Mr. Phillipps than any other, and in this he was in perfect agreement with Cardinal Manning, as well as with Cardinal Newman. But how was this to be effected? Here began the differences. The kind of vestments to be worn at Mass seems a trifling matter, yet the attitude taken on this question by the three just named seems to indicate that now, as in old Saxon times with reference to the shape of the tonsure, these external things indicate matters of greater moment behind. Cardinal Manning forbade in his diocese the use of any vestments except the purely Roman, and this in order to assimilate England in all things to the centre of unity; Cardinal Newman in his own church would not allow any but Roman vestments to be used, but this was not done as the expression of any principle, but out of devo-

tion to St. Philip; to him the kind of vestments worn was a matter of indifference; while Mr. Phillipps, when by a decree of the Propaganda in 1839 the old Sarum γ cross vestments were forbidden, declared the conversion of England to be impossible if such a policy were to be pursued: "I regard the censure as a death-blow to the Catholic cause in England, if persisted in." It has been persisted in to this day, and yet the conversion of so many Englishmen to the faith has all taken place since that time.

A remarkable project supported by Mr. Phillipps was the creation of a Uniat Church for England. This church was to be essentially English in all things not incompatible with the law of Christ and apostolic traditions. The Liturgy was to be the Book of Common Prayer with certain necessary additions; communion in both kinds was to be allowed, at least in some places and at some times; permission was to be given to ordain married men to be priests and even bishops. In fact, the Anglican Church formularies were to be taken as the nucleus, their imperfections removed, and various Protestant errors eliminated; the dogmatic definitions of Trent and the Vatican were to be accepted, but not the disciplinary decrees. This scheme met with great favor from Mr. Phillipps, and he tried to find support for it among Catholics. That such proposals, arising outside, should be promoted within the church by so zealous and loyal a Catholic as Mr. Phillipps, at this late period, shows how necessary is the energetic exercise of the authority of the Holy See; as necessary as ever, if not more necessary than ever, in our own days.

The conversion of England by the corporate reunion of the Anglican Church to the Roman Catholic was the centre and core of Mr. Phillipps' efforts. He believed that the Church of England was as a body sound in the faith, that its errors were accidental, that they were being removed, and would ultimately be entirely extirpated, especially if Anglicans were gently treated by Catholics. It was a duty for Catholics to contribute to this desirable result in every available way, and this led him to support heartily the Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom. This Association was originally planned and founded by about fourteen persons, all of them Anglicans except Mr. Phillipps himself, Father Lockhart and Father Collins (who formed the Catholic element), and a single Russo-Greek priest. After a short time the Association counted in its ranks many Catholic bishops and archbishops, and digni-

taries of all descriptions from cardinals downwards. The Primate of Constantinople and other Eastern prelates, the Primate of the Russian Church, and the Archbishop Philaretos of Moscow (who was looked upon as a man of great holiness) represented the Eastern churches. Although no bishops of the Anglican Church joined, a large number of the members of the second order entered into the Association, so that there were some nine thousand members.

The adhesion of Catholics to an association which admitted the division of the church into three branches (see p. 374, vol. i.) was, however, disapproved by many English Catholics, especially by Dr. Manning. The matter was taken to Rome and was ultimately condemned by the Holy See. Mr. Phillipps submitted to the condemnation, but under protest, believing that the authorities at Rome had been misinformed as to the facts. The best account yet published of this whole matter is given in these volumes. Long letters written by Mr. Phillipps to Cardinal Barnabo appear in print for the first time. A somewhat amusing incident is the refusal of the cardinal to accept a chalice which Mr. Phillipps proposed to send him, for fear he should by so doing appear to connive at false doctrine.

Although Mr. Phillipps submitted, as in duty bound, to the decision of the Holy See, it was not so complete a submission as to deserve our fullest admiration. He was, we fear, one of those Catholics who feel themselves competent to decide questions, and to govern the church better than the divinely appointed rulers. He lost, we are told, all his *elan*, and could no more convince himself of the superior tact and practical sagacity of the Holy See in dealing with men. He became less of an Ultramontane than before and entered into the inopportunist camp against the definition of Papal Infallibility. This is the account given by his son of his attitude subsequent to the condemnation. Perhaps he does less than justice to his father, for Mr. Phillipps himself said that nothing, however painful, would deter him from obedience to the earthly representatives of Christ, or from a continuance of the divine service and that of the Holy Catholic Church.

The whole incident is instructive and valuable as showing the unchanging attitude of Rome and her ever faithful guardianship of the deposit of faith. As Monsignor Talbot writes: "The Pope will not sacrifice one iota of the whole Catholic doctrine were it even to convert the whole of England." She

ruthlessly stamps out the slightest approach to compromise or to trimming in matters of faith. Rome acts upon the principle to save people if she can—if she cannot, then to leave them *inexcusable*.

The first of the three great objects of Mr. Phillipps' life (the two others being the Restoration of the Primitive Ecclesiastical Chant, and the Return of the Anglican Church to Catholic Unity) was the bringing back to England of the Primitive Monastic contemplative observance. For this purpose he gave land, and, with the help of the Earl of Shrewsbury, Mr. Pugin and others, built a church and monastery for the Trappists. In this effort to restore the contemplative life he was more successful than in his other efforts. The author of *Christian Schools and Scholars* tells us that in pre-Reformation times there were more persons devoted to the contemplative life, more hermits and anchorites, in England than in any other country in the world except Egypt. The contemplative life is the highest of all religious vocations, the one which draws down blessings more abundant and more fruitful. That Mr. Phillipps should have been in God's hand the instrument of restoring this life to the modern English world, absorbed as it is in the pursuit of gain and the lower activities, forms for him a sufficient crown of glory, even if something like failure may have attended other efforts; even though, too, we have to express strong disapprobation of some of his views. "Thanks and praise be to God," he said, toward the end of his life, to Mr. Purcell, "the highest aim of my spiritual life was the bringing back to England of the great Cistercian Order, devoted to prayer and the silent contemplation of God. The greatest consolation of my earthly life is to know that the prayers and the penances and the 'great silence' are offered up by day and by night to God, by the monks of St. Bernard, for the fulfilment of the dearest desire of my heart—the return of England to Catholic unity."

There are many other most interesting matters in these volumes to which we cannot even allude. Letters are found, hitherto unpublished, from Cardinals Newman, Wiseman, and Manning, from Mr. Gladstone, the Count de Montalembert, Lacordaire, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, and other persons prominent not merely in ecclesiastical but also in political circles. For Mr. Phillipps was himself no recluse, and loved his country and the world too well not to take an interest in temporal as well as spiritual affairs. He was, strange to say, although a Tory,

inclined to favor Mr. Gladstone's Home-Rule proposals for Ireland. The destruction of the Turkish dominion was most earnestly desired by him. In fact he held that Mahomet was Antichrist, and had written in early days a book in proof of this contention. That the church should be alike the home of men so different from one another as were Mr. Phillipps and Dr. Ward, for example, is an evidence of her attractive power for minds of very diverse character. They both were willing to learn and to listen to her as their teacher. We think that the subject of this biography, although perhaps he had more things to learn and fell into more errors and mistakes, yet was the more lovable of the two.

2.—THE CENTENARY OF PRINCE GALLITZIN'S WORK.*

Demetrius A. Gallitzin is one of the unique personages of American ecclesiastical history, and Father Kittell has done not a little service to the church in gathering in a goodly volume many of the facts and memories and other data that are associated with Gallitzin's work in Central Pennsylvania. The centenary of the inauguration of the Loretto parish was celebrated last October, and it is this event that furnishes the occasion for the publication of the volume.

Prince Gallitzin was born of an illustrious Russian family; he came to this country as a young man to study the social and educational conditions. He became a convert to the church, and entered the seminary at Baltimore and was ordained to the priesthood. He established a centre of missionary work on the top of the Alleghanies. Thence he went forth among the new settlers on both the eastern and western slopes of the mountains, and instilled into their hearts a peculiarly rigid and ascetic type of religious life, of which he himself was the most notable example.

His life was a type of those who, through the inspiration of a divine vocation and under the pressure of an iron will, have lived and died in lines totally different from the promises of their birth or education. The opportunities of Gallitzin's origin and training, had they been laid hold of, would in all probability have made him a great military hero. It is altogether likely that he would have crossed swords with Napoleon. But instead of making a few chapters of European

* *Souvenir of Loretto Centenary, 1799-1899.* Rev. Ferdinand Kittell, Loretto, Cambria Co., Pa.

history, he elected to live in the wilderness, to tramp through the trackless forest, and to trudge over the muddy roads of an unsettled country, for the sole purpose of saving souls.

He is a type of the convert priest, a class of workers in the American vineyard which has had some most illustrious exemplars. In America, perchance more than anywhere else, has the convert entered the ranks of the ministry and given all his energies to the upbuilding of the church. He is a type of the hard-working missionary whose life is at the beck and call of the people, who is ready day and night to respond to their sick-calls even if it necessitates long fasting, rough experiences, and unusual exposure. The race of missionaries who carry their altar and vestments with them to say Mass in the settler's home, who sit for hours patiently instructing the stupid country children by the kitchen fire, who are proud when they can gather a parlor-full of neighbors to talk to, is not dying out. They have been and are to-day the foster-fathers of religion in the sparsely settled districts of the country.

The minute details of Gallitzin's life should not be allowed to fade out of our memories. He is one of the saints of the struggling church on American soil, and he stands for all that is great and noble and pure and self-sacrificing in the priestly character.

Father Kittell has gathered these historical notes, very largely as a labor of love, and it must have been no little expense to him to issue so large a book. He has done well even if the book never repays him for the outlay. It will find its way into the reference libraries. It will be eagerly sought for by all who are interested in the welfare of the church in this country.

3.—THE WOMAN BEAUTIFUL.*

*The Woman Beautiful** might well claim the sub-title "The Woman Good" without exaggerating in the least the moral advantages which directly issue from a sane, temperate, and at the same time zealous pursuit of beauty in face, form, dress, and deportment.

The author has built the fundamental laws of beauty in all these things, strongly and unmistakably, upon the foundations

* *The Woman Beautiful*. By Ella Adelia Fletcher. W. M. Young & Co., 38 Murray Street, New York.

of the moral law, and in a treatise on physical feminine perfection filling with fine print a large volume of over five hundred pages has not deflected in a single statement from the most finely drawn lines of moral obligation. Such an achievement deserves the most unstinted praise and the warmest appreciation, not only from the sex for whom this book was written specifically, but from every guardian or teacher of the moral law.

We repeatedly feel in glancing through its well-written pages and meeting statement after statement of the soundest, truest philosophy of life and things, that the title is not comprehensive enough and might prejudice at a hasty glance the purblind critic, as might also the numerous and exhaustive recipes of lotions, cosmetics, and concoctions of various chemicals recommended or suggested for the many and diverse ills of the flesh. That these things, however, are intended in very many instances as a mere bait to the attention and interest of the frivolous-minded, who would take no advice not sugar-coated in this palatable way, was, we strongly suspect, the shrewd intention of the sensible author. That her readers would be made up in the large majority of just such quality of minds was her strongest incentive, no doubt, in searching for and in discovering a medium direct to not only their heads but their hearts.

One of the inscrutable mysteries of our common existence is tied up and rooted deep down in the fact of woman's influence in the affairs of this world, through her personal appearance. It strikes at the very elements of life: the attraction of the sexes, and through that it moves the world.

The length of an eyelash or the pigment of color at the root of a hair might stand for the atom from which a whole world of moral issues may be built up. One might choose to define the destinies of this mortal existence by such a process of analysis and not be challenged for inaccuracy of reasoning.

Miss Fletcher is deeply imbued with a sense of the serious significance the veriest trifle in the world may assume if it flings out but the tiniest tendril in its growth or development towards the great moral structure of human life. This spirit has animated her plainly in every dictum light or profound, in every criticism from grave to gay, which she has laid down in her writing. And she has done it in a way as absolutely free of cant or prudery as it is free of frivolousness or thoughtlessness.

A glance at the chapter headings shows that from the hair on her head to the sole of her foot, nay the very nail on the toe of her foot, no part of woman's anatomy has been overlooked in the wise and sensible direction laid down for its proper care by Miss Fletcher. The mother might well give over having a single care as to the good and healthful upbringing of her growing girls with such a book for daily reference; the teacher of hygiene in the college, the nun in the convent school, in the solicitous care of her feminine charges, and often too for the benefit of her own despised and long-suffering body, could find many a text to enlighten and inform and to emphatically punctuate her own sensible advice as to there being no moral safeguard in the world equal to the possession of a sound, clean, rightly trained body; or no beauty ever dreamed of or imagined to compare with that which goes deeper than the skin into the very upbuilding of strong bones, pliant muscles, and firm, healthy flesh, woven through with nerves that serve to bind the body as a willing partner to the controlling mind, and not as a miserable slave shocked into fright and moral servility to the great or strong or arbitrary natures among whom her lot may be cast, by the twinge of a nerve. That there is very little use in reckoning upon any real and genuine improvement of woman in her social status until the great cardinal principles of health have become thorough, every-day practices with the whole sex, and not merely pursued as recreations or fads or singularities by some of them, is so patent a fact that it cannot remain obscure long enough to keep such improvement in waiting for another age or generation.

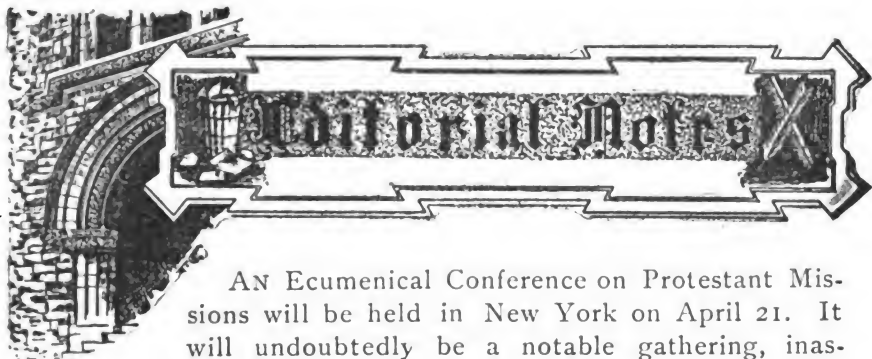
This is the note of hope that runs through all such writing on the subject of woman as Miss Fletcher has given us. She, however, is no blind enthusiast, and wisely and penetratingly sees in one still existing evil among the race of woman the very core of the obstacle which keeps her yet second in rank as a moral force in the legislation of human affairs. The chapter on dress is a subtle, philosophical essay on moral principles, and might realize a glorious mission sent broadcast over the world in the form of a tract that would teach moral truths to woman as vital as those learned in her catechism.

Miss Fletcher has written no tirade against fashion or preached no doctrine of dress reform, but has gone to the root of the moral, or ethical, the social and economic, influence of woman's dress with the calm reasoning of a sound, scientific

mind. From the moral effect of color on the character to the economic results in the change of style from silk to satin or cloth to wool, presents a rather bewildering mental process, but with an adroit pen the author easily runs from one line of argument to another in reinforcing her statements on the subject of dress. What will not appeal to the soulless and frivolous devotee of fashion, like the following, will strike home seriously to the large-minded woman of affairs, and give her pause when the whim of a passing moment may threaten to influence her judgment as to her personal clothing:

"Whole towns spring up and flourish upon the vogue given to a single fabric, as at Saltaire when Titus Salt succeeded in producing a desirable stuff from alpaca wool imported into England from Buenos Ayres. Its popularity continued for twenty years. Then fashion ordered closely fitting gowns, and soft Eastern materials, cashmeres, crapes, took the place of alpaca; and in consequence the factories at Saltaire were shut down, and the prosperous little town came to need and destitution. In the same way the immense interests involved in the manufacture of shawls in France, England, and Scotland have, during the past twenty-five years, seen their trade almost entirely extinguished, and faced ruin where they could not divert their 'plants' to other fabrications."

As telling an argument on her less thoughtful sister against excesses in color and form would be such information as this: "It marks a distinct retrogression in the scale of refinement when a people turn from delicate colors in their clothing and decoration, to the use of bright red, orange, yellow, purple, and green. It is only in a rudimentary stage of æsthetic feeling, such as the child's and the untutored savage's, that crudely bright, intense colors fail to repel. Cultured vision seems especially to shrink from a strong blaze of red." "Students of color theories believe that there is something crude and untamed, when not cruel, in the nature which delights in vermilion and scarlet. The Bible gives to sin the color of scarlet. . . . All the brightest and happiest emotions of the soul are embodied in those which visions of blue arouse."



AN Ecumenical Conference on Protestant Missions will be held in New York on April 21. It will undoubtedly be a notable gathering, inasmuch as there are promises of attendance from men who are celebrated as educationists, statesmen, and financiers, as well as missionaries. It is a well-intentioned attempt to keep alive the interests in the foreign mission work. The contributions to the missions have notably decreased in the last ten years, and most desperate attempts have been made to keep them up to their usual mark, but without success.

The reason given out for the falling off of the receipts was the financial stringency, but people who have watched the decline of influence of the sects and the decay of organizations among Protestants know differently. They know that no amount of convening nor of the passing of resolutions will ever bring back that deep faith and restless zeal that characterized the Protestantism of some generations ago when mission work was in the heyday of its glory, and before the higher critics began their destructive work.

The educational *imbroglio* in New York is at a practical stand-still. It seems now that nothing will be done at this session of the Legislature. A good deal has been done, however. The people of the State have been awakened to the importance of the present bills, and nothing will go through without being thoroughly discussed. What is demanded is a bill that gives every class of people its rights, that will be non-political in its executive administration, and that will be framed on the basis of the existing Board of Regents.

The war in Africa has become a fierce struggle for national existence on the part of the Boers. Since the rejection of the peace proposals offered by the burghers, in which they ask only national freedom, it will be very hard for the nations of Europe to be convinced that the war is anything else than a great game of grab. The alternatives for the Boers are : submit to be absorbed into the British Empire, or yield up their homes and make another Great Trek into the wilderness, or fight on till they die in the last ditch.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOLS IN IRELAND.

AN interesting survey of the work of the Christian Brothers of Ireland is contained in the following :

In reply to your inquiries, which reached me to-day, I beg to state :

1. That the number of children attending our schools in Ireland is about 30,000.

2. Of them I should think about 3,000 are receiving Intermediate Education ; the others, who are mostly under twelve years, are receiving Primary Education, as a preparatory step to Intermediate Education.

3. Roughly I should think about seven per cent. graduate per annum. Pupils cannot graduate at Intermediate before they are twelve years of age.

4. Cannot exactly say what per cent. of our boys pass Civil Service examinations, but I may mention that two were sent for Civil Service examinations from our schools in Athy at the last examination and both passed, and during the week one of them was called to London.

5. The programme of studies in our schools comprises: Greek, Latin, French, Celtic, German, Italian, Mathematics in all its branches, Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Type-writing and Shorthand, besides other studies which children in some localities require. All our schools are connected with South Kensington, so that Drawing is universally taught.

6. The Examiners of Intermediate are appointed by the Intermediate Board, and an officer appointed by South Kensington presides at the examinations in Drawing and Science.

7. The cost per capita for tuition to government is practically *nil*.

8. Answer to 8th is comprised in 7th.

9. The Brothers receive no aid from government for Primary Schools, and in my opinion one of the principal reasons is that our schools are the only National Schools in the country. The English government does not favor a national education, as it is not favorable to having Irish history taught as it should be taught ; nor does it favor denominational education, which is the system of the Irish Christian Brothers. The English government has tendered no remuneration to Irish Christian Brothers. Some English statesmen essayed doing so, but failed.

10. Our Brothers undergo a course of studies for some years in Marino, Clontarf, Dublin ; later on they compete for university degrees at the Royal University.

11 & 12. I can answer these questions as to our status as teachers, as compared with the teachers of the government, and also as to the success of our pupils at Civil Service, by a quotation from Lord Justice Fitzgibbon in 1894. Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, you must know, is not a Roman Catholic, but he is a man of broad views and recognizes merit. He said in the King's Inn, at a debating society, about two years since : " The result was that after a certain number of years so large a proportion of Christian Brothers' unendowed schools were carrying off prizes that it was said the system was not high enough. The standard was raised for the purpose of excluding schools that had not a high standard of teaching. The schools that were squeezed out were those that thought they would remain in, and a larger proportion of Christian Brothers' schools than ever were successful when the standard was raised ! " On another occasion his lordship stated, before the Protestant Church Society, that if they (the Protestants) wanted to hold their own in Civil Service, they should organize their schools on the lines of the Christian Brothers, whose boys, his lordship said, were taking a large percentage of places in the Civil Service.

M. M. HILL.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

REV. GEORGE TYRRELL, S.J., in the *Weekly Register*, has written a timely admonition against the tendency to form cliques on certain questions. He states that one of the chief obstacles to unity in truth is the fact that every party has its peripsema—its tail of camp-followers—ever tending to assume a larger proportion as the party grows, and in the desire for numerical strength to become indifferent to the standard of excellence. Those who think are the few; the many either do not think, or, still worse, only imagine that they think; they follow blindly, picking up catch-words and war-cries which they interpret according to the particular character of their incapacity. It is the self-confident overreadiness of such to push themselves forward on all occasions as the exponents and representatives of their cause, that brings discredit upon it and makes mutual understanding and reconciliation between conflicting parties so impossible. Indeed, it would sometimes seem that these "tails" are the sole differentiating principles by which parties are divided from one another, like the rays of a star-fish; and that as we pass upwards from these noisy extremities of wriggling agitation we converge towards a silent centre of comparative agreement and tranquillity. Toward this centre a man will be necessarily forced in the measure that he strives at any sacrifice to be perfectly honest and impartial, and to put the interests of truth before those of self or friend. To belong to a party, nay, even to have a single friend, is so far a bias and a danger to that nakedness in which truth must be followed. "Whenever I have been among men I have come back less of a man," has its application in this matter too; and, indeed, it cannot but be that he who would be perfectly fair and honest must get a name for being unfair and dishonest, and must be to some extent "hated of all men" and parties. For he will see and sympathize with whatever germ of justice each faction is built upon, and that so cordially and ungrudgingly as to make it a matter of aggrieved astonishment that he is equally ready to laugh at their extravagances, and by no means prepared to participate in their bigotries. This they will by no means tolerate; he who will go with them one mile must, forsooth, be compelled to go with them twain; and he who will give them his coat must give them his cloak also. He, then, who desires liberty will eschew labels; for a label marks us at once as the property or baggage of somebody else. As God's property we need not be ashamed to be labelled Catholic Christians, but all beyond this is needless servitude.

Father Tyrrell continues in these words: "If it were not for this inevitable tail-developing propensity, an association of those of one mind for the furtherance of a good cause would be a source of great strength and solace to the individuals so united, and of great profit to society at large. But no sooner is there a movement for, say, a wider and more intelligent interpretation of orthodox principles than it is at once joined by a ragtag and bobtail of semi-educated novelty-mongers athirst for that cheap notoriety which is purchased by recklessly destructive criticism, who make the cause ridiculous in the eyes of all sober-minded men, and thus play into the hands of the party which they are laboring to extinguish. If, on the other hand, there is a constructive or conservative party laboring for the prevention or cure of such extravagances, its loudest-mouthed allies will be just those who have the least intelligent sympathy with the principles which justify its existence, and will in like manner verify the truth that a man's foes are those of his own household."

These cynical remarks were elicited *à propos* of a little book published by Lecoffre, of Paris, called *L'Église et la pitié envers les animaux*, by La Marquise

de Rambures, a collection of extracts from Catholic writers of various degrees of authority on the subject of our duties towards dumb animals. Here in this "zoöphilist" movement, as it is called, we have an instance of a good cause made disreputable and ridiculous by the tail which it has developed. No one who has in the most casual way followed the literature of the movement for the last ten or twenty years; who has seen the shallowness and falsehood of the principles on which a duty (in itself undeniable and solidly defensible) is based; or who has weighed the preposterous consequences to which those principles must lead, would care to label himself "zoöphilist," seeing how that label has been dragged in the gutter and trampled under hoof. And yet in refusing to do so he will be at once branded as a blood-thirsty vivisectionist, and will probably be regarded by these latter as a secret but timorous ally, while in truth he may be incapable of compassing the death of a cockroach.

At the risk of bringing down an avalanche on his head, Father Tyrrell ventures to pass one or two adverse criticisms on this well-meant and interesting little book. He asks: Is it not a mistake to try to saddle the church with any doctrine in the matter whatever? Revelation was not given us to teach us anything that is easily accessible to our reason and natural instincts; it may, indeed, add supernatural sanctions to the natural law, as in the case of stealing. But otherwise we did not need revelation to tell us that stealing was wrong. If at any time the question of animals' rights became so acute as to threaten to divide Christendom the church might intervene; but otherwise it is not her part to interfere in a matter so easily resolvable. Then, if we are to take the zoöphilism of a few Catholic saints and holy persons as an indication of the mind of the church, why should not contrary conduct on the part of other Catholics be equally adduced on the other side? If the more merciful view has its advocates among Catholic teachers of name, so has the less merciful. In a certain sense, the true doctrine in the matter is, of course, the Catholic doctrine, for the church is bound in *all* matters to be on the side of truth. But outside matters of revelation and in questions of science or of natural morality, we do not ask what is Catholic in order to know what is true; but, conversely, we ask what is true in order to know what is Catholic.

Again, one cannot help marvelling at the unequal authority of the witnesses adduced as favoring the gentler view in whose interest the book is written. It is no want of respect to certain living thinkers and writers to deny their right to be bracketed with the saints and doctors of the church, or with utterances of pontiffs. Mrs. Abel Ram sorts oddly with Thomas Aquinas, and Father Lescher with St. Anselm; this is calculated to give the impression of a desperate case, needing to be bolstered up from any and every quarter, which, indeed, we believe, is by no means the case. Another fault is the frequent production of the same fact or legend; first, in some original source; then, as narrated by some one else with approval—for instance, the example of St. Francis of Assisi, as told by St. Bonaventure and Ozanam; the example of St. Philip Neri, as recounted by Newman and Capececiaturo. Finally, though not void of all evidential value, as testifying to the spirit of the age that gave birth to them, we could wish that some of the examples were not quite so legendary and fanciful.

What is of most value is the teaching of accredited Catholic authorities such as Aquinas, Scavini, à Lapide, and the like; also whatever tends to show that a higher sanctity means a more delicate sympathy with all suffering, the least as well as the greatest; and to this end the examples of Sts. Francis, Philip, Bernard, are plausible evidence.

* * *

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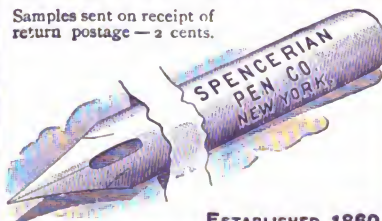
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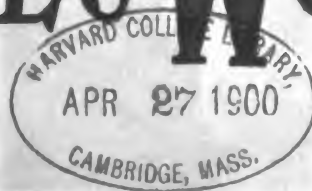
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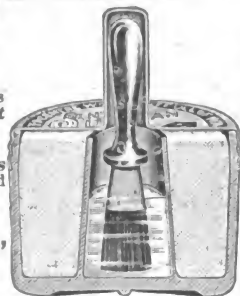
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WAS CARRIED UP INTO HEAVEN." (*Luke xxiv. 51.*)

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THE SCOPE OF THE CATHOLIC SOCIAL SETTLEMENT.

BY A. A. MCGINLEY.



HERE are three principal points to the following general discussion of the Social Settlement.

The first will show, in as brief outline as possible, and from the meagre statistics that the College Settlements Association publishes in a small pamphlet, how wide-spread and how successful have become the operations of the Social Settlement idea outside the church. One cannot but be impressed, by even these summary statistics, with the imperative importance it is to us Catholics to apprehend the full significance of a movement that is coming home to us so increasingly in the many and diverse interests of our lives, both here and hereafter.

In this summary one will also be able to note, with but very little comment to suggest it, how the working methods of the non-Catholic Settlement can be adapted to a Catholic Settlement.

Under my second heading I will try—from what I know through personal experience principally—to make a contrast of what they are doing and have done without the supreme religious motive that the Catholic would have in doing this work, and to disclose the limitations this sets for them in contradistinction to the scope the Catholic would have in making religion both the basis and the superstructure of this work.

This second heading can have, even logically, but one subject as a sequel; and it seems to me, not only because it must seem so, professionally, but *ex corde* am I persuaded of it, the

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greatest and most important of all, namely: how this movement can be used as the direct vehicle for the conversion of souls outside the true faith.

THE GROWTH AND METHODS OF SOCIAL SETTLEMENTS OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.

It is claimed that the formal beginning of a regular Social Settlement was made in London, at the time when the theories of Ruskin and souls kindred to his started those fires of social reform that have blazed ever since in the midst of our modern civilization with all its vaunted advantages. A definite step was taken at that time, 1867, by Edward Dennison, a young Oxford student of wealth and position, offering himself to the pastor of a parish in a London slum for work among the submerged and unfortunate class in the district. He died after two years of devoted service. Seven years later came another of his spirit, Arnold Toynbee, a young tutor at Oxford, who offered himself for a like service to a pastor in the Whitechapel district. His life was burned out here at white heat within ten years, but the light from it became the inspiration upon which was founded, within ten years more, in two continents, a movement which went to the very heart of humanity. To die for a cause is a wonderfully potent argument. "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

In the pamphlet* published by the College Settlements Association the list of foundations is prefaced by a short history of the beginning made in London by the two young heroes just named; and then follows in alphabetical order the list of foundations in this country, in Great Britain, India, and Japan. I will give summarily only those in the United States, in the order named:

THE SETTLEMENT ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

California has three Settlements: one in Los Angeles, "located in a formerly favored but now decayed part of that city and in the midst of a cosmopolitan but largely Spanish-American environment." (One will note as the place or its environment is named what possibilities, and more often probabilities, there are of its affecting, through its influence, the religious convictions of those to whom it directs its energies.) San Francisco has a Settlement "in a sort of little community,

* The last issue of this pamphlet obtainable was published in 1897. There is one now being issued, but it could not be had in time for this article. The growth of Settlements within the past three years has probably doubled the statistics given by this one.

separated in many respects from the streets around it. There are a few families who are well-to-do and a great many families of workingmen earning good wages." In West Oakland is a Settlement "located in the midst of an isolated and purely mechanic community, more than two-thirds of its men and boys being employees of the Southern Pacific Railroad in shops and yards and on local trains." A Congregational church co-operates with this house.

Connecticut: Hartford Settlement under the auspices of the Hartford Sociological Club. Illinois: There are twelve Settlements named here in the statistics of 1897, but Chicago, as a matter of fact, now outranks every other place in the number of its foundations. "Chicago Commons," first named, "fulfils," says the report, "the long-entertained dream of Professor Graham Taylor, of Chicago Theological Seminary, who is now in residence there with his family. The Settlement is avowedly Christian, and is in close affiliation with the neighboring Tabernacle Church, to which it has always furnished a number of efficient workers, and of which Professor Taylor has recently assumed pastoral charge. There is no *intention* (italics ours) of making proselytes, but simply a hearty desire to make a home among homes, where the folks in it could share their lives with their neighbors, without the artificial barriers of form that separate man from man." Six of the Settlements here are under apparent Protestant church auspices. Of the remainder, one is under private charge wholly; another one, entirely for the Jews, is under their charge; two are University Settlements; and the last (though as a matter of fact the leader of the rest, not only in Chicago but probably in the United States) is Hull House, under the direction of Miss Jane Addams, so well known for her social theories.

THE ETHICAL *versus* THE PROSELYTIZING MOTIVE.

Hull House presents, in contrast to the others, the distinctive difference between the Settlement inspired by the wholly humanitarian spirit and the one instigated and working under the impulse of the purely missionary or proselytizing motive. One of Miss Addams special theories is that the Settlement from its very nature should not be a mission, because she says, quoting some authority, "there are moments when definiteness of doctrine and the meaning of men's motives must seem the most essential thing; and at such times the Settlement must appear ineffective." Within this statement

is a subtle hint at some of the realizations which must come at times to such a profoundly sincere and analytical mind as Miss Addams' of the limitations the purely humanitarian method of treatment must often come up short against in dealing with souls.

With regard to the influence of the ethical motive as against the proselytizing one in respect to our own people: the latter might strive till doomsday to gain as many proselytes, even among the unlearned and unstable, as the other would in a year; which statement reflects neither on the intelligence of our people or on the motive of the humanitarian, though it may reflect on the missionary Settlement. There would, however, be just this difference in the two kinds of proselytes: one would be converted to something, with at least a definition as to creed—Baptist, Methodist, or what not—and the other to nothing, which is the only logical sequence a purely humanitarian creed would lead to, especially with the ignorant or undeveloped mind whose religious sense must be sought and held, if held at all, by the most strictly defined formulas of belief. The fine definitions the humanitarian makes in his own highly cultivated intellect, could no more serve as a basis for building up a creed for the race, or building up whatever he wishes to call his theories, than would the "baseless fabric of a dream."

THE COUNTRY *versus* THE SLUM.

In Evanston, Ill., is a Settlement "whose location is not in the slum district, but among a somewhat well-to-do people, the boys of which are found to need all the help and direction the place can give." It is under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Indiana has a Settlement in Terre Haute; Iowa one in Des Moines, the Roadside House, inspired by a poem, suggested in turn by a line from Homer, "He was a friend to man, and he lived in a house by the side of the road," and one in South-west Grinnell, "in which none of the aggravated social conditions so common in large city centres exist." Kansas, on the other hand, has a Bethany School which stands for its Settlement "in the degraded and neglected section of the Kansas City 'Bottoms' known as the 'Patch.'" Kentucky has a Neighborhood House under the auspices of private individuals, whose desire was "to secure a little patch of Mother Earth where we could meet on the simple basis of manhood; where a man's a man and a brother, be he Dives or Lazarus, barbarian, Scythian, bond, or free."

THE SALOON AND THE SOCIAL SETTLEMENT.

Maryland has two Settlements, one in Baltimore and one in Locust Point. The former is managed by an association composed of members from Johns Hopkins University and Christian Endeavorers from two sectarian churches. The founder, a Protestant pastor, aimed, it is said, "to have no regular Settlement, but merely a place of retreat, where he could change his point of view from that of leading pastor, and observe first hand the conditions and people of a congested district." The house at Locust Point is under part charge of the W. C. T. U. and "its main fight is with the saloon and with the devil," says the head resident. She says also that "this Settlement is a pastor's house boiled down, as there are only Catholic and German Lutheran pastors on the Point." This probably explains also her allusion to the second named of the antagonists.

FROM MASSACHUSETTS TO MINNESOTA.

Massachusetts has ten houses mentioned here. One of these is in Cambridge, in connection with Harvard University; two more are under avowedly Protestant auspices; five are in the line of private enterprise, one of these being under the presidency and named for Edward Everett Hale. Andover Seminary has its Settlement under the charge of that leader of social theories of the finest order, Mr. Robert A. Woods; and Wellesley College has the best known Social Settlement in New England, the Dennison House. Michigan has two Settlements, one a Protestant mission and the other under the auspices of local circles of the King's Daughters. Minnesota has a house in Minneapolis, "in the lumber mill district, in the midst of the saloon patrol section, where drunkenness is common and there are few uplifting agencies." Professors and students of the University of Minnesota co-operate in its work. In St. Paul is a Settlement under the auspices of a Congregational church which has in connection with it a lodging-house, wood-yard, labor exchange, library, etc.

THE SETTLEMENT IN THE FACTORY TOWN.

Missouri has two houses in St. Louis, one in secular and the other in clerical charge. The minister who has charge of the latter says: "My conception of the work is that of a Social Settlement on distinctively Christian lines; an attempt to realize the prayer 'Thy kingdom come,' toward the attainment of which realization the bath, kitchen, gymnasium, etc.,

are as necessary and integral factors as the service of the church." Nebraska has a Settlement in Lincoln in connection with the University of Nebraska. New Jersey has three houses: one in Jersey City which takes for its inspiration the poet Whittier and his lines, "He serves Thee best who loveth most his brothers and Thy own"; another in the Orange Valley under the auspices of a committee of citizens there. The situation of this Settlement, in what is regarded as a veritable garden of a place to live in, will again suggest the wider field of the Social Settlement in the country. The work of this house is devoted to the population which works in the hat factories of the Orange Valley. The house in Passaic has much the same kind of a field.

NEW YORK'S LARGE FIELD.

In New York State there are named nineteen Settlements altogether, though this is far short of the actual number now in existence in this city alone. However, we will have to take just these as an illustration of the work done here. Sixteen out of this number are in this city. Brooklyn has one and Buffalo two. The former—Neighborhood Settlement—has the students and professors of Pratt Institute for co-operators, and has a very unique feature that presents still another striking possibility for the Catholic Settlement. It is located in a part of one of the great model tenements which we have become so familiar with in our large cities, and one of which has already opened such a promising field for the co-operators in St. Rose's Settlement for the Italians in New York, under the auspices of the Dominicans.

THE SETTLEMENT IN THE GREAT MODEL TENEMENT.

The Neighborhood Settlement boasts that it is "under the same roof with some sixty families who represent every grade of working people, from those who have pianos and call their flats 'apartments' to the extremely poor who live in two rooms and are daily sufferers for want of the necessities of life." One unfamiliar with the construction and conveniences of this new kind of tenement-house may think this presents an unpleasant aspect as a living condition for one not of these classes. Personal acquaintance, however, would prove it far different. There is perhaps not a better field for social work in the city than is found in these great buildings, and certainly not a pleasanter one. Both the Buffalo houses are in connection with Presbyterian churches. Ten out of the

sixteen Settlements in New York City are under distinctly Protestant auspices. The remaining six are for the most part purely social or ethical. Rivington Street College Settlement claims the honor of being the first real Settlement started in America. It began in 1889. The Union Theological Seminary has its Settlement up on the east side of the city, as has also the Normal College. There is also a Settlement composed entirely of nurses, the character of whose work may be known by its name.

A SETTLEMENT AMONG THE MOUNTAINEERS.

A unique contrast to the State which is in the lead in this great movement is presented by the one next on the list—North Carolina—which has a log-cabin Settlement in a remote mountain district where only recently a railroad has penetrated. In this place of ignorance and isolation (and we have of late years become very familiar with the extent of the former there through the reports of our missionaries to non-Catholics printed in *The Missionary*) is a regular Social Settlement carried on, as far as is consistent with its different environment, according to the methods of the city Settlement, with the additional co-operation of a mission chapel. This tiny spot in the wilderness is the Mecca, no doubt, for those lonely mountaineers into whose isolated lives come **very** few of the human joys created through fellowship with one's kind. A passing glance at or mere mention of these things suggests the unlimited influence the ruling spirit of a Social Settlement must exercise in such conditions.

Ohio has three Settlements, one of which is singular in that it was started and has since been conducted in a thoroughly equipped building erected for the purpose and costing \$80,000, the gift of one philanthropist. Pennsylvania has five houses, one in Pittsburg and four in Philadelphia. Two of these are Protestant and one a college Settlement. One of the three differs from the usual kind of household in having a family instead of single persons as residents. The father is a college man and a graduate of two theological seminaries. There are children, and the normal life of a family is maintained. The last named in this list of Settlements is the "Happy Home" in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

A CATHOLIC SETTLEMENT IN LONDON.

A consideration of the Social Settlements abroad is, of

course, outside the limits of this article, but there are one or two facts in connection with the work there worth considering here. The first is in connection with the Catholic Settlement already established in London, Newman House, which, says the report of it in the preceding list, "was established as a centre for Catholic lay work in Southwark on the lines of Oxford House, Toynbee Hall, and other centres, and which will be supported by representatives, not only of the universities but of the Catholic schools and colleges. A Catholic Club, Students' Union, and Boys' Home, which were already established in Southwark, are grouped together under the title of Newman House."

THE INFLUENCE OF THE SETTLEMENT PLAN IN FOREIGN MISSIONS.

There are Settlements in Asia and Africa, claims this report, arguing that the methods employed by the foreign missionary are so much in accord with those of the regular Social Settlement that they are warranted in calling them such. One of them writing on this point says: "Our foreign missionary boards do not send men and women simply to itinerate, to open mission schools on the Sabbath, or to preach here and there among the millions. All this has its value, but it is merely *surface* work as compared with the influence and the results that come from the establishment of a Christian home among the people, inviting them into it, making them feel at home there, having nothing too nice or too sacred for them to see and touch." Another thus defines the scope of the methods in these conditions: "The missionary goes to reside in a heathen land, as Toynbee's friends went to live in East London, and with the same purpose. He wants to know the people and to have them know him. He must come in contact with them, must share their sympathy, and so, through the binding influence of personal ties, give them an impulse to better things. Just as the resident of the college Settlement gradually realizes that mere plumbers and decorators cannot eradicate selfishness, so the foreign worker soon finds that he too must concern himself with social environment no less than with personal character. . . . Accordingly, every missionary's home is a social centre. It is the point from which the rays of light are sent into darkened homes. It was a revelation to the Chinese peasantry to know of a family where the husband never beat his wife. The villagers of the Turkish Empire had a new view of the family relation when they saw the American women sit

down to eat at the same table with the men, instead of serving their fathers and brothers and then making a meal off what was left."

THE SOCIAL CREED IS PRACTICAL.

The social creed has its foundations embedded deep down in the common, earthy soil of human nature. If it builds airy castles, it never fails to sink first the great solid rocks of a secure foundation for them by beginning its teachings with arguments that go right to the bottom of the human heart. Its point of perfection might be defined by the one word "Give," not silver and gold, nor food and raiment, but yourself, your best self, to humanity. The Catholic would reverently add: even as "God, who so loved the world that he sent his only begotten Son to redeem it." The Catholic can put the crowning and completing motive then upon this doctrine, which we feel to be of God, when his brethren without the faith must stop at their very best at that one poor little, ever-receding point: humanity, only for humanity must I lay down my life.

THE HUMANITARIAN MORE SINCERE THAN THE PROTESTANT MISSIONARY.

Some of these workers it is true do make religious faith the motive of their lives, but the most far-reaching and successful Social Settlements outside the church are those founded on a purely humanitarian or ethical basis. These too, I believe, are the most earnest and the most self-sacrificing in their efforts. They are generally made up of persons who long since have cut free from the dissensions and the belittling narrowness of sectarian creeds, and with their own individual conception of the teachings of the Gospel are sincerely striving, through the creed of a broad humanitarianism, to satisfy the deep cravings of the religious instinct. The keynote of their doctrine is "personal service" to humanity, with no less an interpretation of what this means than what they find in the history of Christ's ministry to creatures while on earth. The pure disciple of the creed will repudiate the very term "charity" if offered as an interpretation of what this kind of service means. "Social justice" is all they claim they give to their fellows in serving them thus. And there is no pose in their attitude in all this; they care little or nothing for the praise of men; the very spirit of their work seems uncongenial to the insincere praise of the world. For ten years and

more I have met social workers of this class in the closest kind of association, and say these things of them from the insight this has given me into their character as a class.

MORAL AND PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SOCIAL WORKER.

I have never known personally more genuine manifestations of the simple Christian virtues of unselfishness, kindness, humility, and self-forgetfulness than I have found among them ; and always in such sweet, unobtrusive guise. They do not carry on their persons or in their outward behavior a single distinctive mark of this hidden heroism of life ; not so much as a tiny badge on their dress or a feather in their hat which makes a finger point to their profession. Physically, the type of young woman found at the Settlement is the well-trained college graduate, with a pretty sound mind in a usually very sound body. Their very personal appearance, clad as they generally are in the simplest and most comfortable fashion in dress, gives an immediate contradiction to any suspicion that the feminine sentiment that leads to fads or singularities may explain their presence in such unlikely conditions. They go in and out through the streets of the slum districts with little or no thought generally of personal danger, as they attract no attention among the ordinary pedestrians of the crowded streets from the simplicity and unaffectedness of their outward appearance ; and if they do become known among the denizens of the district, it only secures them respect, and often affection, for the service they are rendering to the less fortunate than they.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SOCIAL WORKER.

I have a mental picture which I have kept undimmed through years of a little incident which illustrates well the spirit of the true social worker. Returning to the city one evening some six or seven years ago, from a college town in Massachusetts, I had for company on the train one of the younger instructors at the college, who at the time was in residence at the Dennison House. (This is the Settlement in connection with Wellesley College.) It was one of those horrid November evenings when one thinks that no fireside but one's own can thaw the chill out of one's bones, and no faces but the home faces can cheer. From the station where we both left the train our way took us through a part of the better section of Boston, known as the Back Bay. My companion stood with me while I waited for my car, and on my querying as to how far she had herself to go she said, "To

Tyler Street, of course." This is where the Dennison House is, situated in what to the Boston native means one of the most unsavory of the city slums, known locally as the South Cove. "But," I protested, "you live near by, don't you?" "Oh, yes, right over there," pointing across Copley Square at one of a group of houses within what is considered the very inner circle of the favored few. The lights of home shone out before her hospitably through the cold, drizzling mist, yet beyond as her goal lay the dark, crooked streets of the South Cove, with a fireside she and her kind had built there of warm human sympathy to cheer those whose lives were chilled from lack of either kind of warmth. Not a single external obligation was there to keep her from turning her face towards the home of father and mother and kindred, no vow to break, no outward observance to sustain, nothing but the staunch, hidden principle which made her think her obligation lay with one and not the other.

NEITHER GLORY NOR MONEY A MOTIVE.

The residents at these Settlements, you must know, are not paid salaries for the service they give. The head worker only receives a salary from the association or management which maintains the house in its principal expenses. The rest of the residents pay a fixed sum for their board while living in the house as members of the household. This supplies part of the maintenance of the house. Some of them give all their time to the various kinds of works performed for the benefit of the neighborhood, and some may have an avocation or profession of one kind or another which employs them part of their time.

They have a happy home life among themselves, with a stated share in the co-operation of the household, each one having allotted to her the kind of work with the kind of persons in the neighborhood she is most adapted for; and she has unhampered charge of this special work. The head worker is just what her name says: the one who does the most work generally; and by greater knowledge or longer experience knows how to do this work the best. She has, of course, no arbitrary direction of the members of the household, but works with them as one of themselves. They employ no corps of servants to keep the house in order, but use the opportunities afforded them of making a practical demonstration to the neighbors, who unceasingly observe them in every little thing they do,

that they are not above doing the simplest household duties within their strength. "I have to sweep the front steps this week," said a friend to me, who was at the time living at the Rivington Street House down in the Bowery. She was drawing no attention to the matter, but simply mentioned it among other numerous little duties when explaining why she could not make some appointments at certain hours. She was a young college graduate of the finest culture and family connections, and (this is a significant fact) a recent convert to our faith who had been able to find no field but this one in which to realize her own ideas as to what real personal service for humanity meant.

Such a one is not distinctive, however, in the household of a Social Settlement, and could claim no honor there for exaltedness in standards or heroism in practice. She often remarked to me that many a time she felt humbled at the unconscious, unaffected ways of her associates in their discharge of the little, menial duties of the daily life of the household; and that insincerity or pose simply could not find room for existence there in their busy, cheerful lives of service for their neighbor.

A glance through one of the programmes of organized work of such a Settlement will assure one that this must be practically so. From Sunday noon till ten o'clock Saturday night, and almost daily from nine o'clock in the morning, they are engaged in some kind or other of club, class-meeting, or simply recreative employment with the humanity around them, from the mite in the kindergarten to its tired mother and its older brothers and sisters.

This glance at their daily routine of life covering the entire week gives one the best idea of it. For instance, to take a day's work here and there out of the rest: Monday afternoon: 1. Girls from 8 to 14; Systematic sewing, followed by singing and games, 3:30 to 5. Sewing Class for working girls. Making shirt-waists, 8 to 9:30. 2. Kindergarten Club. 3. Boys from 7 to 9; Manual training, 3:30 to 5. 4. Cooking Class for school girls. Monday evening: Cooking Class for working girls, 7:30 to 9:30. Tuesday morning: Class for crippled children, 9:30 to 12. Monday evening: Athletic Club. Boys from 15 to 17; Business meeting, followed by gymnastics and dancing. (I remember evenings at a Settlement in Boston seeing these half-grown, uncouth lads changed for the time being into young courtiers from the privilege it was to them to have for partners in this simple, enjoyable dancing the gracious and graceful women

who knew just how far to stoop to bring up to a higher level those who had fallen out of the harmony and happiness of life.) It is hardly likely, after tasting the fine flavor of such companionship, that the allurements of the low dance-hall could have much relish for even the coarser-grained among such as these. The immense restraining and educating power of a fine personality shines in such an environment like a beacon-light in the night.

And what a far-reaching influence such things must have with the poor and simple, and the little ones! Put alongside of such personal service mere abstract arguments of the moral law, and what force can they have with the untutored and weak of faith? Here is the point which should give the most concern: the living demonstration this must seem to the simple-minded of real Christian lives lived in the most ideal way, without perhaps a single definite profession of the true Christian religion. Is it not putting a heavy tax on these weaker ones among the brethren to expect them to hold fast to the belief that faith only avails?

THE SOCIAL SETTLEMENT AND THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOL.

Here is a solution to the vexed question of Catholic education which harasses, above all others perhaps, the pastor of the suburban parish, solicitous on the one side to perform his whole duty towards the child and to conform to the requirements of the church; and on the other hand reluctant, and often unable, to tax his people with the heavy burden of a parochial school. It need hardly be pointed out that the Catholic Settlement, with its residents of the best types of character, intelligent, cultured, spiritual-minded, and possessing at the same time those social virtues which should be their distinguishing traits, would exercise over the Catholic child, brought into contact with them from infancy, the most powerful influence that can be conceived on the human side.

And even as an addition to the parish already provided with its parochial school the Settlement has an important mission. Often the exalted spiritual ideals held up for the imitation of the child by the teaching nun fail to become its life-standards of Christian conduct because it may never have been able to see, in common human lives around it, a living example of such imitation; and the mysterious barrier that differentiates its own life from that of the religious may, to its inexperienced mind, make it seem that there is one standard

of Christian conduct for the world and another for the cloister. Let it see among the Christian types of character at the Settlement the principles of such conduct actually applied to daily life, and what a supreme value such an object-lesson will have.

THE CATHOLIC SETTLEMENT AS A PARISH ADJUNCT.

To have the Settlement a regular adjunct to, and under the patronage of the parish church, would probably be its best security. It would safeguard it at once from the dangers and uncertainties of a mere experiment or hap-hazard undertaking, with the possibility of a certain tendency towards Bohemianism which it might take on if it were started as a private enterprise by a party of young persons, no matter how well intentioned. It would assume at once the serious business of realizing its true mission if it were put under the auspices of the pastor; he would see that it was well equipped with responsible management for conducting it, and the providing of a competent head worker would probably be made through his wise discretion, for, from his experience of his parishioners, he would perhaps know best the person fitted to fill such a place. With this kind of head worker secured, there would be little danger of incompetence or inferiority in ability or character among those she would have to co-operate with her. And above all else, this would need to be guarded against.

THE CONVENT GRADUATE AS A SOCIAL WORKER.

One can imagine the future development of regular and systematic training for this kind of work in our schools, colleges, and academies; Social Science will be established in the curriculum as an ordinary study. What a field for the convent graduate is suggested here! When she leaves the ethereally refined atmosphere of the convent she walks in a world of ideals and fancies which are to set her apart for ever from the common ways of human life, or are to be shattered at the first rude touch of worldly experience, to fall about her in fragments that she can never piece together into the form they once were. An avenue to the great world will be open to such a one, where her fine training and talents may find opportunity for practical testing as to their usefulness in the choosing of her future career. There her embryonic ideals and ideas will be vitalized, through the touch with real human life which the social work will bring to her, into solid principles that will stand by her for ever.

Missions to non-Catholics and the Social Settlement.

What a vista of possibilities all these considerations must open to the one zealous for the conversion of souls to the true faith! Especially in the country does the Catholic Settlement promise much through co-operation with the movement of missions to non-Catholics. In the country, as we all know, the missionaries engaged in this work have found their best field. With the Catholic Settlement as an auxiliary of the parish church in carrying on his crusade for souls, what unfailing results may be secured by the missionary! Here may he send those half-converted souls who need, perhaps, only some little touch with the human side of things in the church to give them the necessary confidence in taking the final step. Often is the missionary obliged to leave sadly and reluctantly behind him such souls as these to take their chances against the obstacles to their full conversion which family persecution or a wavering will may place in their way. And again, in preparation for the advent of the missionary the Settlement will do the best kind of work. What valuable time on his part is often consumed in clearing away the débris of misinformation or misunderstanding of the faith and practice of Catholics, most of which could be removed in many cases by a half-hour's conversation with some intelligent lay Catholic. More than all, these people could learn by personal contact with such Catholics—which the working system of a Catholic Settlement would constantly bring about—what the Catholic ideals of conduct really are. What argument could be stronger in removing their prejudices than in learning through the evidence of their own senses about these ideals. Under a fair exterior of contentment and comfort the canker of the divorce evil and its kindred abominations is eating the heart out of the lives of many outside the church. For such as these to learn by close observation the reality of those invincible and unimpeachable standards of morality which the ideal Catholic family stands for would be a revelation that would alone bring conversion to many.

THE LIMITATIONS OF THE LAITY.

With the preparatory assistance in his work which the missionary would thus have he would be able to proceed at once to the preaching of the doctrines of the church, which is the main business of his sacred ministry with these unconverted

souls. This would not be the sphere of the social worker. Here would such recognize their limitations, as every true lay Catholic does for the honor and security of our holy faith, thereby evidencing a mark of its divinity which Protestantism has never matched in the most successful of its imitations of the true church. The trespassing of its laity upon the offices of its ministry is perhaps the heaviest of its secret afflictions to-day. The lines of its sanctuary have been obliterated by the encroachments of the latter far beyond their once defined limit. How truly and unfailingly, on the contrary, the Catholic laity recognize, in working for the spiritual and moral welfare of their fellows, just where their office ceases and that of the priest begins; the limit beyond which human effort cannot go; those depths of soul which can be sounded and probed only through the heart-searching ministrations of the sacraments conveyed by consecrated hands.

CUI BONO?

Those who may call this new outlook upon the prospects of the future for the regeneration of our Catholic social life "visionary," forget that this is its first and necessary phase of being in proving its worthiness for realization. "The world is governed more by its ideals than its ideas," said Cardinal Gibbons recently. The vision first in the region of ideality, and the inspiration which comes from it to give courage and enthusiasm in making the start. Plenty of adversity will come to test its worth, and will prove but the shaping process of the rough, unhewn stone. Criticism will come and pessimism of every shade and degree; from the gentle, self-deprecating sort which kind old "Daddy Dan" indulged in when regarding the "improvements" of his New Curate, to the kind that hugs the deadly "*Cui Bono?*" to itself to deaden the prick of conscience when stirring it up to new endeavor, and which has hanging up in a secret chamber of its heart—not in big black letters over its mantel-shelf, like honest "Father Tom Laverty"—the cynical motto: "'Twill be all the same a hundred years from now."

This is the kind of spirit that blights the energies most effectually, and it is the kind most opposed to the spirit of this movement, whose watchword is: "I *am* my brother's keeper."

THE AMERICAN VILLA AT CASTEL GANDOLFO.

BY P. L. CONNELLAN.



HE traveller in Rome who ascends the Palatine Hill, or climbs the tall tower of the Capitol, beholds beneath him the Eternal City and the great plain that surrounds it on all sides. These are the scenes on which the deeds were enacted that made the history of Rome one long record of greatness. The range of hills that bounds the eastern side of the plain which extends around Rome, and that are dotted over with white shining towns, have, in beauty and in interest, perhaps no parallel on this round globe. Through the midst of this plain a straight road, the world-renowned Appian Way—*Regina Viarum*, the Queen of roads, as Statius termed it—bounded on either hand by the colossal ruins of ancient monuments, stretches like a white ribbon athwart the green, until it climbs a distant hill and is lost against the sky.

"It was no mere pliant highway of commerce," as a recent writer describes it, "in gracious windings accommodating itself to the needs of men and the difficulties of nature. Rigid as the Roman rule, it scaled the hills and spanned the valleys; the crooked must be made straight before it, and the rough places plain. No kindly chain, gently binding nation to nation with friendly links; but a weapon of war, straight as the spear of the soldier, as the rod of the lictor, as the flight of an arrow, it shot over mountain and chasm, through forest and marsh—not to link the nations to each other, but to bind the ends of the earth to Rome."

At the very spot where this road, ascending the hither side of the hill of Albano, touches the sky in the view, stands the Villa Santa Caterina, the new summer residence of the students of the American College, purchased at the beginning of last spring by the Rector of the College, Monsignor W. H. O'Connell. Its wall forms the boundary of the Appian Way for a considerable distance, and two of its gates open onto this famous road. That nearest Rome is distinguished by having a little lodge at each side, and between these a winding avenue of tall and stately trees is seen shading the road that leads up to the villa.

At the farther gate towards Albano there is a sort of platform reached by a double ascent, which is gentle in its slope, as the road here is quite steep. A road breaks off here from the Appian Way, and leads to Castel Gandolfo. On this road there is another entrance. Nearly all the gates of villas in this neighborhood are monumental constructions, grandiose pillars supporting the tall iron gate, and frequently arched over a spacious entrance. The new American Villa is no exception to this rule; its gates, as may be seen in the accompanying photographs, are fine specimens of this architectural feature. From the railroad station at Castel Gandolfo the villa is distant about ten minutes' walk; and it is most conveniently situated on the Appian Way, about twelve miles' distance from Rome.

When you enter the grounds by any of these gates the interior in no way belies the promise of the exterior. Tall trees and high hedges, furnishing grateful shade in the summer days, border the wide, winding walks that by many a gentle turn ascend to the building—the villa itself. Here you feel that you are in Italy. The umbrella pines,

“ . . . whose only boughs
Are gathered round their dusky brows,”

alternate with tall, tapering cypresses—an umbrella open and an umbrella closed, as the German professor of landscape painting described them—and are characteristic of the land. But while these are the more abundant trees that lend their grateful shade to this delightful spot, there are others, such as ilex or evergreen oak, the rose-flowered oleander, the shiny-leaved laurel, and hosts of shrubs and flowering plants and roses which seem never to wholly fade, and great masses of cactus that suggest the mildness of the climate. It is the pines, however, which dominate the scene, and their rounded tops form a fascinating feature in the landscape.

As one approaches the villa it becomes evident that the custom followed by the old Romans and the later Renaissance Italians in their selection of a site is that which presided over the construction of the house in this spot. One of the greatest modern authorities on ancient Rome, the Commendatore Rodolfo Lanciani, tells us that in the Imperial period these villas were all modelled on a uniform pattern, rising in steps and terraces from the foot of the hill, each terrace supported by huge foundation walls, ornamented with niches and nymphææ.



THE VILLA, FRONT HALL, AND PIAZZA IN FRONT OF PALACE.

The general type of a Latin villa, he adds, was praiseworthy for two reasons: first, because from the edge of each platform the eye could freely command every point of the horizon; secondly, because great effects in the way of fountains and tiny cascades could be produced by a comparatively small quantity of water. And Vernon Lee describes the Italian villa of the fifteenth century as a well-planned palace situated on some gentle hill-side, its rooms spacious and lofty, and sparsely windowed for coolness in summer, with a neat cloistered court in the centre, ventilating the whole house, and affording a cool place full of scent of flowers and sound of fountains for the burning afternoons; a belvedere tower also on which to seek a breeze on stifling nights, when the very stars seem faint for heat, and the dim, plummy heads of cypress and poplar are motionless against the misty blue sky.

Neither one of these descriptions fit the new summer residence of the American students at Rome. Spacious as is the villa they have now it occupies but a part of the ancient Roman villa that once stood there. Neither does it resemble a fifteenth century Florentine suburban palace. It is much more modest.

As the visitor passes from the shaded walks into a circular space, surrounded save on one side by trees, tiny fountains pour their streams into rock-enclosed basins, and the terrace in front of the house is before him. Winding steps lead up to it, and when it is reached it is found to be spacious, picturesquely shaded by round-topped pine-trees, with seats placed near the wrought-iron balustrade which rises in front of it, and over which one may see the great stretch of the Campagna, with Rome shining like a vision in the quiet sunshine twelve miles away. The building has been described as a splendid palace of a graceful barocco style of architecture, four stories in height. Yet this is but a bald account of it; there is a substantial grandeur about it enhanced by its fitness for its present purpose. The idea of the architect of such a villa is to create a harmony between the house and its surroundings, and hence the arrangement of the gardens amidst which the house is placed is also the work of the architect. Much of the daily life in summer is passed out of doors, and hence this is provided for. Seats are placed along the walks at intervals, where a student may read or study amidst the great quietude of the spot, and the soothing silence which is broken only by the song of the birds or the hum of insects. The idea of the architect in such arrangement of gardens was, as a recent writer puts it, that not only was the house to be lived in, but that one still wished to be at home while out of doors; so the garden was designed as another apartment, and the groves and terraces still others. And that is the idea that animated the architect of this villa of Santa Caterina.

The hall that opens from the terrace is particularly attractive. Its walls are adorned with charming pictures in fresco. The cool, glazed tiles of the floor and the light tint of the painted walls contrast pleasantly with the yellow sunshine outside. Here all is fresh and cool, and even the cane chairs and delicate-hued settees arranged along the walls convey a sense of coolness which is grateful. A white marble staircase at the further end of the hall, leading to the rooms above, and a marble pedestal supporting a bust of Leo XIII., adds a sense of richness to this noble entrance. Much might be said of the paintings on the walls. They are admirable decorations in exquisitely subdued tones of color. They are landscapes, faint and dream-like, full of a luminous haze:

"The light that never was, on sea or land;
The consecration, and the poet's dream."

Here the artist, a poet in his own way, gives to our minds a suggestion of distance and of lovely sunshine. The scenes he presents to our eyes in the panels on the walls of this hall are the landscapes of the neighborhood, but they are not representations of any actual scenes, but rather an expression and interpretation of the characteristics of the landscapes by which he was surrounded. His name deserves a record, for he has done good work and given ideals of pleasant places, though he was but a wall painter, as so many greater men have been, such as Giotto, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Pinturicchio, and Leonardo da Vinci. On the walls of the upper hall there may be read the name: Sre. Collichellino, Pinxit. A. Domini MDCCCLXXVII.

The chapel of this villa is dedicated to Saint Catherine of Alexandria, whose uncommon erudition, as Alban Butler has it, "and the extraordinary spirit of piety by which she sanctified her learning and the use she made of it," led her to be chosen in the schools as the patroness and model of Christian philosophers. The appropriateness of having a students' chapel dedicated to her is evident to all. Over the altar is an excellent oil painting representing the saint, and bearing the artist's name and the date of the work: "P. Mallarini. Fec: 1785"—a date which shows the picture to be one hundred and fourteen years old.

The Villa Santa Caterina was until now the property of the princely house of Orsini, and was built by a member of this family about thirty years ago. The ground on which it stands had been part of the property of Duke Torlonia, and when a daughter of this family, Donna Maria Luisa Torlonia, married one of the Orsinis, these grounds, with a little lodge which stood in them, were given to the newly-wedded couple. They were so pleased with the place that they had this villa built here for a summer residence. It is strange to find the American College coming into possession of this property of the Orsini. The college in Rome was originally the palace of a lady married into that great family, Donna Francesca Baglioni Orsini, who, after the death of her husband, turned her home into a Dominican convent, and passed the remainder of her days there as a nun. It passed afterwards into the hands of the Visitation Nuns before being acquired for the students of the United States.

When M. René Bazin was travelling to Alba de Tormes in Spain, where Saint Teresa is buried, he kept thinking of the

words of that great Spanish saint: "*Peu importe de déjeuner avec la moitié d'une sardine, pourvu que ce soit devant un beau paysage.*" One might even go without this scant breakfast in presence of the glorious landscape that opens out around and beneath the terrace of this villa. On the left, down through the plain of the Campagna, stretch the New and Old Appian Ways, which are united in one road down to the Tavern, or *Osteria*, of the Fraticchie, and there they separate: the latter scarcely trodden now except by some inquiring tourist or learned traveller, who desires to examine the monuments of Rome's great days; while the New Appian Way is now the highway of peaceful traffic. Away to the left the sea, that glorious Mediterranean,

"The least in compass and the first in fame,"

shines like a shield of burnished silver on the horizon, and against its brilliant surface rise darkly the towers that once shielded the little sea-side towns that rise here and there. In front is spread forth the wide, many-hued Campagna in all its pathetic memories and weird beauty. And still further beyond, in the dim distance, the mighty dome of St. Peter's, that white sign and symbol of the only stable life of Rome, rises grandly against the sky over all the rest of the city, where it

"Sits like a hive o'er hoarded prayer and pardon."

Every foot of this soil, that in all its rare and ever-changing beauty stretches out before the eyes of the young American student who contemplates it from the terrace of this villa, is consecrated by memories of religion and of history. Here as in an illustrated volume the student may conjure up the deeds of those who lived amid these scenes "in the brave days of old"; and he may, by the help of many a statue and bas-relief and ancient inscription, picture to himself what manner of men were those who fill so large a space in the records of the world that has passed away, and the ruins of which lie beneath his feet.

Even the ground on which he stands is famous in history. Without going back to the misty records of early Roman times, he will find interesting memories associated with this very villa. According to an opinion which carries great probability with it, the new summer residence of the American students stands on part of the land once included in the villa of Clodius. To the readers of Cicero the name of Clodius is



MAIN AVENUE, THE TEMPLE OF THE BONA DEA, AND GATEWAY TOWARDS CASTEL GANDOLFO.

familiar, as the deadly enemy of that orator. Clodius, descended from the proud family of the Claudii, espoused the cause of the plebeians, and became the opponent of Milo, descended from a plebeian family, who upheld the aristocratic cause. The hatred and strife which had long existed between these two party leaders came to a crisis at Bovillæ, a little town on the Appian Way, about two miles this side of the Villa Santa Caterina. On that day a prediction of Cicero found its fulfilment: "If Milo meets Clodius, he will kill him," wrote Cicero to his friend Atticus. And so it fell out. Clodius had gone to Aricia, and on the following day he came to his villa "near the Alban Mount," where he intended to sleep. The late renowned archæologist, William Henzen, for many years secretary to the German Archæological Institute of Rome, held that in the immediate vicinity of the Temple of the Bona Dea rose the villa of Clodius, and that it was conterminous with what became later the Imperial Villa of Domitian, the grandeur and extent of which it rivalled.

The Temple of the Bona Dea, now in ruin, is in the grounds

of the American villa. The villa of Domitian occupied the site of the present Villa Barberini at Castel Gandolfo, and huge remains of the imperial villa are still to be seen attesting the magnificence which Domitian brought to the adornment of his summer residence above the Lake of Albano.

In this villa of Clodius, which covered in part the land occupied by the villa of the Americans—for the Temple of the Bona Dea which is in their villa was not in that of Clodius—that partisan leader expected to pass the night; but learning that his architect had died he set out for Rome. When he reached Bovillæ he fell in with his enemy Milo, who was travelling with his wife and family, attended, as was Clodius, by an armed retinue, on his way to Lanuvium, now Civita Lavinia, to which the students make excursions occasionally. A battle ensued; a gladiator of Milo's party, named Birria, attacked Clodius from behind and wounded him badly in the shoulder. His friends carried him into a tavern hard by, perhaps that of which the Osteria delle Fraticchie is the successor. Milo's men besieged the tavern; Clodius was dragged forth on the road, and there despatched by the daggers of his enemies. The dead body was taken to Rome, and its presence there caused a greater riot and more destruction than Clodius did during his life-time. Fulvia, his widow, appeared in the Forum, shrieking in her sorrow and pointing to the wounds in her husband's body in order to rouse the people to rage. It was placed before the Rostra, from which orators harangued the people. Finally it was borne into the Curia, and placed upon a funeral pile formed of tables and benches, and set on fire. The Curia took fire and was burned down—the venerable monument founded by King Tullus Hostilius five centuries before—and with it perished the Basilica Porcia, and other neighboring buildings. Cicero prepared an eloquent oration in defence of Clodius, but did not deliver it, as the feeling of the people was opposed to him, but he sent it to Milo at Marseilles, to which place he had escaped. It forms one of the great orations in the collection of the famous orator. Fulvia, Clodius's widow, married Mark Antony, and when a proscription list was drawn up by her husband and his party she desired that Cicero's name should be included in it. When the great orator was killed, she, it is said, got possession of his head, and with the bodkin used for fastening her hair she pierced that eloquent tongue!

In the vicinity of the Temple of the Bona Dea Clodius met his death. A statue of the goddess was found in Albano

a few years ago, where it formed the ornament of a garden belonging to Mr. Henry Franz. It evidently came from this temple in the villa of Santa Caterina. The statue is in Greek marble, seated on a chair and throne, with a cornucopia in the left hand; the right arm is broken off at the elbow. There is an inscription on the base of the chair which reads:

*"Ex visu jussu Bonæ Deæ sacrum
Callistus Rufinæ nostræ actor."*

This temple, or *sacrarium*, of the Bona Dea stood in the property of Titus Sextius Gallus, according to Marucchi, and is mentioned by Cicero in his *Pro Milone* when he describes the death of Clodius, who received the first blow in front of this temple, and died at a little distance off near the tavern of Bovillæ; a circumstance, adds Marucchi, which the great orator turned to account when he showed that the death of that disturber was as a vengeance from the gods for his former sacrilege. That sacrilege was his presence at the house of Pompeia, Cæsar's wife, during the celebration of the mysteries of the Bona Dea, when he contrived to enter the forbidden precincts disguised as a singing girl. It was sternly forbidden to any male to assist at these mysteries, which were originally intended for women alone. Cæsar put away his wife rather than bring Clodius to trial, replying to those who remonstrated with him: "Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion." That Clodius should perish at the threshold of the Temple of the Bona Dea, near Bovillæ, whose mysteries he had outraged, is one of those strange coincidences that one meets with in history.

It is thus evident that the American villa stands on land that once formed part of two villas, one belonging to Clodius and the other to Titus Sextius Gallus. Of the historic temple there is but little left to-day. A road, paved in the antique style with large polygonal blocks of lava well and closely set together, leads from the adjoining Appian Way to this temple, and indicates the honor in which it was held, and the frequency of visits to it. A few low walls in reticulated work, formed of tufa, some square blocks scattered here and there, the bases of columns and slabs of pavement, are all that is left of this suburban shrine to which the women of the neighborhood thronged of old. Three columns of peperino stone are standing here, but they are of very recent date, erected to commemorate events or persons connected with the recent proprietors of

the villa. On one of them is an inscription in Italian referring to the day of suffrage for the soul of Prince Don Domenico Orsini (3d July, 1874), whose children came here: Giacinta, Filippo, Giulia, with a number of his nephews. Another column bears an inscription relating that, on 3d September, 1874, there were brought here the mortal remains of Paolo Giordano Rodolfo Orsini. These are family memorials of the Orsinis who owned the villa, and they relate chiefly to death and sorrow.

Associations and memories of the past are abundant here. At Bovillæ again there is a memory of Julius Cæsar and of Augustus. It was the boast of that city that it had been the cradle of the Julian *gens*. The altar of the sanctuary which that great family had at Bovillæ is now to be seen standing in the Colonna Gardens on the Quirinal Hill at Rome, and bearing incised upon its sides the dedicatory inscription of this Julian *gens* to Jove. When Augustus died at Nola, in the south of Italy, his body was embalmed and brought to Rome, "carried by the magistrates of the municipal towns and colonies," as Suetonius relates, "from Nola to Bovillæ, and in the night-time because of the season of the year [the summer]. During the intervals the body lay in some basilica or great temple of each town. At Bovillæ it was met by the Equestrian Order, who carried it to the city, and deposited it in the vestibule of his own house."

And later, along the same road, a way-worn traveller proceeds. He has landed in Italy at Pozzuoli near Naples, and he walks on the Appian Way to Rome, where in the persecution of Nero, in the year 67, he will be decapitated at the Three Fountains, beyond the Ostian Gate. His name is Paul, and the memory of his footsteps on this ancient way renders it dear to every Christian since that day. And Cardinal Newman, describing the coming to Rome of the Prince of the Apostles, the first Pope, probably by the same route, "advancing towards the heathen city, where, under a divine guidance, he was to fix his seat," tells how "he toiled along the stately road which led him straight onward to the capital of the world. He met throngs of the idle and the busy, of strangers and natives, who peopled the interminable suburb." And so went onwards amidst the motley crowd to the great city in which "he was destined then to commence an age of religious sovereignty, in which they might spend their own heathen times twice over, and not see its end!"



"WHEN YOU ENTER THE GROUNDS BY WAY OF THESE GATES THE INTERIOR
IN NO WAY BELIES THE EXTERIOR."

There are many themes of thought here for a student. "He who hears not the footsteps of great spirits ever accompanying him in Rome," wrote one who loved it dearly, "is deaf indeed; he who does not read, on the most defaced monument, a lesson, often special, wiser than that of many books, hath eyes and seeth not." And few places are better suited in which to read the lessons of the past and the memories of the days gone by than the American Villa at Castel Gandolfo. There stands the Papal summer residence used by the Pontiff until 1870, when the Italian invaded Rome and he became a moral captive, by the necessity of the case, in the Vatican. Beneath this Papal dwelling lies the Lake of Albano—

". . . a disc of splendor
Embossed with mem'ries bright in classic story."

Along the top of the steep banks which enclose it, and down on a lower level towards the Campagna, are the tree-shaded walks known as the Galleria di Sopra and the Galleria di

Sotto, which are pleasant even in the hottest weather. Here one listens to the poet who invites us

“Out from Albano while the morn is golden,
 Along the solemn galleries ilex-shaded,
 Come walk the aisle of columns gnarled and olden,
 O'er-roofed with twisted branches strangely braided.”

And then the hills around Albano, filled with historic and poetic reminiscences and picturesque in a marvellous degree, woo the student to thoughts of great men and high deeds, and noble self-sacrifice, and Christian duty and humility. Monte Cavo, overlooking the scene, is alive with memories. Here, where the desecrated monastery of the Passionists stands on the summit—now a meteorological station for the Italian government—stood in the early ages the great temple of the Latin Jove.

“Here Cæsar to a mightier Cæsar mounted,
 With retinue of splendor proud and regal,
 With trophies and with floating flags uncounted,
 Crowned with the semblance of Jove's grander eagle.”

And from the summit of that mount the view is wide and beautiful, embracing many scenes that are renowned in the tale of the youth of the world :

“Over the Mediterranean in the distance
 The eye goes wandering.”

And the vision of beauty is enhanced by the silver mist that broods over all

“The broad, low plain, half-hid in noonday lustre.”

Away down in the valley going straight to Rome is “the Appian Way of tombs and sorrow.”

And so as the student, full of thought, returns to his home beholding the sunlight shining on the Western sea beyond which are his friends and the field of his future labors, it is a consolation for him to remember that his summer residence here, on the hill of Castel Gandolfo, ranks high among the princely Roman villas which crown the hills of Latium, newer than they but no less fair and noble—“a genuine smile from Paradise, in which prevails a never-ending spring-time.”

Rome, December, 1890.

THE SONG OF THE LORD.

"Sing ye to the Lord a new canticle : sing to the Lord all the earth" (*Psalms*)

BY MINNIE GILMORE.

III.

THE SONG OF FAME.

"How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strange land?" (*Psalms*).



HY was Bianca not satisfied?

Her Milan *début* had been such a triumph as would live in musical history. The *bravas* of the most critical and pitiless audience in the world had followed her from the Opera House even to the *maestro's* villa, bombarded with roses in her honor, and mobbed by a cheering, shouting, music-maddened crowd; for was she not one of themselves—she, the dark-eyed signorina of the Italian father? They called on her name, and hung breathlessly on her voice, and made the skies ring with their national cries of ecstasy. Such a Marguerite had never been before, such a Marguerite would never be again! Thus swore the Milanese, enslaved not only by her voice and beauty, but by the youthful innocence, the vestal purity of her dramatic conception of the *rôle*, in which, as the opera went on, she dazed and vanquished them by such fire and passion, such soulful pathos, such tragic grandeur as even the sanguine and enthusiastic *maestro* had not thought possible for her youth and maidenhood. She had been surprised at herself, not knowing that love is the maturer of genius; and saying only of the superhuman power so newly and mystically her dower, "It is a miracle of the Madonna!" All Italy had echoed the voice of Milan; and later Paris—Paris the autocratic, Paris the cruel, had ratified it for both worlds, old and new. And now at last Bianca had returned to America, where the streets she had trodden for pennies were paved with flowers for her carriage, and the city in which she had hungered now made her the queen of its feasts. Her apartments were banked with orchids, her attire was of silk and jewels, the "seats of the mighty" were open to her—why was she not satisfied?

To be sure, she had been disappointed at her failure to trace Caterina, whom she had generously planned to enrich beyond all the tambourine-girl's dreams of wealth; remembering how Caterina had shielded her from Marco's cruelty, and armed her to defend herself against other men more cruel, perhaps, though less brutal; and fed her many a supper when Marco had come from the wine-shop ill-tempered, swearing that the girl from the ship was not worth her salt, and ordering her supperless to bed. Marco had been stabbed in a fight by one upon whom Caterina had flashed her eyes once too often—so much she had been able to learn, but no more. Yet there was always hope that she would yet discover Caterina; and the disappointment, at worst, was but a crumpled rose-leaf in her life. Then why was Bianca not satisfied?

Mrs. Courtland, it is true, had received her but coldly; yet quite courteously, as social courtesy is accounted, as her son's future wife. The men of Society were all at her feet—even the scornful Darnelle—to be sent away like all others save only her beautiful pale signor! Gold and fame and love, all alike, then, were hers; why was Bianca not satisfied?

Ah! even she did not know—not yet! The revelations of God come slowly. First, a divine discontent; then, a human desolation; then, an inspired yearning for something, we but dimly know what; then, long, lonely watching, long, weary waiting before the mystery is solved, the way of the Lord made clear! This is one of the ways God works in souls, and so he worked in Bianca's, though she did not recognize his hand. She thought only that this stage-life did not suit her; that the laurels of Fame made a barren harvest, which she would be glad to exchange for Love's roses, as Vandyke Courtland's wife. In part, it was indeed human love that gave her a distaste for public life, for the divine works through the human when the human is at hand; but she knew that the love of her heart was not all; for the love of her soul, too, spoke to her, its voice like the cry of a dove for its mate—complaining, reproachful, yet tender!

She was not morbid, not even over-scrupulous. She knew that she did not sin in her rôles, for she crossed herself as she left the wings, and pressed the Madonna's scapular to her heart even as she sang and acted. She knew that she caused no sin to her hearers, for music is pure, the divine art; and her voice was a gift from heaven. She knew that to use her

talent, and not to hoard it, was to be God's faithful steward. Then why was Bianca not satisfied?

Why, as the orchestra played, and the footlights flashed, and the audience held their breaths as she sang, and the chorus surrounded her, and the handsome tenor who was the Faust to her Marguerite, the Don José to her Carmen, the Edgardo to her Lucia, the Tristan to her Isolde, sang her his passionate love-songs; why did her thoughts revert and her heart yearn back to the convent choir, and the organ of the church, and the "Sanctus" of the "Messe Solennelle," and the "O Salutaris" of the Benediction? Why from her soul rose a cry over-ringing the harmonies of the chorus and orchestra, and the cheers of the enraptured audience—the cry of the psalmist, of David, of Jeremias, the lamentation of the people of God, remembering Sion: "How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strange land?"

Dimly the solution of her divine discontent began to dawn upon her. What share had the Lord in her new life, corresponding to his share in the old? What was she doing in the operas for him and the Madonna, as she had once done for them in the choirs of the convents and the churches, in the processions of the Blessed Sacrament in the beautiful Catholic country where Christ is not denied before men? *How should she sing the song of the Lord in a strange land?* It was the soul of Bianca that was homesick!

Of course she confessed her unrest to her confessor, and confided it to her lover. The priest was a broad man who knew the pure heart of his penitent, and did not fear to await God's clear revelation. Vandyke, however, disapproved her discontent. He had no wish for a devotee-wife, who would complicate social life with strained religious scruples. Therefore he told her that she sang "the song of the Lord" just as truly in Marguerite's jewel-song and the love-song of Carmen as in the "Ave Marias" of the convent chapel; and that the stage seemed as "a strange land" to her only because a woman is born for the land of love alone. He did not convince her, but love feigns to believe the most flagrant sophisms; and must not he be right, she asked herself—he who was older and wiser, and surely far better than she, now that he was a real heretic no longer, but a prospective convert of her own dear padre-confessor's?

Since the night of his reunion with Bianca, when by the grace of God, granted, perhaps, through the intercession of the

Refuge of Sinners, her hymn to the Virgin had wakened a responsive chord in his soul, the godless man of the world had been converted, indeed, into a sincere investigator of God's revealed Truth; but as yet, though he was convinced of the truth, he had not acknowledged it. In verity, his was less a conversion than a matured and accepted enlightenment. From his youth up his soul and intellect alike had forbidden him to deny God's truth, so he had ignored it only, till God had forced his recognition. Wealth wearied, pleasure mocked, indulgence satiated, sin degraded and revolted his struggling soul. At last he was left no choice but to face the need of his heart, since it is the irresistible human instinct to search for happiness. What did he lack? What did he crave? What was his ideal of perfect happiness? Life? No, for it led to death, against which he rebelled. Youth? No, for youth's single charm is the charm of spring, in whose brevity is bitterness; and manhood realizes that the thought of youth is shallow, the standard of youth but selfish and mistaken, and the heart of youth cold. Music? No, not alone and only, since all his past had been set to music; and yet he was not content. Love? No, not as he had reckoned love in the past—not even such pure, holy, tender love as Bianca's love promised his future. In her, indeed, such love lacked nothing; but in him, and therefore for him, even love still lacked all. What was all? *Immortality!*

It is the immortal instinct of life to defy eternal extinction; it is the divine instinct of humanity to demand eternal life. "Life!" claims the soul; and its life is God! "Life!" cries the heart; and its life is love the divine, of which the human is but a figure and shadow. "Life!" cries the mind, and heaven shrines fulfilment in the Beatific Vision.

Death is the doom of earth, the penalty of sin; and every human creature must face it; but death is not the soul's extinction—nay, only passage and change. Death for the flesh, that is only dust to dust! Death to the world, that is only sin and vanity! But life, eternal life, *Immortality*, for God's image, man—heir to heaven! Such is the instinctive, unstilled cry of every human heart, and Vandyke had been forced to recognize it.

Vandyke's intellect even in his youth had rejected the claims of any creed traceable to human origin. "*The Apostolic Church or none*," had been an axiom of his after his first visit to Italy. "*For me, none*," he had added, until the day of Bianca.

Was it the reward of God for his charity to the orphan, of the Madonna for his reverence for her daughter, or only the natural ultimate result of thought and reading, and travel, and reverent study of the arts, of which the Church of God is the cradle and stronghold, the inspiration and fosterer, the defender and preserver, that he no longer added his abjuration, but kept to his axiom only? The rest was a foregone conclusion, his response to grace being granted. But although he no longer rejected grace, his response was still slow and grudging. Virtually he had been already a Catholic, since spiritually and intellectually convinced that Catholicity was the true and only Christianity, long before the night of his reunion with Bianca, when his conviction had at last found spiritual voice; yet nearly a year had since elapsed, and he had not yet made profession. He had talked with the priest, read theology and moral philosophy, and studied the doctrines of the church; he even accompanied Bianca to Mass and Benediction. Yet their wedding-day approached, and he was still but a convert at heart, not a professed Catholic. His conditional baptism, the sacrament of penance, his first Communion, had yet to be received.

"For what is he waiting?" Bianca demanded of her confessor.

"Patience, my daughter," the priest enjoined her. "Pray on, and 'his soul shall be saved, yet so as by fire!'"

"By fire? What do you mean, *mio padre?*" shuddered Bianca. "Pray, *padre*, pray that no fire of sorrow be sent to punish him. His spirit is willing. What if the flesh be weak? The Bambino of the Madonna is good. He will have mercy!"

"I spoke but figuratively, my child," answered the priest. "The words came. Trust in God, my daughter, and go in peace!"

But when she had gone the priest pondered. Why, indeed, had he spoken the words?—"Yet so as by fire, yet so as by fire!" Whence and why had they come to haunt him, the Lord's anointed—whose inspirations were from the Holy Ghost?

IV.

THE SONG OF DEATH.

"Saved, yet so as by fire" (*I. Corinthians*).

The night of Bianca's farewell appearance was come. Her triumphal but brief career had opened in Milan; it would

close in New York. The engagements arranged before her *début* she had conscientiously fulfilled; but she would make no new ones, for her marriage was to take place in a month, when her professional life would end for ever. She had no regrets, for the stage was still as "a strange land" to her soul; and even her voice loved the songs of the Lord better than the less grand and solemn operatic arias; while her human heart had no hope, no ambition, no dream, no ideal beyond her pale signor's love. The musical world was in desolation at the news of her retirement. In Milan, the *maestro* tore his hair and draped her picture in mourning. The Italians raged, and the Parisians hissed and sneered as they discussed her. Only the Americans took the news calmly. "Love is fickle. Art is constant. She will return to the stage, like others before her," they said. Nevertheless, they made her farewell appearance a public ovation. The house was packed, the foyer banked with flowers. From her first note to her last she was cheered to the echo; every aria encored and re-encored, every recitative a signal for prolonged applause. When the opera was ended at last, and she had responded to a dozen recalls before the curtain, Vandyke was waiting in the wings to take her to his mother's carriage.

"Your pilgrimage in a strange land is over, my Bianca," he whispered as they went to it.

"Yes," she answered, "and now for the song of the Lord—the song that in love's land we must sing together."

Mrs. Courtland had never been reconciled to Vandyke's engagement, but she yielded to the inevitable graciously, and honored her son's future wife before the world. Her social chaperonage was of inestimable value to Bianca, as it shielded her from the faintest whisper of such gossip as usually follows a public life; and saved her from many innocent mistakes which Society would have censured more severely than errors or guilt that outrage only the moral laws, and shock no social convention. Mrs. Courtland made a martyr of herself to-night in driving to Bianca's hotel to share the lovers' midnight supper; for her social ambition was elsewhere, and Bianca's society wholly uncongenial; but "Cæsar's wife must be above reproach," since Cæsar was Mrs. Courtland's son! Darnelle made the fourth of the party, changed by the years for the worse, not for the better. Bianca did not like him, and always avoided him; but Mrs. Courtland still favored him, and claimed the social privilege of choosing her escort, if not her hostess. A

Mr. Courtland existed, but he and his wife were never seen together. They were a fashionable couple.

Bianca was too excited to eat, though for the prima donna the day of opera is one of comparative fasting; and as her companions' palates were cloyed with the daily feasting of the rich and unpenitential, the little supper was not of long duration. Vandyke soon sought the piano, and ran his hands along the keys. Mrs. Courtland toyed with a bonbon, and watched, with a satirical smile of amusement, Darnelle's endeavors to rival Vandyke. In truth, Darnelle hated the girl for the virtual reproof her maidenly dignity was to him; but he admired her beauty, and loved to shine in the reflected glory of fame; so he ignored her repulses, and pressed his attentions upon her with an insolence born of his knowledge of her past.

"The signorina still carries a stiletto, in her heart of steel," he whispered to her, under cover of Vandyke's music. "Alas that its wound is for me only!"

She met his eyes unflinchingly. For Vandyke's sake she must stand her innocent ground.

"I rejoice that Mr. Darnelle remembers my heart of steel," she answered. "It is well that he can cast no stone at his friend's wife!"

"Beauty and genius like yours, signorina, men stone only like this!" he retorted, twirling a rose across the table.

"There can be no stones—not even of rose-leaves," she said resolutely, "where sin is not!"

"Sin is not a word to use in society," laughed Mrs. Courtland, winging a woman's shaft as she made her adieux. "I must take your vocabulary in hand, Bianca. It is antique; and above all other things my son's wife must be modern! Death were better than a *mésalliance*, for Vandyke Courtland!"

"Yes, be up-to-date, like me, signorina," laughed Darnelle.—"Coming, Van?"

"In a moment," answered Vandyke, as Bianca joined him at the piano. The others strolled out, still laughing lightly.

"Your mother would rather that you were dead than married to me. It is sad, *caro*," sighed Bianca, ruffling her fingers caressingly through his hair.

"And I would rather die than not marry you! Is that sad, too, *carina*?" laughed Vandyke, mimicking her child-like pout.

"*Caro*, I have a favor to ask of you," she pleaded. "It is that you will not keep friends with Mr. Darnelle. I do not like him. He does you no good. Let him go."

"All the boys will be gone with my bachelor life," smiled Vandyke. "A month from to-day, think of it, Bianca—married—married—married!"

"But by the priest, before the altar, Catholic to Catholic,—yes? Is it not so?" she asked eagerly.

Vandyke hesitated. If even in that last hour he had surrendered wholly, perchance the future had been different. God's ways are strange. He waits with infinite patience, yet takes things in his own hands, if he must, at last.

"Is it not so? Say yes, *caro mio*, say yes!" pleaded Bianca.

"Perhaps yes, perhaps no! Who knows?" he evaded, with a laughing shrug of his shoulders. "But whether Catholic to Catholic, or Catholic to heretic, one month from to-day shall see us husband and wife."

Then he went out hastily to overtake the others, forgetting to add to his assured words the condition upon which humanity must hinge all future contingencies: "*Deo volente!*"

Bianca fell on her knees as he left her, clasping her hands on the sill of the window, from which she could see the shining stars of heaven.

"Catholic to Catholic, *Dio mio*, let it be!" she prayed. "Make him love thy house, Lord, and the place where thy glory dwelleth. Save his soul even as the *padre* said, 'yet so as by fire,' so that the salvation be his, and the fire of sorrow mine alone. If there be no other way, let me make an exchange. Give me his soul, Catholic to Catholic let us be wed, and my voice is thine for ever! Take it from me if thou wilt! Never will I shed one tear for it. Madonna mia, through thee do I make my vow!"

"I'll drop you boys at the club, if you like," offered Mrs. Courtland, leaning back in her carriage.

"I am going straight on to my rooms, thank you, mother," rejected Vandyke.

"Then I think I would better see him safely there, thanks just the same, Mrs. Courtland," laughed Darnelle.

"In other words, you prefer to smoke," smiled Mrs. Courtland, as Vandyke slammed the door.

The men walked on in silence, their thoughts on the same woman, though very different thoughts they were. Vandyke was almost regretting that he had not made Bianca happy. Why had he not said yes, and so ended the matter for ever?

Intellectually, he was convinced. Spiritually, he was not unwilling. But the pride of the flesh dies hard, though he did not realize it. His resolute act of will must settle the question; not, as his self-love suggested, his own resistless desire. Darnelle was thinking only that Bianca had poor taste to slight him for Vandyke. He was younger, as rich if not even richer, of as high social position, and generally considered more handsome and fascinating than his less assertive and pale-faced friend. His vanity was hurt, and he did not enjoy the novel experience. Therefore he protested with ill-natured impatience when, as they turned by chance into a somewhat disreputable side-street stretching its length between Bianca's hotel and the vicinity of their bachelor apartments, Vandyke halted, challenged by a sudden flash of flame from an opposite building, and the terrified cry of a woman who leaned from its garret window, a piteous figure above the mass of flames.

"Hang it! It's only a low theatre or dance-hall. We don't want to be mixed up with such a mob," objected Darnelle, even as a frenzied crowd already surrounded him, pouring in a human stream from the hall's lower exits and windows.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" reiterated the woman. "Help! In God's name, help!"

The building which, as Darnelle had said, was a low-class show-house, was a high frame structure, so varnished and bedizened inside and out that it ignited like tinder. The fire had caught in one of the gallery ante-rooms situated just at the foot of the only staircase leading to the garret dressing-rooms, exit from which was therefore cut off for the unfortunate dancer, dressing for her act at the time. When the alarm was first sounded, a few of the house employees had attempted to rush to the rescue; but with almost incredible speed and fury the flames had swept up the fatal funnel made by the enclosed staircase, rendering ascent impossible from the first. Spreading with lightning rapidity along the tinsel draperies of the upper entry, they flashed through the transom of the dressing-room door, and, obscured by the dense black smoke soon blending with them, presented a lurid background against which the figure of the imperilled dancer stood out in appalling relief.

"Help! Help! Help!" shuddered her despairing appeal as, mounting the window-sill, she clung to the casement toward which the flames already curled. The alarm had been given, but the engines still tarried. Would no one bring a ladder?

Was the woman to die a horrible death without even one effort to rescue her?

"Jump!" cried the crowd, but she only called on God the louder. To jump was death, to go back was death. There was no difference, no choice! Death, death everywhere; and O God, by the sins on her soul she was afraid of death, even more afraid than of the torturing fire!

"In God's Name, help!"

Why did it seem to Vandyke that the cry was to him—him only? He knew her class, he knew her sins, he knew the despair of her soul at the sudden and unprovided death before her. Would no one save her, no one, from instant eternal judgment? Yes, he would, even as she had called him—in God's Name!

Some one had brought a long ladder and propped it against the burning building. But it was a poor, broken, rickety thing that the flames, now bursting from all the windows, already lapped and encircled. A step or two up it, and one would-be rescuer after another retreated with blackened face and singed hair and burned fingers; and of itself the ladder was of no use, since it fell just short of the girl's unaided foothold.

Vandyke, fighting his way through the crowd, reached the ladder just as the last volunteer relinquished it. Darnelle, who had kept by his side, saw his mad intention, and vainly sought to dissuade him from imperilling his life.

"In God's Name!" he responded, instinctively making the sign of the cross as he began the heroic ascent. The ladder swayed and creaked and threatened to snap beneath his weight, as the flames that were now bursting from the entire front of the house charred its sides. There was a cry of warning from the crowd, but he did not heed it. His thoughts were fixed on the woman above him. Poor, sin-stained soul that must face God's awful judgment! He made an act of contrition for his own sins, still unpurged by sacramental confession and absolution; realizing the folly of his obduracy as its fruits were suddenly upon him, even as the wages of her sin were upon the woman whom, God willing, he would save from eternal death! He was just within reach of her when the engines dashed around the corner, and in another moment a ladder and fireman were level with him. Into the fireman's arms he relinquished the girl's limp body. She had fainted as he lowered her from the sill.

As he began to descend a cry of horror from the street

crowd reached him. The firemen called to him to leap to their ladder, but he did not heed them. Already his ladder had snapped in twain, and he was sinking through fiery space, sinking, sinking. A mortal faintness, an anguish of suspense, an undefined horror were upon him. Then came a crash as of heaven and earth together; an awful agony as of a life-time's anguish compressed into a single moment—then an ice-cold darkness, a merciful unconsciousness. Vandyke knew no more.

The prayers of a woman's love, as Longfellow says of the thoughts of youth, are long, long prayers. Bianca was still kneeling when the summons reached her. When she understood, she dashed off a line to the priest who was Vandyke's friend, and sent it by private messenger and carriage, with orders for the carriage to remain at the priest's disposal; then ordered a second carriage for herself. But Vandyke's first request, as the ambulance surgeon revived him, had been for the priest, and by the time Bianca reached the hospital, to which in spite of Darnelle's protests the surgeon had insisted that Vandyke be taken, the confessor had already been with him for some time, and even at the last hour his peace had been made with God.

Vandyke was in a private room; his father and mother, as well as the priest and Darnelle, were already with him. The doctor had just left. He could be of no further use. As Bianca entered Vandyke gave her a pathetic smile. He was very white, but his face wore a peaceful expression. As she sunk upon her knees by his bedside his hand groped weakly until it rested upon her hair.

"'Catholic to Catholic' shall it be now, Bianca *mia*?" he whispered. "The priest has already baptized me. It is best—for you—that you become my wife!"

"Why not wait?" she gasped, still hoping for the best, but with a great dread at her heart.

A tear rolled down his face, yet his lips were smiling.

"There is no time for waiting, *cara*," he answered. "Hush, beloved; it is all for the best. I suffer nothing. The father will tell you!"

The priest advanced softly.

"Courage, my child," he whispered. "He speaks truly. It will be better for you to marry him—he thinks of your future—and there is no time to be lost. His injuries are internal, and fatal. He cannot live an hour. Yet be brave, my

daughter. It is thus that God has saved him, 'yet so as by fire,' even as I told you. He has been baptized, has confessed, and goes to our Lord with his First Communion still in his heart. It is a blessed death—the reward of his soul's goodwill and his deed of Christian heroism. The pain that was his purgatory is over. He will never feel pain again. And before him are the open gates of heaven!"

"But for me who loved him," moaned Bianca—"what is left for me?"

The face of the dying man was suddenly irradiated. He drew her closer to him, whispering to her the inspiration of the Lord of the Viaticum within him.

"*The song of the Lord, Bianca mia,*" he whispered—"the song of the Lord!"

With a wild sob Bianca heard him. At last she understood the Divine will, but her woman-heart shuddered from the crucial cost of its fulfilment. Her prayer of but one hour before was already answered, her petition granted. "Catholic to Catholic" they would be married indeed, the soul of her beloved was saved, "yet so as by fire"! The Lord had accepted her vow, and vouchsafed her his message. But O God! O God! if only he had taken her voice, and spared her beloved! He was holding her to the letter of her vow, not to its spirit. The song of the Lord? Nay, she could sing no song with her beloved in his grave, but only make her life-long moan of woman-sorrow!

The door opened and a strange figure stole in, the cloak-shrouded figure of a girl scarcely older than Bianca in years, but with a sin-hardened face now softened, however, by emotion. She darted to the bedside and sank sobbing and moaning by Bianca's side, but not before Bianca had recognized her.

"Caterina!" she cried. "Caterina!"

The priest raised her, and let her kiss the dying man's hand. Vandyke smiled faintly.

"I am glad that it was Caterina," he panted. "She was good to you, *cara*. Now marry us, my father, marry us! Mother, give me a ring for my bride. It shall be your wedding present."

Mrs. Courtland took a ring from her finger. It was a circlet of pearls, a traditional family heir-loom. Vandyke flashed her a glance as he took it that razed the citadel of her pride and reserve, and moved her to the tears she had resisted. Then he

pressed the ring to his lips, and when the priest had blessed it, put it on Bianca's finger. So, by the bed of death, Catholic to Catholic, they were married. The Lord had done his part.

At a word from the priest, all stood aside while Extreme Unction was administered. Then one by one the last farewells were made. The mother and the priest were the last to leave the bedside. As the priest turned away he laid a crucifix on Vandyke's breast. A chastened joy shone on the man's white face as he and his bride at last were alone together.

"Kiss me, my wife," he whispered. "*Bianca, sposa mia!*"

The lips of the living and the dying met, and in that bridal kiss, by love strong as death, their souls were wedded for ever. When she lifted her face the death-change was already upon him; but the soul of the man rather than his pale lips spoke to her.

"Sing to me, Bianca," he gasped. "Sing me—the song of the Lord!"

The song of the Lord—what was it? What should she sing? How could she sing anything while her love lay dying? Of a sudden it flashed upon her—the song of their meeting—the song he had called their love-song—the song to the Madonna, the *Ave Maria!* Softly, sweetly, her voice uprose. She would sing it through, though it broke her heart. Had her dying love not asked it?

Outside the room the mourners sobbed as they heard the song, and thought its pathos too cruel. But the priest smiled through his tears. It was the song of the Lord! He understood.

So, too, smiled Vandyke; and his smile brightened as he listened. He pressed her hand to his lips in a lingering caress; then reverently kissed the crucifix. As he replaced it on his breast his eyes, that at first had been fixed upon Bianca, suddenly lifted, luminous with a light not of earth but of dawning celestial vision. Then, even as she still sang, slowly, peacefully their white lids closed, as his soul, without one sigh, one struggle, winged its straight way to heaven. When the song ended the world called him dead; but the priest and Bianca knew that such death was the birth of immortal life and their sorrow was not as the sorrow of the others, who had no hope!

V.

THE SONG OF THE LORD.

"And he put a new canticle into my mouth, a song to our God" (*Psalms*).

In the great metropolis of New York, the rich city, the poor city, the fair city, the foul city, the city of joy and feasting, the city of woe and famine, the city of martyr-priests and uncanonized saints, as well as of open and secret sinners—forgotten, indeed, by the Society which remembers only its slaves and sycophants, but known to the Church and its anointed, to the choirs and the congregations, to the poor and the people—there still lives a beautiful, dark-eyed, golden-haired, chastened-faced widow, whose name for the world is Mrs. Vandyke Courtland, but whom the poor and the sinful bless as "the singing-saint!" She has never returned to the stage, except to sing for charity. She has never taken her social place, though Mrs. Courtland and Darnelle do not cease to exhort her to fulfil what they call her duty to the Courtland name. But from church to church, from Mass to Benediction, from hospital to asylum, from prison to poor-house, from sick-room to house of death and mourning, she flits like a tireless spirit, singing, always singing the song of the Lord in a voice that makes hardened men sob and sinful women pray, though sob and prayer alike be strangers to them! The grand old Masses, the great oratorios, the solemn hymns, the psalms and songs of the church, even the simple airs of the kingdom's little children—one and all of these she sings with equal fervor; loving best, perhaps, the Mass and Benediction music of the churches, because the Lord of her soul is there; the "Miserere," "Dies Iræ," and "De Profundis" of the death-bed and requiem, in memory of the love of her heart, whose death revealed her vocation. But her own taste matters nothing; wherever sin or suffering or mourning are, there she goes gladly—a daughter of John, making clearer the way of the Lord. The worst slums of the city she treads without fear; yet behind her a faithful protector always follows, the woman for whom Vandyke Courtland died—the penitent Caterina!

Only one song of the Lord's does the singer refuse to sing, the song she has never sung since she sang it at her bridegroom's death-bed, the Madonna's "Ave Maria." But the Madonna is not slighted—far from it; there are legion songs that please her as well, and by the aching heart in the singer's

breast the Mater Dolorosa knows that the singing saint is only a woman! Always Bianca sings the "Ave Maria" within her soul; always it sobs in her heart, but never again will it pass her lips until she too shall be dying. Then, if she has the strength; then, if she has the voice; then, if the prayer of her widowhood be granted, and the grace of consciousness be left her—then again for the sweet, last time the earthly swan-song of her love shall ring from her lips.

And who can doubt but that the woman-heart of the Madonna will be touched to tender intercession that earth's broken strain be taken up by the spirit-voice of him loved even unto death—to be the singing-saint's welcome home to heaven!

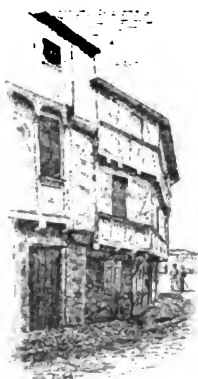
GOUNOD'S "AVE MARIA."

"Ave Maria!" So sweet the silver strain
Upon the ravished ear,
Gabriel, methinks, amid high Heaven's train,
Stops suddenly to hear—
Rapt Angels listening
The while on poised wing—
An echo of his own celestial art
Outpoured in deathless throbs of Gounod's heart.

D. J. McMACKIN, Ph.D.

A VISIT IN SOUTH-WESTERN FRANCE.

BY ALICE A. CATLIN.



HOUSE OF THE SIX-TEENTH CENTURY.

IN the south-west part of sunny France, in the province of Deux-Sèvres, there is a little earthly paradise, as far as climate is concerned, where one may gather flowers from the garden every day in the year, where blizzards do not prevail in winter and neither mosquitoes nor tourists in summer, and where one may have a glimpse of the real French home-life and taste the true flavor of the soil.

Until within a few years, since the phylloxera destroyed the grape-vines, this Cognac district was one of the richest provinces in France, and even now many of the peasant farmers are very wealthy. This may be seen at one of the great May fairs in Niort, which reminds one somewhat of a New England cattle-show. On one side of the military parade-ground are the horses, cattle, and mules to be sold, and on the other the circus tents, merry-go-rounds, and other catch-penny shows. Here the peasants in their blouses, worn over suits of clothes that many rich Americans would be willing to wear, exchange large rolls of one hundred franc notes in trade.

Overlooking this business feature, on the hill-side is the beautiful Jardin de la Brèche, with its bronze flower vases and statuary, among which is a dancing fawn worthy of Praxiteles and as full of life and graceful motion as McMonnies' Bacchante in our own Museum of Art.

Here their young daughters promenade to see and to be seen. As to their costumes, well, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." A Fifth Avenue dress parade on Easter Sunday would not compare with it, and velvets and brocades are worn that would do credit to a Washington reception or a diplomatic dinner, many of the dresses being trimmed with flounces of beautiful Spanish lace.

All wear the *coiffe*, different styles representing dif-

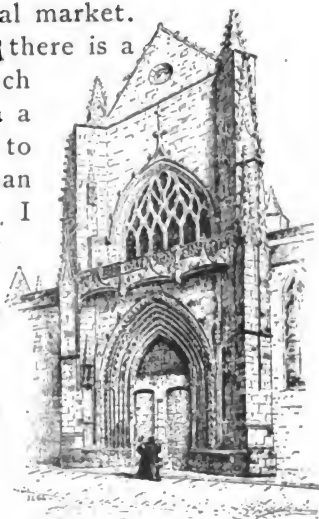
ferent villages, those of La Mòthe, St. Héraye, and Angiers being the most artistic of all, with steeple crowns and long streamers of white brocade ribbon. That of Bordeaux is simply a silk handkerchief wound around the head, somewhat in Spanish gipsy style, the ends streaming coquettishly behind the left ear.

A narrow band of black on the *coiffe* represents as deep mourning to them as the long crêpe veil of the bourgeoisie or the nobility, while a little wreath of orange or other buds worn around the crown indicates that the wearer is in the matrimonial market. Extreme homeliness is no obstacle provided there is a good *dot*, without which one has not much hope of marriage, while in blessed America a man who loves and honors a girl is glad to marry her without a penny, or even more than the trousseau that common custom requires. I asked when these girls could possibly wear such beautiful costumes, and was told, at the fairs, weddings, and family feasts; and one is not expected to last a life-time, but there must be a new one each year.

At the weddings the dancing and festivities last from two or three days to a week, and aside from a couple of barrels of wine, one can imagine the quantity of "baked meats," etc., it takes "to furnish forth the marriage tables," and feed two hundred and fifty to three hundred people three times a day for a week. When it is all over the expenses are shared by the parents of both bride and groom.

At a wedding in Brittany last June, when three brothers and a sister of one family married three sisters and a brother of another family, among the provisions furnished for the marriage feast were two cows and five hundred kilos—over one thousand pounds—of bread. At a double wedding in Normandy ten barrels of cider were provided.

There is not much done in the way of wedding cake and sweets, as a cooking stove would be too near the twentieth century for them, so they depend on the bakery for bread, and the fireplace and char-



NORTH DOOR OF NOTRE DAME.

coal for the rest. In fact, the every-day fare of the poorer classes throughout France consists principally of the inevitable soup, bread, cheese, and wine.

The ordinary washing is done at the river-side, and at the *lessive*, or grand semi-annual bleaching with the lye of the wood-ashes. One gets some idea of the wealth of household and personal linen owned, when told that a dozen dozen of everything is not an unusual number for each one to possess.

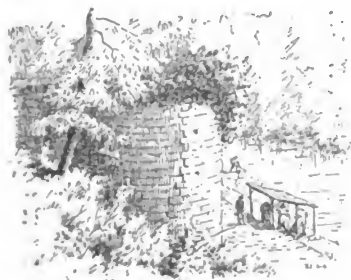
At the drawing up of the marriage contract, before a notary, this supply of linen is included in the settlement. I was told that one peasant family in Boisoragon had one hundred and five pairs of linen sheets; and a mother expects to give each daughter the usual twelve dozen sets of table linen besides.

When the bride leaves her home a pistol-shot is fired as a signal, and the wedding party, preceded by music, walks through the village. The bride wears orange-blossoms on her dress and on her *coiffe*, but of course no veil with the *coiffe*. Sometimes the children strew flowers before her, expecting a shower of small coins in return, and bonfires are lighted along the route to the mayor's office and the church.

We went one evening to see a couple who had been married fifty years. They had been working in the hay-field all day, and were going to celebrate their golden wedding the next Sunday, when they could have their children and grandchildren with them. We took a large bunch of roses from the château grounds, also a bottle of choice old Madeira to drink their health with, and, to treat us in return, they brought out a jar of cherries done in *trois-six* alcohol, making what we should call an excellent cherry-bounce, then a bottle of liqueur made of green walnuts, very good but like so much oil.

Nothing goes to the head or the heels of a good American, but after the usual glass of white wine with dinner, and that mixture of drinks, it is quite possible to have a little civil war in the stomach for a few days.

Perhaps it is the good wine, or the better climate, but no one ever seems to get drunk.



OLD TOWER ON THE WALL OF THE
FORTIFICATIONS.



THE DONJON, BUILT IN 1155.

One of the municipal ponds was recently cleaned out for the first time in seven years, and some twenty-five or thirty of the young men of the village made merry over it, singing the "Marseillaise" and other songs, and when it was finished marched as a wedding party through the village. The maid, or rather man, of honor held the bride's train so firmly with a rope that it came off completely, leaving the bride, who smoked on, as unabashed as Dr. Mary Walker at trousers revealed. Perhaps with the idea of making possible typhoid fever microbes drunk, they marched to a wine-shop; there they bought a barrique of wine, which they finished before morning, making a mild average of, say, nine quarts to a man. As an illustration of the healthfulness of the place, I remarked one day a woman up in a tree while a man held the ladder, and was told that she was only eighty-odd years old, while he was ninety.

While there seems to be nothing mean or stingy, nothing goes to waste, a lesson perhaps to us on the speedy payment of a war tax. All the houses and other buildings are of stone, as wood is so scarce



TOWER OF NOTRE
DAME.

and dear that, except the choice fruit and nut trees, once in seven years the other trees and hedges are cut to make the bundles of fagots for their tidy little wood-pile. The poor trees in winter, with both leaves and branches gone, look like distorted fists shaken menacingly at this mutilation of nature.

The pruning and training of other trees to wires on the walls has such a good effect on the fruit that Mother Eve must have been in the French corner of the Garden of Eden when she ate that unfortunate apple. Had she been up to date, she might have eaten good American sweet-corn off the cob, which young France remarked had "a bone in it."

All the fruits and vegetables, combined with good French cookery and American comforts and house-keeping, make one feel that life is very enjoyable as a guest in a château of a village where the poorest live in abundance. Twice a year, in the artichaut season, the best ones can be bought for three cents each.

The crops are principally wheat and the beet-root, for which the Mayor of Bréloux carries on a large distillery.

The soil of Boisragon is much richer than needed for viticulture, and that near Bordeaux, between the Gironde and the Atlantic, a sandy soil with a rocky bottom, is much better adapted. To make the best Bordeaux wines the grapes are pressed very lightly, again for a second quality, then water may be added to the pulp for another fermentation; but there is some legal restriction against placing this second *cuvée* on the market.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," and many years ago a Boisragon of Boisragon, thinking his only son, the last of his race, had died in foreign lands, bequeathed his estate to his faithful concierge. Just at present this same son, now Captain Boisragon of the English army, is trying through the courts and records of Niort to prove his right and title to the original seigneurie.

The proverbial thrift and cleanliness of the material side of life are well summarized in the little cemetery of Bréloux, where among the expressions

of rest and peace, and the joyful hope of the resurrection, there is on one stone this epitaph: "She was an honest girl, and a good housekeeper."

The spiritual nature of the restless, energetic American may be also felt among the Flemish graves at Woluwe, St. Etienne, near Brussels, where on the beautiful tomb of an Anglo-Saxon, named Russell, surmounted by a cross, is this inscription in English: "O Holy Cross, under thy shade I rest and hope."

In the clear summer twilight the sweet chime of the Angelus from the church tower above reminds one that

"Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly bending,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night."

The devotion of families to each other is different from the *bon camaraderie* of Americans, but both are charming and make a delightful combination; as, for instance, when young France of five and one-half years came in from the English garden with torn clothing which a strict father suggested could only have been done by tree-climbing, replied with cool American independence, "Yes, papa, thou art right; it was a branch."

Perhaps not quite so bad as Chinese foot mutilation is the habit of tying the babies' legs together to make them grow straight; but poor little France has no chance to kick.

Without ambition there would be no progress, otherwise one might envy the contentment and cheerfulness of French peasant life; also their politeness even in the matter of bad French, although they do sometimes say of foreigners, "They speak French like a Spanish cow."

It is rather difficult to be quite sure of the two genders, and one day, while I was waiting in the carriage at the station, I asked a little girl who was playing with a small toy horse if she would give it to me. Her answer was, "She is a mare."

VOL. LXXI.—13



THE ORATORY.

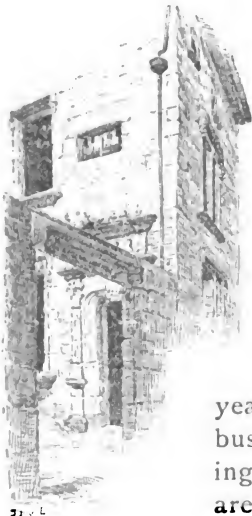
As a rule, the women speak a much worse *patois* than the men, to whom the three years of enforced military service is in itself an education, while the women are doing their work at home in the fields and driving the milk, bread, and butcher carts, perhaps knitting at the same time, as the horses are not in a Yankee hurry, neither the cows, which are shod and yoked to do the work of cattle.

The *coiffe* marks the dignity of young womanhood, and up to that time, except a straw hat for church, even in winter the girls go to school bare-headed, carrying with their books a little foot-stool with a few pieces of charcoal in it, as neither churches nor school-houses are heated, the green mould on the plaster of walls and stone floors indicating the dampness and the chill. The dress is simplicity itself: a plain skirt and waist with an apron, often of the same stuff, with pockets large enough for the knitting and for the miscellaneous collection of an American small boy.

It is neither picturesque nor artistic except in summer, when, instead of the waist, a corset, or rather a laced bodice, is worn over the high-necked and long-sleeved chemise, which, to be very stylish, may be cut short to the elbow, with a little finish of needlework; and this is *par excellence* the country of fine embroidery.

The thick woollen stockings which are worn the year round are knitted during the moments when the busy hands are less actively employed, as in guarding the flocks, cows, and geese. The hedges, which are the only fences except stone walls, are not very secure, and on this account, during the August and September vacation of the municipal schools, a girl of ten or twelve years of age is thought to earn quite a fair sum if she has two dollars a month and her food as shepherdess, cow, or goose girl, from dawn till dark, except during mid-day, when the flocks are enclosed in the stables for two or three hours.

Each has for her assistant a dog well trained to take care of the flocks, and with the intelligence to protect her as well from the beggars and gipsies who roam through this fair country.



370 L

HÔTEL CHABOT.

One needs to keep many geese to supply six or seven feather beds to each bedstead, and these with the heavy surrounding curtains are quite sufficient to protect the sleepers from the current of air of which they have an insane dread.

The tall clocks are many of them really works of art, with their beautiful marqueterie and other ornamentation, and though having a market price of only eight or ten dollars among themselves, develop a sudden and startling value, as a beloved member of the family, on the approach of a possible tourist buyer.

The copper and brass cooking utensils would make the heart of an artist long to possess them as possibilities of beautiful still-life studies.

The heavy sabots depicted in Millet's "Angelus" are not worn here, but much lighter ones, leaving the foot almost as unrestricted as the Greek sandal, and the men find the shoes of military service almost an instrument of torture till accustomed to their use.

They are very proud of the blouse, which is worn even on such state occasions as the cuirassiers' dinner at Niort, as it marks their class and raises them in the social scale above the trades-people and servants.

At St. Maixent is a very interesting old church



HÔTEL DE VILLE.—"THE PILORI," BUILT IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

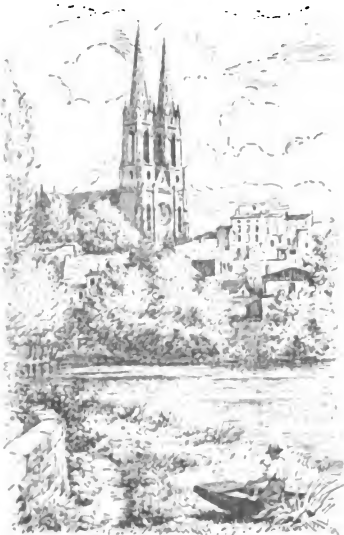
and abbey, built in the eleventh century, combined of Roman, Greek, and Gothic architecture, and it is the principal monument of the place. There is also a military school, where Marchand was educated, to whom France has paid almost Dewey honors since his return from his African expedition. We celebrate victory, not defeat, thank God, Dewey and company! At the beautiful Château du Petit Logis, on the hill overlooking the St. Maixent Valley, lives a retired captain who has seen much foreign service in Tonquin and elsewhere, and whose vestibule, or main hall running through the house, is like the studio of a military painter, each weapon of the wall decoration representing some battle in which he has taken part.

It is well to be near Bordeaux and its wines, as the drinking water here has caused an epidemic of typhoid fever, of which there were three hundred cases at one time. At Poitiers also there are generally many cases of fever every summer.

The old military city of Niort was in the sixteenth century a walled town, and one of the towers still remains. The donjon of Niort was built by the English during their occupation from 1154 to 1224, and is attributed to Henri II., Plantagenet, and to Richard, Cœur de Lion, 1155 to 1160. In one of the towers Mme. de Maintenon was at one time a prisoner.

The other principal monument, the Pilori, was built in the fourteenth century, and now, rebuilt, is used as a museum of antiquities. In one of the public squares, as a soldiers' monument in bronze, is a very beautiful angel of victory raising a wounded soldier.

There is also here the house where Napoleon spent his last night in France before he sailed from La Rochelle for St. Helena. Between here and the coast are the salt marshes which he reclaimed from the ocean, and which are now gardens as prolific as other French soil; and one of the favorite excursions of the Niortaises is boating on the canals of the Marais, which seem almost as romantic as the Vega Canal of the City of Mexico.



CHURCH ST. ANDRÉ.

Near that city, at the foot of the hill of Guadalupe, where the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo with the United States was signed, is the church of San Pocito, or Holy Well, built over a living spring of valuable medicinal qualities, and said to have the power, like the fabled lotos, of making those who have once drank it always long to return.

Perhaps the wines, or the climate, or the altogether of Deux-Sèvres may have the same quality.

To the butterfly tourist who flits through the large cities and gives perhaps five minutes to an art gallery, and ten to a cathedral, and the rest of the time to creations of fine raiment, this rural life might seem like the homespun linsey-woolsey of our great-grandmothers, but none the less durable and comfortable to those who gladly wore it.

The high sense of honor and justice with which they endowed their daughters and sons will last even longer, and do much to keep the United States of America, as ever,

"The most blessed land the sun shines on."



HOTEL D'ESTISSAC.



HOSPICE OF NIORT.

THREE GREAT BIOLOGISTS.

THEODOR SCHWANN.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., Ph.D.



F the men who have made the Biology of the nineteenth century there are three whose names stand out with special prominence. They are noted not for their controversial writing on mooted points, but for ground-breaking, original work of the highest scientific import. Their discoveries will preserve their memories for posterity long after the names of many of those to whom the glare of controversial publicity lent an ephemeral brightness for their own generation shall have been forgotten. They are: Theodor Schwann, the anatomist, to whom modern biology owes its foundation in the establishment of the cell theory; Claude Bernard, the physiologist, to whom we are indebted for the great biological ideas of nervous inhibition and internal glandular secretion; finally Louis Pasteur, the chemist bacteriologist, to whom is due the refutation of the annihilatory abiologic doctrine of spontaneous generation and the discoveries that have revolutionized modern medicine, and promise to accomplish as great a revolution in modern manufactures and industries.

It has often been said that the Catholic Church is opposed to scientific advance. It has especially been insisted that in what concerns biological science the church's attitude has been distinctly discouraging. Recently the definite assertion has been made that no original thinker in science could continue in his profession of faith. Now, it so happens that all three of these men were born in the bosom of the Catholic Church, and were educated from their earliest years to maturity under her watchful care. Schwann and Pasteur remained in the midst of their great scientific triumphs her faithful sons. For years Bernard withdrew from all his old religious associations and became indifferent as to the spiritual side of life, but before the end he came back to the knees of the Mother whose fostering care meant so much to him in early life. It has seemed, then, that a simple sketch of the lives of these three



THEODOR SCHWANN.

greatest biologists of the century would be an important human document in regard to the attitude of the Church to biological science. It will, at least, serve to show that there is nothing in doctrine or practice that interferes with the exercise of the highest gifts for original scientific investigation.

Theodor Schwann, the enunciator of the cell theory—*i. e.*, of the teaching that all living tissues, whether plant or animal, are composed of a number of minute elements that under all circumstances are biologically equivalent—is the father of modern biology. Cells had been seen and recognized as such before, but their significance was first pointed out by him. His cell theory has now become the cell doctrine, the teaching of all the schools of biology. The generalization that forms the basis of the doctrine was the result of some of the most accurate and careful observation that has ever been made. The work was done when the mechanical helps to the analysis of

tissues were in a most primitive condition. The microscope had just been introduced into general laboratory work. The microtome, the instrument by which tissues are cut into thin sections suitable for microscopic examination, and to which almost more than to the microscope itself we owe our detailed knowledge of the intimate constitution of tissues, was as yet unthought of. Despite these drawbacks Schwann's work was done with a completeness that leaves very little to be desired. He published, when not yet thirty, the story of his comparative investigation of the cellular constitution of plants and animals, and there is very little that can be added, even in our day, to make its scientific demonstration any clearer than it was. It was typical of the man that, heedless of disputatious controversy over details of his work, he should go calmly on to complete it, and then give it to the world in all its convincing fulness. The same trait crops out with regard to other subjects. His was one of the great scientific minds of the century, always immersed in a philosophic calm befitting the important problems he had in hand. His life is ideal in its utter devotion to science, and to the teaching of science, while no duty that could round it out and make it humanly complete for himself or others was despised or neglected.

Theodor Schwann was the fourth of a family of thirteen children, born in the little German town of Reuss, not far from Cologne. He received his college education in the Jesuit Gymnasium of Cologne, and passed thence to the University of Bonn. The lower Rhineland is largely Catholic, and to this day, though Bonn has become the fashionably exclusive German university to which the Kaiser and many of the scions of the great German families go for their higher education, the faculty of theology at the university remains Catholic. Schwann devoted some time here to the study of theology, but he came under the influence of Johann Müller, was allowed to assist in some of his experiments on the functions of the spinal nerves of frogs, and this seems to have determined him to a medical career.

After two years spent in medicine at Würzburg, another great Catholic university of Southern Germany, we find Schwann at the University of Berlin once more working with Johann Müller, who had been invited from Bonn to fill the distinguished Rudolphi's place in the chair of anatomy at the rising Prussian University. Müller was one of those wonderful men—they turn up, unfortunately, all too rarely—who, though not

great discoverers themselves, have the invaluable faculty of inspiring students with an enthusiasm for original observation that leads to the most brilliantly successful researches. A great teacher, in the proper sense of the word, he was not. In his public lectures and his ordinary lessons he was apt to be arid and uninteresting, insisting too much on unrelieved details, "the dry bones of science." He seems to have failed almost completely in conveying the usual scientific information of his course with the air of novelty that attracts the average student. The true teaching faculties are not given to many. Müller had a precious quality all his own that has proved much more valuable for science than the most enlightened pedagogy.

To the chosen few among his students who were drawn into close intimacy with him and permitted to share his personal scientific labors, Müller proved a source of most precious incentive—a suggestive master the inspiration of whose investigating spirit was to be with them throughout life. To no one, except perhaps to Socrates of yore, has it been given to have sit at his feet as pupils so many men who were to leave their marks upon the developing thought of a great era in human progress. Besides Schwann, there studied with Müller, during these years at Berlin, Henle the anatomist, Brücke the physiologist, Virchow the pathologist, Helmholtz the physicist, Du Bois-Reymond the physiologist, Claparède, Reichert, Lachmann, Troschel, Lieberkühn, Remak. All of these names are writ large in the scientific history of the century. It is a remarkable group of men, and of them Schwann, with the possible exception of Helmholtz, will be remembered the best by posterity; certainly none of them would not have cheerfully resigned his hopes of scientific renown for any work of his own to have made the discovery which, as an enthusiastic biographer said, set the crown of immortality on a young, unwrinkled forehead.

Schwann's thesis for his doctorate at Berlin showed the calibre of the man, and demonstrated his thorough fitness for success as an experimental scientist. The question whether the growing embryo in the ordinary hen's egg consumes oxygen or not had been in dispute for some time. It was well known that an air-chamber existed in the egg even at the earliest stages of embryonic life. It was understood that the mature chick just before its egress from the egg must have air, and the porosity of the egg-shell was sufficient to permit its entrance.

Whether at the beginning of embryonic life within the egg, however, oxygen was necessary, remained somewhat in doubt. It had been demonstrated that the gas existing in the air-chamber of an egg became changed in composition during the progress of development. From being slightly richer in oxygen than ordinary atmospheric air at the beginning of embryonic growth, containing 24 to 25 parts of oxygen per 100, it became modified during comparatively early development so as to contain not more than 17 parts of oxygen per 100 and some 7 parts of carbon dioxide. This change of composition was, at least, very suggestive of the alteration that would take place during respiration. It was pointed out, however, that the argument founded on these observations was only drawn from analogy, and was by no means a scientific demonstration of the fact that the embryo not only consumed air during its growth but actually needed oxygen for the continuance of its vital processes.

It was suggested that the change of composition in the air within the egg might be due not to any essential vital functions but to chance alterations brought on by decomposition in the unstable organic material so abundantly present in the substance of the egg. Schwann settled the question definitely by a set of ingenious experiments. He exposed eggs for various periods to the action of other gases besides air, and also placed them in the vacuum chamber of an air-pump. When not in contact with the air the eggs developed for some hours if the temperature was favorable, and then development ceased. If after twenty-four hours' exposure to an atmosphere of hydrogen eggs were then allowed free contact with the air, development began once more at the point at which it had ceased. After thirty hours of exposure to hydrogen, however, or to a vacuum, all life in the egg was destroyed and it failed to develop, no matter how favorable the conditions in which it was afterwards placed. The completeness with which the points in dispute in this problem were demonstrated is typical of all Schwann's work. His conclusions always went farther than the solution of the problem he set out to solve, and were always supported by simple but effective experiments, often ingeniously planned, always carried out with a mechanical completeness that made them strikingly demonstrative.

One of Schwann's brothers had been a worker in metal, and Schwann himself had always shown a great interest in mechani-

cal appliances. This hobby stood him in good stead in those days when laboratories did not contain all the intricate scientific apparatus and the facilities for experimentation so common now, with their workshop and skilled mechanics for the execution of designs. Many another worker in the biological sciences of that time owes his reputation to a similar mechanical skill. Experiments were impossible unless the investigator had the mechanical ingenuity to plan and the personal handiness to work out the details of appliances that might be necessary for experiments. It is told of Schwann that when Daguerre's discoveries in photography were announced, such was his interest in the new invention that he made a trip to Paris especially to learn the details of the method. Some daguerreotypes made by him according to the original directions of the inventor himself are still preserved by his family.

Schwann's investigation of the respiration of the embryo in hen's eggs led to further studies of the embryo itself, and to the discovery that it was made up of cells. Later came the resolution of other tissues into cells. When, after his graduation as doctor in medicine, the post of assistant in anatomy at Berlin fell vacant, it was offered by Johann Müller to Schwann. The position did not carry much emolument with it. The salary was ten German thalers—*i. e.*, about \$7.50 per month—a pittance even in those days when the purchasing power of money was ever so much greater than now. His duties took up most of his time. The work was congenial, however, and Schwann remained here for five years. As Henle has said in his biographical sketch of Schwann, in the *Archiv für Mikroskopische Anatomie*, just after his death in 1882: "Those were great days. The microscope had just been brought to such a state of perfection that it was available for accurate scientific observations. The mechanics of its manufacture had besides just been simplified to such a degree that its cost was not beyond the means of the enthusiastic student even of limited means. Any day a bit of animal tissue, shaved off with a scalpel or picked to pieces with a pair of needles or the finger nails, might lead to important ground-breaking discoveries." For at that time almost everything as to the intimate composition of tissues was unknown. Discoveries were lying around loose, so to speak, waiting to be made. Schwann was not idle. The precious years at Berlin saw the discovery that many other tissues were composed of cells. The nuclei of the striped and unstriped muscles were found, and while the

cellular character of these tissues was not demonstrated, their secret was more than suspected and hints provided for other workers that led very shortly to Kölliker's and Henle's discovery of muscle cells.

Besides his interest in histology, the branch of anatomy which treats of the intimate constitution of tissues, Schwann was working also at certain general biological questions, and at some knotty problems of physiology. Not long after his installation as an assistant at Berlin, from observations on fermenting and decomposing organic liquids, he came to a conclusion that was far in advance of the science of his day. He announced definitely *infusoria non oriuntur generatione æquivoca*—the infusoria do not originate by spontaneous generation. Under the term infusoria, at that time, were included all the minute organisms, so that Schwann's announcement was a definite rejection of the doctrine of spontaneous generation over thirty years before Pasteur's demonstrations finally settled the question. Schwann was never a controversialist. He took no part in the sometimes bitter discussions that took place on the subject, but having stated his views and the observations that had led up to them he did not ask for the immediate acceptance of his conclusions, but continued his work on other subjects, confident that truth would prevail in the end. When the congratulations poured in on Pasteur for having utterly subverted the doctrine of spontaneous generation, the great French scientist generously referred the pioneer work on this subject to Schwann, and sent felicitations to that effect when Schwann was celebrating the jubilee anniversary of his professoriate.

While studying ferments and fermentations Schwann became interested in certain functions of the human body that carry with them many reminders of the biological processes that are at work in producing the various alcohols and acids of fermentation. The changes that occur in the contents of the human stomach during the preparation of food for absorption had long been a subject of the greatest interest to physiologists. It had been studied too much, however, from the merely chemical side. The necessity for the presence of an acid in the stomach contents in order that digestion should go on led to the conclusion that the acid was the most important constituent of the gastric juice. By means of the scrapings of the stomachs of various animals Schwann succeeded in preparing an artificial gastric juice, and showed just

how the action of the gastric secretions brought about the solution of the contents of the stomach. He isolated pepsin, and demonstrated that it resembled very closely in its action the substances known as ferments. He even hinted that digestion, instead of being a chemical was a biological process. Any such explanation as this was scouted by the chemists of the day, headed by Liebig. Most of the physiological functions within the human being were then triumphantly claimed as examples of the working of chemical laws.

Of the contradiction of his conclusions Schwann took practically no notice, but went faithfully on with his work. He could not be lured into controversy. For nearly five years he continued his work at the University of Berlin, receiving only the pittance that has been mentioned, less than ten dollars per month. Only the purest love of science for its own sake and the satisfaction of his own enthusiastic spirit of investigation kept him at work. There was but little prospect of advancement at the University of Berlin itself. Schwann was one of the lowest in rank of the assistants; the professor was only just beyond the prime of life, and before Schwann on the list for promotion was at least one man, Henle, who had already done distinguished work. Germany has had the good fortune to have had all during the present century young men who, unmindful of present emoluments, have been satisfied with the barest pittance for their support, provided the positions they occupied gave them opportunities for original work. Even at the present day young medical men are glad to accept what they consider the honor of the position of assistant to the professor and director of a clinic, and to remain in it for from five to ten years, sometimes even more, though the salary attached to it is only from \$250 to \$400 per year. They well know that if their original investigations into various medical questions are successful, advance in university rank is assured. Their promotion seldom comes from the institution where they have done their work, unless it should be one of the smaller universities; but the invitation to a chair at a university will come sooner or later for meritorious work.

Schwann's invitation came from Louvain. His work on cells had attracted a great deal of attention. In the midst of the rationalism and infidelity then so common among scientific men Schwann was known to have remained a sincere Catholic. When the great Catholic university of Louvain, then, looked around for a professor of anatomy, he seemed the most suita-

ble person. Henle, who had very little sympathy for Schwann's religious views, speaks most kindly of him as a man and a comrade. Schwann seems to have endeared himself to the "difficult" Prussians, as he did to those around him all his life. For the dominant note in the sketches of him by those who knew him personally is that of heartiest friendship joined with enthusiastic admiration for his simple sincerity and unselfish devotion to his friends and to science.

A little incident that has been preserved for us by Henle shows how much his young contemporaries appreciated even at that early date, long before the full significance of the cell theory could be realized, the aspect of Schwann's work which was to make him immortal. At a little farewell dinner given him by his co-workers in various laboratories of the University of Berlin the feature of the occasion was a punning poem, by the toast-master, on the words Louvain and cells. In German Louvain is Löwen, which also means lion; that is, it is the dative case of the name of the lion. Reference is made to the fact that as Samson found honeycomb (in German bee-cells) in the lion, so now Louvain—*i. e.*, in German Löwen, the lion—finds a champion in the man of the cells. As Samson's riddle was suggested by finding the bee-cells, so will the new professor at Louvain solve the riddles of science by the demonstration of cells. The youthful jesting seer prophesied better than he knew. Schwann's first completed work at Louvain was the *Microscopical Researches into the Accordance in Structure and Growth of Plants and Animals*.* The theory it advanced was to prove the most potent element thus far introduced into biological science to help in the solution of the difficult problems that constantly occur in the study of the various forms of life.

At Louvain Schwann remained for about ten years. The period is marked by a continuance of his fruitful investigation of cell-life, of the physiological biology of ferments and fermentation, and of the allied subject of digestion in animals. His researches in Berlin on this interesting and important subject, which was practically a complete mystery at that time, had been mainly concerned with the gastric juice. He now began the study of various secretions which aid intestinal digestion. He proved that bile, which used to be considered an excretion, was really an important digestive secretion. He was not able to demonstrate as completely as he did for the

* *Mikroskopische Untersuchung über die Ueber einstimmung in der Structur und dem Wachsthum der Thiere und Pflanzen*, 1839, p. 234.

gastric juice the function of bile. The problem of intestinal digestion is much more complicated than that of stomach digestion, and involves a number of factors for which allowance has to be made if the value of any one of them is to be accurately determined. Even to our own day all of the physiological problems in the functions of biliary secretion are not solved. The greatest step was the demonstration that bile was a something whose presence in the intestines was to be encouraged, not because, as Horace said, mental trouble was imminent unless one were purged of black bile in the spring-time, but because its presence insured the proper preparation of food and neutralized in the intestinal tract certain poisonous substances that if absorbed would prove sources of irritation to all higher tissues.

His work on bile practically closes Schwann's career as an investigator. The seven years between twenty and twenty-seven are so full of discovery that there seemed to be great promise for his maturer years. Had Schwann died at thirty his biographies would have surely contained lengthy comments on the great discoveries that would undoubtedly have rewarded his efforts in the prime of his powers. Schwann's seeming inactivity has been a fruitful cause for conjecture. The fact of the matter is, however, that original work of a high order is accomplished mainly during the time when activity of the imagination is at its height. There are very few cases in which this acme of inventive effort has lasted more than ten years.

Besides this there were certain more material factors that hindered original work. Schwann was a German, yet had to give his lectures at Louvain in French. For several years most of his efforts were devoted to acquiring facility in the language of his adopted country. Then Schwann was not such a teacher as Müller, but the true pedagogue who took seriously to heart the duty of teaching all his students. To do this meant in the rapidly advancing science of that day unceasing toil on the part of a conscientious professor. For it was a time of great discoveries succeeding one another with almost incredible rapidity. For ten years Schwann faithfully devoted himself to his teaching duties in the anatomical course at Louvain. He then accepted the chair of comparative anatomy and physiology at Liège, where he continued to lecture for thirty years. As the result of his stay at Louvain there has always been special attention given to biological studies at

that university. At the present time there is published there a very well and favorably known biological journal, *La Cellule*, through which many important contributions from the professors and students of the university find their way before the public.

During his stay at Liège Schwann was formally invited, on three different occasions, to return to his German Fatherland to become professor at some of her great universities. Professorial chairs in anatomy or physiology at Würzburg, at Giessen, and at Breslau were offered him between 1850 and 1860. He refused them, however, to continue his work in Belgium. He found his adopted countrymen eminently sympathetic. It seems clear that he felt more at home in the midst of the deeply religious feeling that pervaded the Belgian universities, and which was in such marked contrast to the rationalistic spirit so characteristic of the German universities at that time. Schwann was penetrated with a lively spirit of the deepest religious feeling, which is noticeable all through his life. His attitude in this matter deeply impressed his scientific contemporaries. His sense of duty in matters spiritual was only equalled by his affectionate regard for his relatives. His vacations were invariably spent with his parents while they were alive, and later with his brothers and sisters in the neighborhood of Cologne. It was while making a Christmas visit to them that he suffered the fatal stroke which carried him away.

Towards the end of his career Schwann was invited to be a member of a commission to investigate the case of Louise Lateau. It will be remembered that the report of recurring bleedings from stigmata in this case attracted a great deal of attention, not only among Catholics, but among all classes throughout the world. After careful observation Schwann refused to concur in the report that the bleedings were manifestly miraculous. At first it was announced that he had declared them evidently beyond the domain of natural causes, and this report he took occasion to correct immediately. The circumstance led to the publication of some harsh words in the religious press, but with his usual moderation Schwann refused to enter into any discussion, and so the affair ended. His thoroughly conservative attitude in the matter, and his application of the strictest scientific criteria to the case, prevented formal expression of approval on the part of those in authority. While such an opinion would have carried only personal weight with it, it

might easily have been made a cause for unfortunate aspersions upon the church.

The most marked feature of Schwann's career is the un-failing friendships that linked him to those with whom he was associated. At Louvain, and later at Liège, he was the personal friend of most of his students, while at Berlin he made friendships with some of the great men in German medicine that endured till the end of his life. When the celebration of his fortieth anniversary came around, the hearty tributes from all over Europe showed in what lofty reverence the kindly old man was held who had sacrificed some of his chances for greater scientific fame in order to be a teacher of others, and a living exponent of the fact that the frame of mind which leads to great scientific discovery and that which bows humbly to religious truth, far from being hopelessly and essentially opposed to each other, may be peacefully united in the same person, in their highest expression.

OFF SHORE.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.



NOT yet the harbor ; for the clinging mist
Thickens the night and holds us fast outside,
While the faint lanterns swim in amethyst,
And the dark cable strains against the tide.

Yet through the darkness, muffled by the fog,
Come to our anxious ears sweet sounds of land :
The teamster's shout, the barking of a dog,
The curfew pealing o'er the wastes of sand.

Peace—courage ! Soon the darkness will be past,
And with the morn the fog will melt away.
Safe to the haven we shall come at last,
And with our dear ones keep love's holy-day.

O heaven-home ! from which the night of time
With clouds and tears a little while restrains
The eager soul—we hear thy joy-bells chime !
A night off shore—and then the shining plains !

THE DELIVERANCE OF P'TIT FILS.

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

I.



HE little village clings close to the great, shelving bank of the St. Lawrence like a bird's nest to the limb of a mighty tree. Below it the deep, voiceful current of the majestic waterway sweeps on in resistless splendor to the distant ocean; above it a wilderness of lofty hills roll solemnly away toward the blue Laurentians; but midway between this compelling grandeur of earth and sea the tiny hamlet sleeps quietly on, serene and inattentive.

There are, perhaps, a score or so of the sturdy, pointed-roofed cottages clustered cosily about the single church whose walls of plastered rock and neatly-tinned roof and spire gleam with beacon-like intensity against the darker hues of the landscape. Behind each house, running in carefully-outlined oblongs up the slope of the hills, are the fertile farms of the community, and here all summer long great stretches of rye and barley flash and glisten in the sun, patches of buckwheat pile their white drifts against bars and fences, and strips of flax, blue as the river below, add their daintier tints to the lavish coloring of the scene. Here, also, looking strange and diminutive in their vast acreage, roam flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, and in the farther distance, turned loose for the season's pasturing, frolic the young horses of the year's breeding.

The village contains but one street, and the cottage of Mme. Sophie Larode stands at the very end of it. You are sure of this because the two creaking planks which form the sidewalk of that sparsely travelled thoroughfare terminate so abruptly at her modest estate that in order to continue your journey you are obliged to leap precipitously down the brambly bank and follow the uncertain curves of the cart-ruts for further guidance into the country beyond.

The house is a tiny one, consisting only of two rooms and a garret set somewhat unevenly against a huge, white-washed chimney; but the door-yard is ample, and here, in sociable

nearness to the highway, may be found some of the more cumbersome of the housekeeping adjuncts. The water-barrel with its bulging sides leans handily beside the doorstep; the churn is set close under the broad eaves; in the shade of the big poplar stand the ancient brick oven and the bread-trough, and here also may be found the cheese-press, a deal table, and a broad wooden bench capable of serving a variety of purposes.

On a certain warm morning in the month of May. Sophie Larode stood before her oven sliding huge loaves of bread into its cavernous mouth with the blackened bread-shovel. All around her the world lay bright and fragrant from the rain. The river, swelled to full flood by the recent freeing of its ice-sealed tributaries, flashed and sparkled in a dazzling vista of azure wave and fleecy foam; the young grass, curled yet and of a dazzling freshness, sent up sweet and subtle odors from the moist earth; the trees, but newly clothed in their little leaves, seemed like screens of misty green set quivering against the sun. From stretches of waste land far down the stream she could hear the confused chatter of many birds—bobolinks, finches, robins—with now and then the scream of a kingfisher or the dull cry of a bittern disturbed in its reedy seclusion. The insistent clamor came to her jubilantly, and yet pervaded by certain notes of mockery, as if the ecstatic voicings were but the vaunts of recluses conscious of an isolation secure from human trespassing. But presently, as she worked and listened, she became conscious of a rush of wings, a flash of shadow, and immediately, from somewhere above her head, a bluebird began singing.

Sophie paused in her task and looked up. She scanned the big tree eagerly, but at first her eyes could make out nothing but the dazzling sheen of many little silver leaves and a confusing network of brown stems and branches reaching stiffly upward toward the sun. After a moment, however, midway, as it seemed, between sky and earth, she caught the glint of a speck of blue—a tiny speck that flashed, and fluttered, and flirted, and disappeared among the soft leaves, only to reappear a second later in still greater vividness of color. A pleased smile lighted her face. She closed the oven door noiselessly, and turned toward the house. She was a comely young woman with soft brown hair and large, childish brown eyes. She had been married at sixteen and was now twenty-eight; and had been a widow five years.

"P'tit Fils," she called softly; "P'tit Fils, here is your bluebird back again. Come out and hear him."

There was the sound of a slight movement inside the house, and presently the door opened and a boy of about ten years appeared in the doorway. He had a thin, sensitive face framed in a mass of flaxen hair that was parted in the middle of his forehead, and fell in loose curls to his shoulders after the manner of a girl. His eyes were large and of a peculiar dull hazel in color. In his hand he carried a little willow rod, peeled in a fantastic design, and upon his shoulder, poised with the security of long habit, sat a beautiful gray squirrel. The child stood a moment on the threshold, listening attentively; then he stepped down and moved slowly toward the poplar, laying the little rod lightly to right and left of him as he walked. When he had reached the bench, he climbed gravely upon it, and placing his cane between his knees as an aged man sets his staff, he folded his hands across its top and turned his face upward into the sunlight.

"Maman, is the bluebird on the broken bough where the three little branches grow down instead of up?"

"No, P'tit, he's way, way up on the top of the tree—on a little bit of a twig that swings back and forth, back and forth as he sings. There—listen to that, now!"

A wonderful 'crescendo of uncontrollable rapture, a flood of rippling melody so sweet, so wild, so jubilant that the very heart of the spring seemed bursting in the swelling notes, floated out on the morning silence. The atom of blue swelled and shook with the strength of it; the little twig bowed and swayed as if stirred by a rushing wind; even the gnarled old tree trunk itself seemed to thrill and stir with a wave of responsive fervor.

The child laughed happily, and seated himself more comfortably upon the bench.

"How do you know, maman," he said, when the ecstasy above his head had subsided; "how do you know that he is the same bird that was here last year?"

The mother looked gravely at the atom of embodied voice perched saucily so far beyond the criticism of her gaze.

"Oh, I know him well enough," she said, with a wise air. "He's the same old fellow, without a doubt. I'd know him anywhere."

"But how do you know him?"

Sophie wrinkled her brows, and thought a moment. "I

know him because—well, because one of his wings is longer than the other.”

“You did n’t tell me that last year,” suspiciously.

“Did n’t I? Well, I was afraid you would n’t like him so well.”

“But how can you see the difference in his wings, if he is on the top of the tree. You said the tree was twice as tall as our house.”

“Yes, dearie, so it is; but any one would see the difference in that bird’s wings. It’s as plain as day. Why even Old Man Lamoureux with his one eye could see it, if he were here.”

The boy seemed satisfied. He sat silent for awhile, smiling contentedly as the little trills and murmurs of delight, interspersed with intervals of palpitating silence, continued to stir the dreamy air. The widow picked up her shovel and slid the remaining loaf into the oven. Then she came over and seated herself beside the boy.

“Maman,” he began again; “is the bluebird going to build a nest in the poplar this year?”

“Of course. Is n’t that what he’s singing about?”

“I don’t know. And is the old nest up there yet?”

“Why no, P’tit. Don’t you remember it was blown away in the winter? This year he is going to build—let me see; I’m sure he’s going to build lower down. There’s a fine snug corner just above my head here—all little gray leaves and soft twisted stems. That’s the place for him, I know.”

“And if he builds there, will you lift me up and let me feel him?”

“Yes, dearie; or at any rate, if the old fellow is n’t there himself, you can feel the little round eggs that the mother bird will put in the nest, and later on the young birds themselves; and that will be just as good. Ah! there he goes now, the rascal! away off over Monsieur Sauvé’s tobacco patch, and up to the top of the hills, and out of sight altogether.”

The boy frowned and made a movement of disappointment and the squirrel, which had been sitting in attentive silence all this time, feeling that the entertainment was over, leaped nimbly into the poplar and began running frantic races up and down its sturdy bole.

For awhile neither of the pair spoke, but at length, finding that no further diversion was forthcoming, the boy said coaxingly: “Tell me about the hill.”

The mother turned her gaze obediently upon the rolling upland that lay beyond her own meagre acres, and noted with a careful eye the details of its diverse sections. She was not herself a lover of Nature, or a critic of its forms and colorings, but long training under the exacting tutelage of P'tit Fils had enabled her to discern the fine points in her circumscribed landscape as few of deeper erudition might have done. She spoke now with the enthusiasm of the connoisseur.

"O P'tit! the hill is a fine sight to-day—all great strips of glossy greens and mellow browns, like a splendid bed-quilt hung out to air. The oats and the rye have just begun to come up, you know, and the tiny blades are so soft and shiny that the fields look as if they were covered with silk. As for the ploughed land, that is velvet, dark and soft and rich, and still except for the crows, and I am sure there are as many as a hundred of them feeding in the furrows. But *enfant*, if you could see the plum-trees! I can't tell you what *they* are like. The snow-drifts in front of the door last winter are all I can think of. The fences up and down the hill are half covered up by them, and when the wind blows—whir-r, there's a bending and twisting of the old limbs, and off the white petals go in a shower down the air."

Sophie ventured to pause a moment after this tax upon her descriptive powers, but her listener was far from being satisfied with this sudden termination of the discourse.

"What else?" he asked eagerly, as if the tale were one of thrilling interest, the climax of which had not yet been reached.

"What else? Well, the woods down toward the river are worth looking at. The young birches at the water's edge are such a bright yellow they dazzle my eyes; behind them are the maples, as red as a flame; and farther back, in the very heart of the woods, are the pines, big and black and solemn enough to frighten you. The wild-cherry trees are almost bare yet, except for the silver caterpillar nests; but there are plenty of shad-bushes in blossom, and they are almost as white as the plum-trees. I can't see them from here, of course, but I know that down among the roots there's a host of yellow violets, and perhaps the wood-lilies have come too, and are standing up straight and white and slim through the dead leaves."

Again the mother ceased speaking and brought her eyes back from the shining reaches they had been scanning to the

face of the boy beside her. He was smiling now, the dreamy, introspective smile that always rewarded her whenever her humble word-pictures caught his fancy. The wind, blowing freshly from the river, was lifting his fair hair and tossing it lightly about his face, the sun had warmed two little red spots in his pale cheeks, and the leaves quivering incessantly above his head cast down tremulous flecks of shadow that played over his person with tender picturesqueness. Sophie regarded him fondly. Never, she thought, had he looked so beautiful—not with the sturdy beauty of the other children of the village, but with a strange, remote loveliness that reminded her of the angels painted over the altar in the church. She sat perfectly still, not daring to move or speak, for fear of disturbing the train of his absorbed thought; but suddenly, as she watched him, a frown gathered on his brow, and he turned toward her with a movement of sharp questioning. Fearing that her lapse in narrative had given offence, she plunged once more into description, choosing her subject at random.

"P'tit, there are the oddest clouds in the sky to-day; tiny round specks high, high up, and all drifting together in a long, curling wave that—" but the boy interrupted her impatiently.

"Who is that coming up the sidewalk?" he asked sharply.

Sophie had not heard the footsteps, but she turned now and looked toward the highway. A man was approaching, though still at some distance from the house. The sight seemed strangely to confuse her. She dropped her eyes guiltily, and a deep blush overspread her fresh face. She did not speak.

The child at her side listened intently a moment; then he rose and turned a stern, accusing face upon his mother.

"I know who it is," he said bitterly. "It is Monsieur Le Roi; and I know what he is coming for, too."

The mother's embarrassment increased; her head sank upon her bosom; she seemed unable to raise her eyes to the pitiless countenance confronting her. But at last she broke forth woe-fully:

"O P'tit Fils! it is not my fault that he is coming. I do not want him. But what can I do? I am not able to run the place any longer, and we must live. Besides, I am thinking of you. It is for your sake that I take him."

The boy stamped his foot wrathfully.

"It is not for my sake," he cried shrilly. "I hate him! You know I hate him. I would rather starve than live with him. I shall tell him so."

Sophie looked apprehensively toward the street and raised her hand in alarmed entreaty.

"Hush, hush, P'tit!" she whispered; "don't let him hear you say that. We must not make him angry, you know. Speak to him now, and be polite just for once."

"Will you send him away if I am polite?"

"O P'tit! I can't send him away any more. I have sent him away three times just to please you—but there is the mortgage. If I send him away again he will foreclose it, and then we shall have to go upon the parish."

But P'tit Fils paid no attention to this hopeless statement of facts. He resumed his seat upon the bench, setting his back squarely to the road.

"I will not speak to him," he said in a choking voice. "I will not speak to him as long as I live!"

There was no time for further appeal. Casting a last agonized look upon her son, Mme. Larode rose and walked palpitatingly to meet the newcomer, trying vainly to screen with her slim person the small, inexorable figure upon the bench.

Monsieur Le Roi, for it was he, advanced leisurely. He was a tall, spare man with a smoothly-shaven face, thin lips, and small, keen eyes. His age was apparently about twice that of his hostess, and he bore himself with a certain self-confidence which bespoke him a person of some importance in the community. His sharp glance rested for a moment upon Sophie's perturbed countenance, and then travelled inquiringly beyond it to where P'tit Fils, in reckless defiance of his mother's wishes, still offered the inhospitality of a rigid spine and shoulder. At the sight of these unmistakable signs of hostility an unpleasant expression settled upon the visitor's face, and it was evident to Sophie's apprehensive gaze that he was recalling those three other occasions, dating respectively from the second, third, and fourth years of her widowhood, when, after certain inevitable business transactions, he had offered to relieve her of all anxiety regarding the future by becoming a husband to herself and a father to P'tit Fils, only to be routed in discomfiture by the violent refusal of that young person to adopt an additional parent. Some secret consideration of a nature calculated to restore his equanimity seemed, however, to present itself to the mind of the elderly suitor to-day, for almost immediately he smiled affably, and, taking off his hat, bowed with great politeness to his discomfited hostess.

"Good morning, Mme. Larode; this is fine weather we're having, is it not? I think it promises some good grain this year, and that is what we want, sure enough. You have not planted your little farm, I see; but it is early yet, of course, and for that matter you get so little from the land that it seems to me the crop is not worth the cost of the ploughing. However, let us go into the house and talk over your affairs. I believe it will be necessary for us to come to a settlement at last, eh, madame?"

She murmured an inarticulate assent, and moved slowly toward the cottage. Her color still came and went distressingly, and as she passed the bench under the poplar she paused and pointed with a gesture of despairing appeal to her son.

Monsieur Le Roi, however, deigned no other response than a stare of cold impassiveness, and with a sigh she hurried on and entered the house.

P'tit Fils, meanwhile, continued to sit as they had left him. Pale, rigid, stricken, he seemed like a little pitiful statue set incongruously in the midst of the smiling summer warmth and sunshine. The gray squirrel, finding him so strangely silent, leaped down from the tree, and frisked with insolent familiarity over his person; two young turkeys, flying over a neighboring fence, strutted up and pecked at him curiously; a ground spider, attracted by his shiny staff, attached the end of his silver thread thereto, and set about spinning a lowly web; companies of bees brushed perilously against his cheek; blue-bottle flies buzzed and whirled in his ears; and numerous small insects of earth and air after the manner of their kind came and made free with him at their will; but he neither moved nor spoke. Only a great sob rising silently now and then in his throat, or a tear welling bitterly into his dim eyes, told the intensity of his suppressed emotion.

But the conference within the house was not a long one. In less than half an hour the door opened and the pair reappeared. Mme. Larode's face wore a somewhat more relieved expression, while the countenance of Monsieur Le Roi was wreathed in satisfied smiles. He did not ignore the boy this time. As he led the way to the poplar he nodded reassuringly to his companion, and putting his hand into his pocket he drew forth a silver coin, which he displayed jocularly. Then he went up to P'tit Fils, and patted him upon the head in a fatherly manner.

"Come, come, P'tit Fils, it is time that we began to be

better friends. This mother of yours is going to give up the farm here and come over to my place to live; and as for you, a father won't be a bad thing to try for a change, eh, *garçon?*"

Sophie trembled and blushed deprecatingly, but the boy maintained his icy and unmoved silence.

"Here, little one, here is something to buy a treat with the next time you go to the *magazin*. Monsieur Dion has some fine red and white sugar-sticks, and it's no harm to have a sweet tooth. I had one myself when I was your age."

He forced the coin playfully into the boy's closed hand; but the instant P'tit Fils felt the touch of the metal he raised his arm and with a fierce gesture sent the money whirling through the air.

Monsieur Le Roi stepped back quickly, and a dark flush spread itself over his face.

"*Sacré*, madame," he said bitingly, fixing an angry eye on the widow, "this boy of yours has fine manners, that's a fact."

Tears of apprehension rushed to the mother's eyes.

"Oh, Monsieur Le Roi!" she cried, "do not mind him. He is spoiled, I know; but what would you have? A poor little blind boy!"

The visitor opened his lips sharply to reply. He seemed in no sort of doubt as to the qualities which he found most lamentably wanting in the character of his prospective step-son. A second glance at the irate little face before him seemed to deter him from the recital of them, however, for after frowning alternately upon Mme. Larode and her son, he turned abruptly away.

"We will see to the boy later," he said curtly; and with a brief adieu strode out of the yard.

P'tit Fils, however, had by this time reached the limit of his self-restraint. Scarcely had the footsteps ceased to echo upon the planks when he uttered a shriek, and casting himself face downward on the ground burst into a tempest of hysterical sobs. He twined his fingers in the grass and tore up handfuls of the slim blades; he dug his toes convulsively into the moist earth or beat frantic tattoos with them in the air; his long hair fluttered wildly about his head; his whole frame shook and quivered with the violence of his paroxysm.

Sophie sank weakly upon the bench and raised her hands despairingly to heaven.

"*O bonne Ste. Anne!*" she wailed; "was there ever such

a child! No reason, no comprehension, no pity for a poor mother who is trying to do the best she can for her little blind boy."

The weeping continued with unabated frenzy.

"Who has been doing a man's work for five long years—planting, hoeing, reaping, and getting hardly enough, in the end, to live upon."

More sobs.

"And who because she happens to have a friend willing to take the mortgage from the farm, and be good to her and the boy besides, has to suffer all this."

A muffled voice from the grass: "He will not be good to me. He'll beat me. Magloire Sauvé says he will."

"Magloire Sauvé is a bad boy. He shall get a beating himself for telling lies to frighten you. Monsieur Le Roi has been more than generous, and I, oh I am not so foolish as you think! Everything is to be arranged on paper at the *notaire's*. This place is to be mine just as if there were no mortgage upon it; and there is to be something set away for you besides, in case I should die. So you see I can make a good bargain after all."

The display of her unguessed talents in the financial field aroused no enthusiasm in P'tit Fils. He continued to sob, with less violence now, but with a methodical regularity that seemed to promise an indefinite continuance of the mournful performance.

The mother raised the corner of her apron and wiped a tear or two from her own eyes. Then she stooped, and lifting the weeping boy upon her knees, began to rock him slowly back and forth, as she had done when he was a tiny baby, and before she had known that he was blind.

"P'tit, there's something else. Stop crying now and listen. Monsieur Le Roi says there is a place in Quebec where little blind boys and girls go to school and learn to read and write. And Monsieur Le Roi says that if you are good, he will send you there. Think how fine that would be!"

P'tit Fils lifted a tear-stained, sceptical face.

"How can a boy learn to read," he said scornfully, "when he cannot see the book?"

"Sophie looked doubtful. "Well, P'tit, I don't know myself, exactly; but there is a way. Monsieur Le Roi knows. He has been to the school himself more than once."

"Monsieur Le Roi is a cheat. He said that to catch you."

"No, no, child; it is the truth. I myself have heard of such places; but you need not go if you don't want to. I will not let any one send you."

P'tit Fils suddenly straightened himself and slipped from his mother's lap. He stood before her with a sudden tragic calmness upon him.

"I will not go to Monsieur Le Roi's school," he said, pointing his finger at her solemnly, and speaking with the manner of one uttering a prophecy; "I will not go to Monsieur Le Roi's school, nor to his house either. Something will save me. Something will!"

II.

The evening preceding the Tuesday chosen by Sophie Larode for the celebration of her marriage lingered late and lovely in the fair spring sky, presaging auspicious weather for that important event.

Bastien Le Roi noted this fact with satisfaction as, seated comfortably upon his little *galerie*, his well-filled pipe in his mouth, his chair tilted at a comfortable angle against the railing, he indulged himself for the last time in the lonely twilight meditation that had become one of the habits of his protracted bachelorhood.

The day had been a busy one. In the morning, accompanied by Mme. Larode, he had visited the office of the *notaire*, where, with all the formality of the law, he had cancelled his claims upon her property. In addition to this he had deeded to P'tit Fils a certain modest sum of money, at present accumulating interest in a bank at Quebec, thereby rendering him also a person of private means. This latter act had been in a manner compulsory, for although he had expressed to the mother his entire willingness to provide for her son in the event of her death, that usually complaisant lady had suddenly displayed a firmness, not to say stubbornness, of manner that had astonished him, and had declared with finality that unless the provision were duly recorded then and there, her own part in their contemplated contract must again remain unfulfilled. It was this threat that had caused him to accede to her request.

The afternoon he had devoted to numerous errands in the village and to a call upon Mlle. Frechette, the tailoress, from whom he had received his new suit of wedding black. The

time remaining between daylight and dusk he had spent in arranging the furnishings of his comfortable dwelling with somewhat more precision, the elderly neighbor whom he employed to attend to his domestic needs being accustomed to leave much to be desired in matters of this nature.

When, at last, he had taken up his favorite position on the pleasant *galerie*, which lined the river side of the house, and settled himself comfortably for a review of the crowded events of the day, it was with the complacency of one conscious of having expended time and money to their utmost advantage. He had an affection for Sophie. Why else, he asked himself, had he waited so long for her, while others, equally young and attractive, stood ready at his call? Why yielded up so many of his carefully hoarded dollars, when he was to receive no *dôt* in return? Why borne with the insufferable insolence and rebellion of P'tit Fils? There was but one answer.

Mme. Larode, without doubt, was weak in discipline, as the condition of her son could testify, and a poor manager of things financial, as her burdened lands proclaimed; but she was, above all, docile and sweet-tempered, and he felt that he could readily mould her to his will when once she was beneath his roof. As to P'tit Fils—but his mind was not so much at ease regarding the boy. No truce as yet existed between them. War, stern and unyielding, was evidently the purpose of the small tyrant; but a way existed by which that unpleasantness also might be avoided—there was always the school. If the child proved too troublesome he should be sent away for awhile, to cool his hot temper and mend his manners a little.

It was after a reverie of an hour or more, and with the fate of his step-son thus satisfactorily disposed of, that Monsieur Le Roi shook the ashes from his pipe, leisurely entered the house, and after closing a door or two, retired to rest.

The night was still and warm. As he lay in bed he could see through the open window a few pale stars gleaming gently in the scarcely darkened sky, and hear far below him the soft swish of the river, as it stirred and swelled with the evening tide. So near, indeed, was the steep bank that the loose pebbles rolling at intervals down the smooth incline sent a plaintive tinkling through the room, and the thin mist rising in little flecks to the upper air, filled his nostrils with an odor of cooling freshness. For a long time he remained happily wakeful, abandoning himself to the sweet, mysterious influences that

surrounded him; then as the gray sky darkened to black, and the music of the river lapsed into a more monotonous rhythm, he fell peacefully asleep.

How long he had slept he did not know. He awoke suddenly to find himself sitting up in bed, intensely alert, and with a strange, unreasoning fear tugging wildly at his heart. He listened intently and peered sharply about him, in order to gain some explanation of his unaccountable alarm; but there was neither sight nor sound to disturb the usual order of things. The dull light, pierced faintly by a few yellow streaks, premonitive of dawn, revealed the familiar chamber exactly as he had seen it on the previous evening; the little curtain at the window flapped with a gentle insistence, as it had done on many preceding mornings; the early robins, far away on the hills, were beginning their usual shrill pipings. Nothing was changed, nothing apparently had happened, and yet he was not reassured. He sat motionless, breathless, dreading he knew not what, and yet certain in every fibre of his being that some unspeakable horror was close upon him. For a minute or two he waited thus, and then slowly, threateningly, the bed beneath him began to rock and shake, the windows rattled in the casements, the doors swayed open upon their hinges, and a strange, deep thrill, a shuddering tremor that set the great beams above his head straining and groaning like human beings in pain, passed lingeringly through the sturdy house, leaving it limp and tottering around him.

With a cry he sprang out upon the floor and began throwing on his clothes, moving toward the door as he did so. As he passed out of the room, however, and made for the stairs, the floor seemed to recede from his feet. His steps went wide and vague, and at last he was obliged to slide along by the wall in order to keep himself in an upright position. Reeling and staggering like a drunken man, he at length gained the staircase, and half sliding, half falling, made the descent to the hall below. He found the door swinging open, and stumbling out to the porch beyond he stared wildly at earth and sky in another desperate attempt to gain some clew to the dreadful, silent commotion in which he moved. But horror of horrors! Was he really awake? or was he still in the spell of some hideous nightmare? The house, which for fifty years had looked upon the broad expanse of the St. Lawrence, now faced the green slope of the hills! He rubbed his eyes and

dealt himself mighty blows to rouse himself from his trance, but his senses refused to adjust themselves to other than this one appalling fact. The house, it was clear, had become completely turned on its foundations.

He could not stop, however, to marvel at this new condition of things. A frenzy of terror seized him. Dashing down the steps of the porch he started to run up the slope toward the hills; but the faster he ran the farther he seemed to be slipping from those vast, serene heights which, touched now with the first effulgence of the dawn, looked down on him so dispassionately, so remotely. He shrieked wildly, calling the names of his nearest neighbors, and it seemed to him that his cries were taken up by other voices, terrified, like his own; but no help came. Again he tried to tear himself up the treacherous incline, but he could no longer keep his footing. He stumbled and fell, and as he did so he dug his fingers into the soft earth and clutched at it as a drowning man clutches a plank; with the action, however, a deadly chill seemed to strike at his heart. His lips opened dryly. *Sainte Vierge!* what was this? The sod was moving too. It, he, the house, the whole world, in fact, was sliding down, down toward an abyss the depth of which he knew only too surely.

He struggled no longer. A calm—numbing, deadly, terrible—settled gradually upon him, robbing him of fear and filling him with even a vague wonder at the strangeness of the calamity which had befallen him. Once he raised his head and looked toward the opposite end of the village. “*Mme. Larode, P'tit Fils!*” he called brokenly. Then he dropped his face in the grass again and waited. The sliding motion still continued and presently he heard a crash close behind him which told him that the house had fallen in. Almost at the same moment something cold touched his feet; it crept up to his knees—his waist—his shoulders. He knew what it was. He knew that it was the river, taking him and his little domain into its unending embrace.

Almost the last to arrive at the scene of the catastrophe were *Sophie Larode* and her son. The crowd of villagers who had gathered, weeping and gesticulating, at the great gaping wound in the devastated river bank, made way respectfully as the frightened pair, clinging fast to each other, advanced and stood in the midst of them. The widow fixed her wide, uncomprehending gaze dumbly upon the ruin before her. The

enormity of the event surpassed the powers of her poor mind, and left her dazed and silent. Here only yesterday had stood the commodious dwelling and neat outhouses of her prospective home; here had lain green pastures and well-kept gardens mellowing for her hand; here—but she could not complete the train of overwhelming recollection. It was enough to realize that in place of these fair possessions of which she was to become mistress in a few short hours there lay before her but a bare sweep of sand and broken sod mixed with the débris of the demolished buildings, and below the everlasting river flowing calmly as before. P'tit Fils, tugging violently at her hand, received no answer to his importunate questioning, and it was one of the onlookers who, taking compassion on him, explained brokenly that the St. Lawrence, swollen by the spring freshets, had altered its course during the early morning hours, and in so doing had swept three houses with all their inmates into its current, Monsieur Le Roi and his unfortunately situated dwelling being evidently the first to go.

Long and mournfully the little concourse lingered staring vacantly at the unanswering stream; but duty, even at such a supreme hour, called imperatively to most of those present, and finally, in doleful twos and threes, the melancholy company dispersed, Sophie and P'tit Fils going last of all, as they had come. No word was spoken between them. The mother with her apron at her eyes wept silently, the boy walked quietly, his face pale and filled with conflicting expressions. As they neared their own humble abode, however, a light of surprise and satisfaction broke suddenly over his countenance, and he began speaking in a voice of scarcely suppressed elation.

“Maman,” he whispered, and there was a break of tremulous entreaty now in the words—“Maman, there will never be another?”

Sophie laid her hand upon his head. She understood his meaning.

“No, P'tit, there will never be another, and this one was only for your sake; but oh, P'tit, poor Monsieur Le Roi!”

IS PROFIT-SHARING JUSTIFIABLE ?

BY LEOPOLD KATSCHER.

"Profit-sharing is a profoundly conservative movement."—*N. P. Gilman.*

"Profit-sharing is logically the next step in the evolution of labor."—*Washington Gladden.*

"The social question fills the air, and profit-sharing is the only anti-revolutionary element in it."—*George Jacob Holyoake.*



ALTHOUGH the practical experience of hundreds of profit-sharing firms has converted me from a former sceptic to a thorough-going advocate of the system, I am nevertheless far from believing that it contains the long-sought "solution of the social question." Only a solution which would secure employment to all men and guarantee to all the employed the full product of their activity, could be regarded as *the* solution of the social question. But as we seem to be separated by a long space of time from so complete a solution, is there any reason meanwhile for rejecting palliatives? On the contrary, we must welcome many palliatives, because they help to accelerate the slow process of development which is leading up to the freedom of social and economical relations, and form steps of transition which may gradually conduct us to the much longed-for ideal state of things.

Such a transitional step, and one of great ethical importance, is the sharing of profit. Of all the methods which have hitherto been tried for obtaining a fairer division of the produce of labor, it is the best—better than premiums, better than payment by piece-work, better than productive associations—for it keeps clear of the errors and dangers of these methods for insuring a more just partition, without excluding their advantages. It may be regarded as the safest preliminary school of an ideal association; and in addition to this, it has numerous bright aspects in developing more fully the working capacity of the enterprises, raising the material and ethical position of the workmen, and alleviating the struggle between capital and labor by a better understanding on both sides.

All that has hitherto been done to bring about amicable social conditions—with or without the intervention of the

state—has been only palliative. And yet what a wonderful improvement has been brought about! A general introduction of the system of division of profits, patiently and practically taken in hand, would be attended with blissful results.

I.

It cannot be denied that the modern "wage-system" offers great practical advantages, according to the existing arrangement of things, in the direction of convenience. But its disadvantages are very much greater, and it must undergo modification if ever we are to arrive at a friendly understanding between employers and employed. The only too well-founded discontent and the legitimate strivings of the operatives demand imperatively that the inevitable changes should practically recognize the growth of the principle of equality in the world of labor, as it is already partially acknowledged in the world of politics by the introduction of universal suffrage. Considering the powerful influence which the working class in many lands exercise upon legislation by means of their votes, it may be expected that the opposition to the wage-system will assume more and more aggressive forms, if capitalists delay too long to reform the system in the way best calculated to get rid of its defects and its inequalities.

The faults of the "pure" wage-system may thus be eliminated without the sacrifice of its most important features. Payment by time makes no distinction between the diligent and the idle, between skilled and unskilled workmen; in the latter it fosters carelessness, in the former discontent. "The greater part of the work executed," writes Mr. Batterson, a large American employer of labor, with regard to payment by time, "does not answer to the amount which a good workman can easily perform, but to what a careless man chooses to do without any effort." The remedy for this unsatisfactory state of things would be payment for piece-work where it can be carried out. But, in the first place, this cannot be done everywhere; in the second, payment by the piece may easily lead to hasty, superficial production of quantity rather than quality; thirdly and chiefly, it leads workmen to overstrain their strength. Notwithstanding its partial advantages, therefore, it can only be successfully carried out where the object is to produce a large quantity rather than good quality, and then it will best forward production when it is coupled with premiums on quantity.

No doubt, even with regard to quality, the payment for piece-work may answer with suitable premiums; but experience shows that this spur does not act so powerfully as that which is brought to bear on quantity. The premiums on sales, so frequent in business, have nothing to do with production, which may, however, be often influenced favorably by rewards for economy of material, not with regard to the quantity or the goodness of the article, but with a view to cheapening production, especially by saving in machinery and implements; but this method is not applicable in all trades; besides, this eagerness for economizing may easily lead those eager for rewards too far, and tend to the injury of the firm rather than to its advantage. Another modification of the fixed wage-system—the sliding scales—has much to recommend it in principle; but it presents so many difficulties in practice that it can only be applied on rare occasions and for a short time, so that it cannot be regarded as a help to rely on. And as to “gratifications,” which very many firms bestow in good years, they are neither sure nor regular, but depend on the will and pleasure of the firm; they are thus a very inadequate means for counteracting the injustices of the wage-system.

All the supplementary provisions and modifications of the wage-system, though attended with undeniable advantages, are yet insufficient to do away with the incessant friction between employers and employed, or to alleviate in any perceptible degree the ever-growing strife on the question of wages, which brings heavy losses to both parties. If such an end is ever to be attained, it must be by grafting upon the wage-system a greater capacity for accommodation to the fluctuations of the value of labor, as well as by awakening in the operatives a stronger interest in the success of their employers. This must be done either by gathering the workmen into co-operative productive societies, or by introducing the sharing of profits, or, again, by admitting the hands into an industrial partnership in the concern in which they are engaged. The best system would seem to be the combination of division of profits with sharing of capital.

The charge most frequently made against the “hands”—and this naturally includes all the other objections—is that they take little or no interest in their work. Their employers, irritated by this indifference, forget to reckon with human nature and to consider that the existing wage-system, far from presenting the necessary incitement to interest, is by no means

calculated to stir the men up to the exertion of their best powers or to the development of their full capacity for production. The common feature of all the alterations which have been hitherto attempted is to hold out the promise of a fluctuating extra payment which is intended to supplement their regular wages. If the man is a handicraftsman, this extra payment depends on the quantity or the good quality of his productions, or upon his economizing his working materials. If he is entrusted with selling the handiwork of others, his extra pay will depend on his ability as a salesman. If he is not in a position to influence demand or sale, it is acknowledged in the principle of the sliding scale that a share in the profits of his employer reasonably falls to him.

The principle admitted in the sliding scale of wages is therefore that of division of profits; only the calculation is not based upon the actual profit obtained, but depends on local circumstances—such as the net price of coals, for instance. The right to a share in the profits is not expressly acknowledged, but practically in the use of the sliding scale the participation of the workmen in the gains of their employer does take place up to a certain point. As regards premiums and payment for piece-work, they may be designated in the following words, which the employer may be supposed to address to his staff:

“If you exert yourselves as heartily as if you were working for yourselves, or as I would exert myself in your place—with my present interest in the prosperity of my business—you shall have at least such a share of the profits as usually falls to a man working on his own account. Improve the quality of your productions, and you shall receive premiums over and above your wages. Go carefully to work with the raw and wrought materials, implements, and machines entrusted to you, and I will pay you accordingly. I will give the salesmen among you a percentage on their sales in addition to their salary. Whoever among you shall increase the amount of his productions, shall be paid exactly in proportion to his work, not according to a general average.”

As a matter of fact, premiums and payments by the piece are also an approach to a sort of industrial partnership, for they foster the feeling to which the worker by time is generally a stranger—the feeling of partnership.

Whereas payment by time fails to spur on the workman to diligence and carefulness, or to infuse any sympathy with the

success of his master, the effect of the alterations in the wage-system which we are considering has been to apply the powerful spring of personal interest to the conduct of business. The usual result has been that the profits of the firm increase, while the relations between it and the staff are placed on a more friendly footing. But the defects which still cling to these admirable alterations (piece-work, premiums, commission, sliding scale) urge on the question whether these are not still capable of improvement, and whether a plan might not be adopted which would possess these advantages in a much higher degree, and thus be calculated to bring about a yet closer intercommunity, a still better understanding between the two parties? Is it not possible to knit yet more closely than can be done by premiums, etc., the bond between employers and employed, and make it a real partnership? The answer is: Certainly, it is possible; there is such a plan: namely, profit-sharing.

The justification of this reform in the wage-system was recognized by Turgot as early as 1775. The next theoretical start was given orally by H. A. Frégier in 1835; but in his work *Les classes dangereuses de la population dans les grandes villes*, published in 1840, he expresses himself decidedly against the practicability of his own theory. As regards practice, we learn from one of the latest and best contributions to the literature of participation (N. P. Gilman's *Profit-Sharing**) that Albert Gallatin, Secretary to the United States Treasury, introduced the sharing of profits in his glass-factories constructed in 1794; but the experiment does not seem to have led to any very special result, so that I am compelled, with all other writers on the subject, to indicate the celebrated Parisian decorator and wall-painter Leclaire as the first well-known sponsor of the new system. In the year 1842 he seized hold of Frégier's first suggestions, proved the futility of his later objections by practice in the most triumphant manner, and opened the way for all later attempts on the same ground, hitherto some 500 in number. Of these, about 400 are at this moment still in activity, while about 100 have come to an untimely end. There are 140 instances in France, in England about 100, in Germany 35, in Switzerland 15, in the United States of North America about 50 existing cases. The remainder are distributed over Holland, Belgium, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Spain, Russia, Portugal, and Norway.

* *Profit-Sharing between Employer and Employee*. Boston, Mass., fourth edition, 1892.

II.

I read somewhere the following remark of Theodore Hertzka's:

"We lay to heart the fact that improvement of the material position is not the way to fight down Socialism. Any one who believes that men once awakened to independent thinking will become reconciled to the injustice of the present order of things because an additional crumb from the table of the exploiters falls to his share, must be blind. . . . It is well known that the working class everywhere urges on the socialistic propaganda all the more vigorously the more prosperous its circumstances are, for the very simple reason that every amelioration in the material condition gives room for freer thinking."

However true all this may be, it does not exclude the utility of profit-sharing. I myself am far from thinking it desirable that palliatives should have the effect of keeping back the striving towards ideal solutions; at the same time I see no reason why they should not alleviate the struggle between capital and labor, and as they cannot make *all* workmen happy, they may at least place *many* of them in a much better position for the time being. In most cases of profit-sharing the "improvement of the material position" has actually proved itself a means of active resistance to violent agitation. Strikes, boycottings, and such like, almost invariably aim at bringing about an improvement in the material position and the treatment of workingmen. Well, then, if a larger income and good usage can be obtained by peaceful methods, without striking work, without mutual irritation, without losses on both sides—and this will almost always be the case in participation of profits, rightly managed—then I cannot but approve of it if, in spite of the general accuracy of the above quotation, the workmen in question prefer this mode of adjustment to the disturbances of warfare. I think it quite natural and comprehensible that in very many firms founded on the sharing of profits the staff should resist the pressure of trades-unions, giving as their reason "we live in the best understanding with our chiefs," or, "we are very well treated."

Therefore, English, French, and American trades-unions in general are not opposed to this reform, but rather favorably disposed towards it. It is only the German social democracy which rejects the new system in toto, forgetting in its other-

wise justifiable zeal for more radical measures that stages of transition are necessary and useful, and that profit-sharing is the best forerunner of an ideal solution, the firmest step on the road to a sound adjustment of things. Equally to blame are the still numerous capitalists who maintain an absolutely hostile position, for the sharing of profits offers scarcely less advantage to the employer than to the employed. In the absence of anything better, it can only be theoretic prejudice, wanting in practical knowledge of the facts, which assumes an antagonistic attitude towards participation.

There are, however, very many theoreticians of all tendencies—radical, liberal, conservative—who have spoken out strongly in favor of the cause, while very few practitioners have done the contrary. Even many of those firms which have given up the attempt after awhile for one reason or another have expressed themselves in favor of the system. And it is a fact that all academical objections and threatenings of danger in connection with the division of profits have proved to be utterly irrelevant or unfounded. Nothing stands in the way of a more general adoption of the system; all that is wanted is the insight and conviction that the thing is possible, and that the profits of the concern are almost invariably increased by the good will of the staff, if a proportionate share in the additional gain is allotted to them. "Once employers come to see," as Böhmert sagaciously remarks, "that they suffer no loss, but rather are gainers by sharing the profits with their staff, the system of participation will make further strides year by year."

It is true that there are still a vast number of employers who believe this to be a mere work of philanthropy, and shrink from the supposed sacrifices. But this is a fundamental error. The idea of profit-sharing rests to a great extent upon the expectation that the staff will do their best to bring in the share which belongs to them by increase of zeal, carefulness, etc., therefore by larger, cheaper, and better production.

We will show by a few examples, chosen out of hundreds of analogous cases, how fully this expectation is realized. Leclair founded his plan on the calculation that each of his hands would give him of his own good will the value of an hour's work daily (then 60, later on 90, centimes), and, besides, might save 25 centimes in the raw material; he therefore ran no risk when he shared the profits of the concern with his men in order to call forth their good will. He expressly attributed the fact of his having become a millionaire to his action in

thus sharing. Laroche-Joubert, the head of the great paper-making establishments at Angoulême, after forty years' experience of a system of participation on an immense scale, said: "Let not the chief imagine that he is bestowing a gratuity on his staff; on the contrary, he is striking a good bargain." The Parisian printer, Gasté, wrote to Böhmert: "The very large share of the profits which I hand over to my work-people does not cost me a sou—quite the contrary!" The calico manufacturer, Besselièvre, at Maromme, reported, after six years' experience: "The eighty thousand francs which we have hitherto distributed in shares cost us nothing, as they are over and above the normal profits in our branch." The great Geneva firm, Billon & Isaac, which manufacture the component parts of music-boxes, stated as follows: "The very large dividend which fell to the workmen cost us nothing, for we have made very much larger profits than usual in consequence of the introduction of profit-sharing." Messrs. H. Briggs, Son & Co., the proprietors of the Whitwood collieries, who have become celebrated by their system of participation, hardly made five per cent. on their capital before its introduction; but since, their average profit was fifteen per cent. The eminent Parisian optician, Baille-Lemaire, says: "Don't talk to me of philanthropy! Why speak of good will, when it is a simple question of self-interest?"

These few examples will suffice. The employers may allow themselves to be guided also by the motive of friendliness towards their work-people, and no doubt this is really the case with many of them; but a far more powerful incentive in such matters is the interest of the business, or, as Hertzka puts it, "self-interest"; and it is better for the staff to see this point clearly, for then they will be far more ready to enter into the reform than if it is put before them as a gratuity or a sacrifice. Their self-respect does not suffer, and their moral level is not lowered, when they know that they themselves create the surplus profit, and therefore honestly earn their share in it by increased and better-guided activity.



"THE GRAN SASSO, MONTE MORRONE, AND OTHERS FORMING AN UNBROKEN CHAIN."

IN SIGHT OF THE GRAN SASSO.

BY E. C. VANSITTART.



THE months of a Roman autumn and winter speed quickly by; imperceptibly winter is merged into spring, and almost before we are aware of it May is at the door. Contented enough with town-life during the short days and long evenings filled with varied work till now, when a great wave of color and perfume seems to have swept over the land, the skies take a deeper tint of blue, the sunsets have become pageants of crimson and gold, the fountains flash more silvery in the vivid sunlight, the swallows have returned and soar above the house-tops in wide circles accompanied by shrill cries; the great heaped-up baskets of flowers in the Piazza send out whiffs of sweetness; lilac, wallflowers, roses, and scarlet poppies suggest visions of green fields, leafy gardens, and budding hedge-rows. In a word, the witchery of the Italian spring is upon us; a strange, restless longing to leave the imprisoning city walls behind and to get out into the free, open country, be it only for a few days, falls upon most, and

the question resounds on all sides: "Where shall we go for a spring outing?" For our own part, the neighborhood of the Eternal City is well trodden; Umbria also is familiar ground; every year we grow more ambitious, and in our search for "pastures new" venture further afield. Why should we not penetrate into the Abruzzi?—a region little known to the ordinary visitor, but embracing a vast mountainous district extending from Aquila on the north almost down to the confines of the Neapolitan territory.

For various reasons we select Solmona as our headquarters; thus, it happened in the early days of May we found ourselves steaming across the Campagna. It was an unusually late spring, and great masses of white cloud lazily sailed across the blue overhead, producing lovely effects of light and shadow. Though the distance from Rome to Solmona might easily be traversed in four hours, it takes nearly double

that time to accomplish the journey, for there are no fast trains on this sleepy line. Past Tivoli and its falls we glide, and at Coneto Romano we began to get interested, for we were now in the "Unknown"; through Carsoli, then Scurgola, to Avezzano, each and all possessed of fine castles more or less decayed. After leaving Avezzano the line skirts the basin of the famous Lago di Fúicino, once a sheet of water thirty-five miles in circumference and sixty-five feet deep, well stocked with pike, carp, tench, and barbel. Many attempts were made by the ancient Romans to drain the lake, but none succeeded, and it remained for Prince Torlonia to accomplish the success of the feat by spending £1,750,000 in

the undertaking. So doubtful did the enterprise appear that the saying arose: "O Torlonia secca il Fúicino, o il Fúicino secca Torlonia (Either Torlonia will clean out Fúicino, or Fúicino will clean out Torlonia)." Now a vast and fertile valley, where



almond-trees and vines flourish amid springing wheat, maize, hemp, and vegetables of all kinds, yields an interest of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the capital invested.

Next comes Celano, the birthplace in the thirteenth century of the Beato Tomaso di Celano, the supposed author of the grand old hymn "Dies iræ, dies illa." After this the rich basin of the Fúicino is left behind, snow-tipped mountains begin to rise, while the nearer hills seem but heaps of broken rock; more and more arid grows the district as the train slowly toils up one ascent after another and passes through a series of tunnels, till suddenly, at Rajano, we begin to descend till we reach Anversa, where we double back on a lower level and steam into Solmona, which, though standing one thousand, five hundred and seventy feet above sea-level, yet lies on a plain, or more correctly, "a cultivated valley, at the end of which, on an isolated platform reached by a viaduct, is the stately town, crowned by many towers and backed by great masses of



PEASANT WOMEN OF SOLMONA.

snow. On the left the monastery of Celestine is seen beneath the mountain, and his once famous hermitage clinging eyrie-like to one of its ridges."

Solmona itself is an uninteresting place. The streets are roughly paved with huge, uneven blocks of stone; there are few picturesque bits and quaint byways as in the Umbrian hill-towns, but the snow-mountains rear their crests above the house-tops and form grand vistas at the end of every street and alley. Many of the public buildings were destroyed by earthquakes of 1803 and the following year, and there is little to be seen beyond the Palazzo Comunale, with its wondrously beautiful front, a rare example of the Cinque-cento style. Statues of popes and cardinals adorn the façade between exquisitely carved windows, rich in traceries of fruit and flowers; in one "the pilasters, which imitate palm-trees, rest upon lions, while the rose above is upheld by floating angels."

Several of the churches have fine Gothic doorways, that of Santa Maria della Tomba (built on the site of a temple of Jupiter) being surmounted by a grand wheel rose-window, while that of St. Francesco d'Assisi is unique, consisting of a series of six Norman round arches resting on columns. This doorway, the finest specimen of its kind in Italy, is all that remains of the church, which was entirely destroyed by the earthquake, and whose ruined cloister and interior now serve as a meat-market.

The birthplace of Ovid is here, who entertained a deep affection for his native town, alluding to it in various of his poems, and once in these words: "Sulmo mihi patria est, gelidis uberimus undis"; his memory is still revered by the inhabitants, who have named their principal street after him, adorning it with a poor statue of the poet, who is, however, more honored by a black bust which adorns the quadrangle of the local boys' school, the Collegio Ovide.

Very characteristic is the huge Piazza Garibaldi. In the centre of the great space is a fountain, dwarfed by the expanse of bare ground around it, usually covered by the rough stalls of the market-women; or oftener, innocent of any attempt at support, the goods are laid flat on Mother Earth, and one wanders through heaps of brown pottery, bundles of faggots, piles of vegetables, neat little armies of sacks containing samples of various grains or dried beans, etc. The carts and beasts of burden which brought the goods are put on one side, the cattle unharnessed and tethered to the wheels. Low houses bound it on

two sides; the ends of the Piazza are closed, one by the church of St. Filippo with its Gothic doorway, and the little oratory of St. Rocco with the chain of the Morrone behind, while the opposite end is occupied by the six pointed arches of an aqueduct, built in 1400, forming a most picturesque feature. Seen through and above the aqueduct is the glorious portal of St. Francesco, and throngs are ever ascending and descending the broad flight of steps beneath the arches which afford the easiest access to the Piazza.

Of local trades there seem to be few, if we except the famous *confetti* (sugar-plums); shops are filled with rosaries, adorned with tinsel and artificial flowers, made of these strange beads, which run from the size of billiard balls to that of small peas. They are in sugar of very truth, but it would require large mouth-space and much sucking to affect their stony surface; however, there must be a considerable sale, for we saw numbers of women busied in their manufacture. "Vino Cotto" is also a specialty of Solmona, and in former days much of the parchment used for book-binding in Rome was prepared here.

Dusty, white high-roads stretch out on every side from the town, and the absence of shade strikes painfully. In the near plain rises a stony hill crowned by a hermitage dedicated to St. Onofrio; and three in honor of Sts. Cosmo e Damiano, St. Terenzio, with an unknown saint whose name we did not catch, stand on outjutting spurs of the mountains, "looking at each

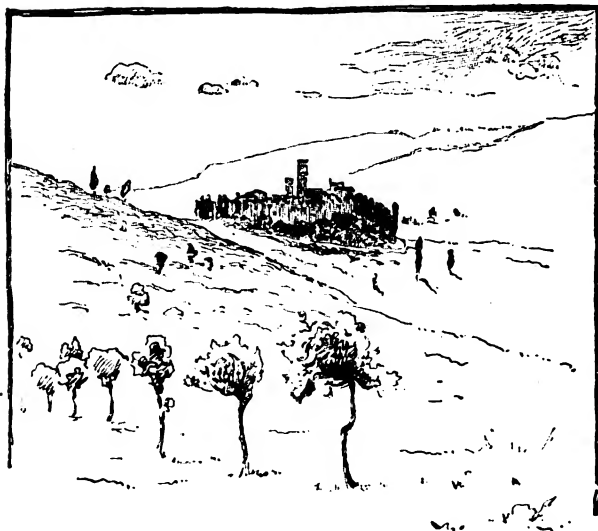


other," as our driver remarked. Magnificent are the shapes of the snow-mountains outlined against the sky: the Gran Sasso d'Italia, the Majella, Morrone, Rajano, and others forming an unbroken chain which encircles the plain like a girdle on the south-west, west, and north; to the south and east lower hills take their place which, though snow-mantled at the time of our visit, are below the line of perpetual snow which the Gran Sasso alone rises above, forming the highest point south of the Alps.

There are no wild flowers save an occasional sprig of hawthorn or honeysuckle growing on the hedges, but now and then the air was filled with sweetness as we passed a bean-field. Birds are also rare, save goldfinches, magpies, and martins; once we caught the brilliant yellow and black tints of a golden oriole as it flashed across our view; huge green lizards abounded, darting in and out of the furrows, or basking on sunbaked walls. A strange custom prevails of stacking enormous piles of firewood, or *canne*, among the branches of the trees, which in the distance produces the effect of gigantic birds' nests. The nearer hills—bare and arid as they look—are cultivated to the summit, representing infinite toil and labor, since the fields have to be cleared stone by stone before the soil can be turned to use, and the patient workers come miles from scattered hamlets. At early dawn they set forth, and do not tread the homeward road till sunset; the seed sown is stamped down into the ground by the men's bare feet. Women take an equal share of field work with the men, and

form Eastern-looking figures as they stoop down to weed or hoe, their white *panni* falling round them in artistic folds. It is no wonder that such a hard life ages them prematurely, and we were struck by the number of brown, shrivelled old women; though the girls are often very handsome, there seems to be no middle age.

Icy winters are succeeded by burning sum-





ST. ALESSANDRO.

mers when the pitiless sun strikes unchecked on the treeless plain and arid hills, where sheep and goats, guarded by fierce dogs, browse on such scanty herbage as they can pick up between the stones. There are here no soft swelling hills, pellucid streams, or green woods as in Umbria; everything is stern and rugged. The gray, snow-fed streams tear along angrily in their rocky beds; ruined towers crown the heights of little brown *paesi* built on apparently inaccessible crags, so brown that except when touched by a ray of sunshine it is impossible to discern where the rock ends and the village begins. Yet the snow-mountains have a grandeur of their own, and the effects of *chiar-oscuro*, as the snow peaks suddenly grow radiant in the dazzling sunlight; while the nearer hills, dark with passing cloud-shadows, are wondrously beautiful.

Wooden wayside crosses adorned with rudely sculptured objects of the Passion are common, for the Abruzzese still retain an unweakened faith, largely mixed with ignorance and superstition indeed, but none the less real for all that; their hard lives, lived at such a low level, can leave them but scant leisure for aught beyond the daily round of toil, and they cling to their "religion" with a touching simplicity. As the women walk home from their field labor they finger their rosaries, telling their beads, or kneel down to pray at the way-

side shrines, while the men reverently uncover their heads every time they pass the sacred symbol or a church.

The sound of the Angelus bell will collect the whole population of one of the small Abruzzi towns in its churches. The open-air life in many of these villages where all the spinning, lace-making, and other avocations are carried on in the street, brings the people wonderfully together, and unites their interests and associations as those of one great family, and if a poor person dies, it is not unusual to see the whole town attend the funeral, while orphans who have been born in the place become regarded as universal property, and receive a share of the attentions and care of all. On a summer evening, when crowds of the inhabitants of a mountain town are sitting out in the shady street at their work, it is not unusual for one of them to take up one of the long, melancholy, never-ending songs which are handed down here for generations, and for the whole people to join in the choruses. These songs are inexhaustible, varying from the short, lively catches in two lines, called *stornelli*, to long ballads which sometimes succeed one another in more than a hundred verses.

During our stay at Solmona the annual May *festa* to the Madonna at Pratola, a village two hours distant, took place, and thither flocked the whole country-side from miles around. Strings of carts succeeded each other along the roads, crowded beyond description with women and children, many of whom carried tapers, singing litanies as they went; the men followed on foot, joining in the refrain: "Eviva Maria, eviva Maria!" Those who came from afar spent the night in the churches or in the open piazzas; the whole air was full of the sound of chanting; for the echoes of one company had not died away ere another approached. Most of the carts held sixteen or twenty people, seated on planks laid cross or lengthwise, five persons paying fifty *centesimi* (a penny per head) for a drive of eight or ten miles! Most striking was the beauty of the women's costumes, for though in essentials they resemble each other, almost every *paese* has some peculiar, time-honored distinction. The dress round Solmona itself consists of a short skirt of dark homespun, and a breastplate of scarlet flannel; on the head is worn a white linen cloth trimmed with coarse embroidery, falling below the waist and ending in a fringe; over this again a blood-red or bright blue woollen cloth is folded square, which in wet weather is worn as a cloak; massive gold necklaces and ear-rings, or strings of golden or coral beads, com-

plete this most becoming attire. That of the women of Scanno (five hours from Solmona) is, however, quite different, and has remained unchanged since Lear thus described it, fifty years ago: "The costume of the women of Scanno is extremely peculiar, and suggests an oriental origin, particularly when (as is not unusually the case with the elder females) a white handkerchief is bound round the lower part of the face, concealing all but the eyes and nose. In former days the material of the Scanno dress was scarlet cloth richly ornamented with green velvet, gold lace, etc.; the shoes of blue worked satin, and the shoulder-straps of massive silver, a luxury of vestments now only possessed by a very few. At present both the skirt and bodice are of black or dark blue cloth, the former being extremely full, and the waist very short; the apron is of scarlet or crimson stuff. The head-dress is very striking: a white handkerchief is surmounted by a falling cap of dark cloth among the poorer orders, but of worked purple satin with the rich; and this again is bound turbanwise by a white or primrose colored fillet striped with various colors, though, excepting on *festa* days, the poor do not wear this additional band. The hair is plaited very beautifully with ribbon; the ear-rings, buttons, necklaces, and chains are of silver—in rich families, often exceedingly costly."

The men's costume resembles that of the Spanish peasants, consisting of "white shirts, and full breeches of white linen fastened close at the knee, blue stockings, and an open sleeveless jacket of blue cloth, with a scarlet sash."



Just outside Solmona is the church of St. Panfilio, with a fine Gothic doorway, and a curious Byzantine Madonna and Child of the eighth century, in alto-rilievo, in the crypt. Two miles beyond, at the foot of the Morrone, is the great Badia, formerly the monastery of St. Pietro Celestino, now converted into a prison; it was built with materials taken from the ruins of Corfinium, and a more dreary, hideous edifice it would be difficult to find. Some remains of reticulated brickwork on the slopes of the hill are supposed to belong to a villa of Ovid. An hour's steep climbing up an almost precipitous path leads to the hermitage built over the cave inhabited by Pietro Morrone, which seen from below appears absolutely inaccessible. Hence, in 1294, the venerable hermit was dragged from his retreat, at the age of seventy-six, to fill the Papal throne under the name of Celestine V., a dignity he abdicated five months afterwards. Here the archbishop and two bishops who had been sent by the conclave to announce his elevation to the Papal chair fell upon their knees before the hermit, and so astonished him with the news that he sought escape from his new and unexpected honors by flight. It was here also that Charles II. and his son Charles Martel came to accompany the new pope to his coronation, and held the bridle of his mule as he made his entry into the city of Aquila, where his consecration took place in the presence of a vast multitude.

We drove to Corfinium, an hour and a half from Solmona, the road leading through the same monotonous fields with bean and corn crops occupying the ground beneath the vines. Beautiful as it sounds, such scenery becomes tiresome, and we hailed with delight the advent of a procession of old women draped in their red *panni*, each bearing a load on her head, and leaning on a long staff, looking like Macbeth's witches as they passed. Though we were in May, clouds trailed down the mountain sides and blotted out their summits. Rocca-casale, a most picturesque village built against a spur of rock, stood out in a passing ray of sunlight, and after a steady climb we drove through Pentina (the ancient Peligna); a mile further we reached the site of Corfinium. Little remains now but two fragments of an aqueduct once stretching across the plain to mark the existence of the capital of the Peligni, boasting before the Christian era a fine forum and senate-house. The curiosities found among the ruins include a most important collection of Roman domestic implements, with arms and weapons found in the entrenchment made by Cæsar dur-



SANTA MARIA DELLA TOMBA.

ing the famous siege, and are stored in a small museum at Pentina. By the roadside stands the Church of St. Pelino, built in the thirteenth century, with stones quarried from the ruins of Corfinium. The interior contains nothing noteworthy beyond a finely carved ambo, but in the adjoining Church of St. Alessandro, which dates from 1102, and is now disused, there is a most interesting episcopal chair and a stone table-altar with ancient frescoes on the wall behind.

What greatly spoiled our enjoyment throughout our sojourn at Solmona was the pitiable condition of the horses, which made driving almost prohibitive. The cart-horses were no better, and it seemed ironical that these poor emaciated animals should wear the elaborately decorated harness, often surmounted by a perfect pagoda of brass, rising story above story, each separate landing having a peal of bells, with generally a sort of little windmill at the top to keep off the flies,

and in front a figure of St. Antonio standing detached in an attitude of benediction.

Strangers are apparently rarely seen at Solmona, for we were followed by a crowd whenever we ventured out on foot, and the working of the photographic camera under these circumstances was a difficulty, though otherwise the population is simple and unspoilt. Their language is a dialect of the Neapolitan type, and is utterly incomprehensible to the ordinary Italian scholar. Our quarters in the excellent little "Albergo Monzù" at the entrance to the town left nothing to be desired, for, spite of dusty brick floors and bare walls, everything was scrupulously clean, and the fare was sumptuous to those who can accustom themselves to the true Italian cookery, in which oil is by no means a necessary ingredient. Most savory country dishes were concocted for us by the handsome *padrona* and her sister, who honored us by their special attention and attendance; but alas! the clouds which hung about ever since our arrival became daily more threatening despite our being in the flowery month of May, and at last gave place to steady rain blotting out the view on all sides; so we had perforce to stay indoors and study the strange legends of the neighborhood, instead of going to Aquila and the district round Amatrice, which we had to leave unexplored until, at an early date, a fine spring may enable us to satisfy our curiosity to view the snows of the Gran Sasso from a nearer point.



THE DUDLEIAN LECTURE FOR 1899.*

BY REV. JAMES J. FOX, D.D. (*Catholic University of America*).

IN the year 1750 Judge Paul Dudley founded in Harvard University a course of lectures to be delivered annually. The purpose of one of the lectures was fixed to be the "detecting and correcting and exposing the idolatry of the Romish Church, its tyranny, usurpations, damnable heresies, fatal errors, superstitions, and other crying wickednesses in its high places"; and to showing that "the Church of Rome is that mystical Babylon, that man of sin, that apostate Church spoken of in the New Testament." Most of the lecturers who were called upon to discharge this office delivered lectures which were in perfect harmony with the spirit of the founder. The superstitions and errors of the Catholic Church were taken, not from Catholic doctrine but from the prevailing anti-Catholic tradition which flourished in the Protestant mind. Errors were confuted, wickedness scorched, damnable heresies exposed which were never any part of Catholic doctrine.

DR. TOY TRIES TO BE FAIR.

The latest of these lectures, however, was delivered by a scholarly gentleman who, ignoring the traditional methods of the church's assailants, has gone to Catholic sources for Catholic doctrines, and given himself the trouble of mastering their real meaning. He has made a study of a number of the writings of Leo XIII., rightly judging that in them is to be found an authoritative presentation of Catholic belief. His estimate of what is to be taken as an *ex-cathedra*, and consequently an infallible, declaration is, as might be expected, one that Catholic theology would not endorse. In one passage, for example, he refers to "the Syllabus of Pius IX. (see the Bullarium Romanorum), (*sic*) of which," he continues, "it cannot be doubted that it is put forth as an *ex-cathedral* (*sic*) utterance." The Catholic theologian who can read this passage without smiling must be a very grave personage indeed. If Dr. Toy will examine some of the writings published relating to the Syllabus (as, for example, the articles in the *Civiltà Cattolica* by Father Rinaldi,

* The text of the lecture is to be found in the *Christian Register*, January 18, 1900.

S.J.*), he will see that he is much more dogmatic on this point than are Catholic authorities. In some other instances, too, Dr. Toy has not grasped the exact purport of Catholic practices and beliefs; but he has evidently been actuated by a spirit of fairness, as rare as it is commendable. If all the representatives of Harvard followed his methods and displayed his spirit, the consecrated term by which her sons love to designate their gracious Alma Mater by the Charles would be hers by a double right; she would be Fair Harvard not merely in the æsthetic but in the nobler juridical sense of the word.

AN ACQUITTAL FOR CATHOLIC DOCTRINES.

Dr. Toy expresses his opinion that the chief dogmas and practices of the church are nowise in conflict with the spirit of true religion. "In certain points," he says, "as the Trinity, the two natures in the Second Person, salvation by Christ alone, eternal rewards and punishments, and the divine authority of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, the pope agrees with the mass of the Christian world." If Dr. Toy had said that on these subjects the pope's doctrine agrees with what was the belief of the mass of the Christian world one hundred, or perhaps fifty years ago, he would have been more accurate. What is the belief of the mass of the Christian world outside the Catholic Church to-day it passes the wit of man to discover, or rather it is quite evident that on no one of these points is there any unity of belief whatever, not even on that which was the common basis of all Protestant sects—the divine authority of Scripture.

The cult of Mary, the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, Dr. Toy finds not to be incompatible with the belief in the alone saving power of Christ. Purgatory is not an unchristian dogma. Even the doctrine of indulgences, the "damnable error" which more than any other has always brought out all the powers of denunciation and invective possessed by the Protestant polemic, Dr. Toy finds reasonable. "An indulgence, according to the modern Romanist definition of the term, is not a remission of sin or of the eternal punishment due to mortal sin, nor a permission to commit sin in the future" (this was the accepted Protestant definition), "but simply a total or partial remission of the temporal punishment still due to sin after the guilt has been remitted by penance." The modern Catholic definition of indulgences is precisely the same

* Series XIII., vol. ii. ff. See also *Il Valore del Syllabo*, Roma, 1888. *La Vraie et la Fausse de l'Infallibilité du Pape*, Fessler, p. 132.

definition as always has been given by the church and theologians. This fact is very easily discovered by anybody who will give himself the trouble of consulting, at first hand, the writings of Catholic theologians of past times.* Sacramental absolution Dr. Toy declares to be but the formulation of a Scriptural and universal idea, provided it is conditioned on true repentance; and the least instructed Catholic is aware that he does not receive absolution at all unless he is sorry for his sins, and resolved to avoid sin in future.

"It may, then, as it seems to me, be concluded," Dr. Toy sums up, "that none of the doctrines and usages so far mentioned"—and he has mentioned several others than those above referred to—"can be regarded as in themselves fatal to spiritual religion." We fancy that the dust of Paul Dudley must have stirred in protest at this wholesale acquittal of the brood of the man of sin.

THE CHURCH'S AUTHORITY IN FAITH AND MORALS.

Of course Dr. Toy does not assume the position of an apologist for Catholicity, but of a critic; and after making these liberal admissions he brings forward the point of Catholic doctrine which he would subject to scrutiny; that is, the claim of the church to supreme control over faith and morals. The authority thus claimed he in some places designates as absolute, in others as external. Absolute is a term susceptible of a meaning that would not represent justly the nature of the authority claimed by the church; hence, we can hardly think that Dr. Toy meant to use it in the sense of tyrannical, but rather in that of supreme. It is certainly a fundamental dogma, and from one point of view the fundamental dogma of Catholicity, that the church derives from her divine Founder a supreme authority over faith and morals. This principle Dr. Toy finds abundantly asserted in the various documents of Leo XIII. which he has examined. The gist of his lecture is to consider whether external authority, as opposed to individualism, is best calculated to promote the religious and moral advancement of men. Such authority seems to him irreconcilable with the rights of the individual conscience, whose essence he holds to be independence, for "in the last appeal every man must be a law unto himself." On the other hand, though admitting that individualism has produced many and great diversi-

* Compare the Formula of Indulgences granted by Leo XI. (Amort, *Hist. Indulg.*) in 1517 with the Form of the Jubilee Indulgences issued by Leo XIII. for the present year. They will be found identical.

ties of opinion on religious, philosophical, and social questions, he holds that it may yet be relied upon to establish for men harmony and peace in the moral and religious life. "Nevertheless it may, I think, be maintained that free individualism is in its nature not anarchical but, on the contrary, has tended, in politics, sociology, and religion, to create its own moral guidance, and to establish vitality, orderliness, unity, and peace." The grounds upon which Dr. Toy bases this conclusion are the fact that man's "knowledge of his own finiteness impels him to seek peace and unity," "that this has been the tendency in the physical sciences and in social and political life," and "there is no reason why similar untrammelled action should not bring about similar results in the world of morals and religion; and this in fact has been the result." In coming to this conclusion Dr. Toy must have entirely overlooked one of the essential factors of the problem, as well as some of the most patent facts of history and of contemporary life.

NATURE OF PROGRESS IN THE SCIENTIFIC ORDER.

The powers of the human mind when employed in the acquisition of knowledge concerning the physical world, and those human relations which are involved in the daily experience of the individual and the race, have capabilities vastly different from what they possess for the solution of the great fundamental questions of the religious life. In the physical sciences the law of the human mind is progress. The rate of progress may vary—it is now slow, now rapid, sometimes intermittent; but it never changes to retrogression. Once a truth of the physical world is reached and conclusively proved, it is so much more knowledge added for all time to the heritage of the human race. A mathematical demonstration is never gainsaid; a fact of physics, chemistry, or biology, once it is sufficiently attested, is elevated to the rank of incontestable truths. The man who continues to theorize vaguely about their existence writes himself down a visionary, and whoever contests them is held to be little better than a lunatic. The gains of one generation are bequeathed to the next; the goal reached by the scientists of yesterday is the starting-point for those of to-day, and where the work of these finish the investigations of those who come after them will begin. Divergent views and conflicting theories give way to harmony when demonstration and experiment have established a conclusion.

What is true of the purely demonstrative and experimental

sciences is true to a certain extent of the great principles of the moral law which underlie the moral relations of mankind in its individual, social, and political development; for this development is largely associated with experience. The moral law is concretized in the nature of man and of the universe in which he passes his existence. If he would develop his faculties in accordance with the innate tendency of his nature, society is necessary; and society implies the practical acceptance of some moral code, however crude. If among individuals there is a wide-spread violation of the laws which ought to govern human relations, especially those of the sexes, the germs of corruption are introduced into the national life. Thus far individual reason becomes a principle of unity in the moral life.

But when we pass from the more obvious and imperative dictates of common individual and social morality to the development of a complete system worthy of rational life, and necessary to any high ideal, immediately divergence of opinions arises, which in the absence of any established controlling authority must continue, and by continuance become more and more pronounced. A glance at the conflicting views entertained to-day in this country on the nature of marriage—the most momentous of all human relations—is a sufficient illustration of this truth. Let us suppose that the much-enfeebled and waning influence of the Christian standard on this subject were removed from the hearts of the people as well as from the laws of the nation, and who is so visionary as to say that there would be any uniformity or agreement on this momentous question? Besides, there cannot be any stable, efficacious system of morality established for masses of men and justified before reason without settling the value of moral obligation; and at this point the moral problem blends with the religious.

IN THE FIELD OF RELIGIOUS INQUIRY DIVERGENCES EXIST OF
A NECESSITY.

When the human mind enters the field of religious inquiry it is confronted with a task radically different from that which it successfully wrestles with in other spheres of knowledge. Laying aside supernatural revelation and all that belongs to it, what progress towards unity of knowledge concerning God has the human mind made since the days of Plato or of the publication of *De Natura Rerum*? None whatever. There is the same unending conflict of idealist and materialist, of theist and pantheist and determinist. We are all familiar, indeed, with

the fuss that some writers make about the wonderfully more perfect knowledge which we have of the Supreme Being since the invention of the evolutionary theory. One fact will indicate the value of this pretension, without adducing many others which might be cited. Mr. Herbert Spencer, who surely must be recognized as the ex-cathedra exponent of evolution, has done his best to establish the view that the human mind is inevitably driven to assume, not as the result of argument but as a postulate for which it can offer no logical proof, the existence of a Universal Absolute. Next he insists, through many a dreary page, that reason only stultifies itself, not alone when it endeavors to comprehend but even when it attempts to form for itself any kind of coherent notion, however vague, concerning the nature of this Absolute. Especially if any one speaks of the First Cause as having powers infinitely greater than human intelligence and will, but pre-eminently containing all the efficacy that these human faculties are capable of, such language is evidence for Mr. Spencer of the persistence of the ignorance and credulity characteristic of the barbarian or primeval savage. Mr. Spencer, consistently with his principles, attempts to show that the whole science of morals may be constructed without once referring to the Unknowable. Having perused Mr. Spencer, the reader may proceed to Mr. Fiske, who, in the name of evolution, recognizes the Unknowable as the eternal source of the moral law, and who speaks of obedience to that law as the source of a happiness which is incorruptible. The views of the master and the disciple on the knowledge which we have of God, considered in its bearing on practical life, are widely divergent. And the divergences existing among teachers of the same school are as nothing compared to those which exist between opposite camps. There is just now a very wide-spread tendency among English-speaking philosophers towards theism. But this tendency towards unity is rather superficial than profound. On the bosom of a sheet of water one may sometimes see a quantity of driftwood closely packed together and apparently forming a solid mass. But it is held together by nothing more permanent than the temporary conditions of currents and winds. On the inevitable variation of these forces it will break up again into fragments that will go off in every direction. This is precisely the character of the present fortuitous unity of philosophical thought relative to the existence of God. The same term, God, is used by different writers to express very different and frequently irre-

concilable conceptions. The arguments are drawn from totally opposed philosophical systems. One widely esteemed authority seeks a proof of God's existence in the idealism which holds that there is nothing real for us outside our own consciousness. Another bases his theism on the common-sense view that, although this world is a fleeting show, it is a very real affair while it lasts. The unity of agreement is superficial; underneath it is a war of mutually destructive principles. Human reason will always regard such arguments as wanting that character whose presence in mathematical and experimental proof elicits and retains its assent.

PHILOSOPHICAL SPECULATION LEADS TO CONFLICTING OPINIONS.

Concerning all the other great questions involved in religion, the destiny of man, the immortality of the soul, the investigations of men exhibit the same scene of conflict and disagreement, master against master, school against school. Through every age in these speculations the pendulum of human thought has been beating time by oscillating from one extreme to the other. While the human mind has been steadily progressing, from the beginning, in the mathematical and cognate sciences, and gathering, particle by particle, masses of unquestionable knowledge in every field of human experience, physical and moral, it has not yet succeeded in demonstrating in a way to put it beyond challenge one simple principle of philosophy, nor thrown one single ray of steady light upon the mystery of existence. It is a far cry from the observation recorded by Thales of Miletus, that amber when rubbed with a piece of silk attracts light bodies, to the knowledge that turns the night of our cities into day and drives countless wheels of industry. But the fact noticed by Thales was the origin of all the admirable inventions of Edison. From it there was no retrogression. But all the efforts of all the philosophers who have thought and wrangled for thousands of years have not made good for mankind one single step of advance in knowledge of the world outside of sense and time, in such a manner as to establish anything beyond dispute. And anybody who reflects on the conditions of the search will readily affirm that for mere philosophical speculation the future will be like the past.

If from natural we turn to supernatural religion to find what is the outcome of free individualism, there is no need for any deductive reasoning. We have its natural results under our eyes. *Si monumentum quæris, circumspice*. The prevailing

condition of belief in Protestant sects, each one of which started its existence with a firm profession of some Christian dogmas, and all with a profound conviction of the inspiration of Scripture, are at present in a state of chaos. Governing bodies are afraid to affirm their creeds; or if they do affirm them, intimating at the same time that individuals are under no obligation of accepting. And among members no uniformity of belief is any longer left or expected. This throwing overboard does, of course, produce unity of a certain sort; a unity akin to the equality of riches which a bandit establishes among his prisoners by despoiling all impartially of whatever they possess. It reduces Christianity to the level of natural religion, denies any inherent authority to Christ, individual reason again becomes the sole guide to truth, and Sisyphus begins rolling his stone once more.

AUTHORITY THE ONLY SOURCE OF UNITY.

Since free individualism is inadequate to the establishment of harmonious peaceful unity, it follows that if such unity is to be obtained by the human mind it must come from a principle of authority, if God has vouchsafed no other means. This principle of authority must be clothed with two prerogatives: it must be of such a nature that it can offer to the human mind a basis of infallible certitude for religious knowledge; it must have the right to give that knowledge, and there must exist a correlative duty for the human mind to accept it as reliable. The doctrine of the Catholic Church is that God gave such a supernatural knowledge to man, through divine revelation which was completed and perfected in the doctrine taught and the religion established by his Divine Son, Jesus Christ. If he came with divine authority to teach and guide all men, his authority must be perpetuated in some living, enduring organ, deriving from him, otherwise his doctrine is abandoned to the interpretation of free individualism and by the vagaries of this principle is rendered nugatory. The Catholic Church claims to be this living organ, and establishes her claim by showing her uninterrupted continuity, and her identity with that society which the Master founded, and which he commissioned to teach mankind.

AN OBJECTION ANSWERED.

The objection made to this claim of external authority is that it is incompatible with the inalienable rights of the individual conscience. If the analysis of its nature made by the

church's opponents were true, it would be an unjust tyranny over conscience. But when fairly understood it will be found nowise to conflict with the rights of individual reason either in the speculative or in the practical field. Let us examine it briefly as it plays its part in the domain of belief, and in that of moral action. As Dr. Toy observes, there is laid upon man the obligation of reaching truth as far as in him lies. Not, of course, every kind of truth for all men. Everybody, for example, is not under any obligation of studying mathematics, or sociology, or botany. But all are bound to acquire, as far as in them lies, the knowledge necessary to the fulfilment of their moral duties, and to attain the essential perfection of their nature. Now, there are two ways of reaching knowledge. One is through the evidence, direct or indirect, which appeals to and wins the consent of our reason. The other is by that of authority. And when reason is satisfied that the authority which makes a statement is fully trustworthy, the assent to such a statement is just as reasonable as the assent which we give to truths that we have discovered for ourselves. And for by far the greater part of our knowledge in every sphere it is on authority that we rely. Furthermore, in whichever of these two ways we reach the knowledge of a truth we are no longer free, if we wish to remain reasonable, to speculate vaguely upon the matter. Even the most inveterate advocate of independent thought will admit that no reasonable man is free to question seriously the statement that the earth revolves on its axis, or that there is such a place as Ladysmith in South Africa, or that Napoleon Bonaparte was defeated at Waterloo and died at Longwood. Yet most men must take all these facts on authority; and when reason finds the authority reliable, it would but act against its own nature to deny any of them. This is precisely the kind of assent which a Catholic gives to the teaching of the church. He has reasonable and sufficient grounds for believing her to be appointed by Christ to teach and guide her children, and endowed with the necessary powers to fulfil that function. When the church proposes a dogma for acceptance he knows that he is acting according to right reason in accepting that dogma as a statement of truth; and to hesitate to receive it until he would have found out the matter for himself would be an absurdity. He knows, furthermore, that if he holds any views contrary to such a doctrine, his method of investigation or sources of information must have led him astray. If science has demonstrated any fact which seems to conflict with dogma, he knows that both are true and

that the conflict is but apparent, and is bound to disappear. The assent to any doctrine proposed by the church no more does violence to the individual reason than does the assent which we give to any other kind of knowledge of which we have no direct demonstration or proof, but which we hold on the authority of others.

AUTHORITY CONSISTENT WITH RIGHTS OF CONSCIENCE.

It now remains to be pointed out how the authority of the church in morals is perfectly consistent with the rights of conscience as the final guide of life. Conscience is reason acting as the internal authoritative regulator and norm of conduct according to the law which divides right and wrong in the moral world. As such it is, indeed, the ultimate authority for every human being. Against its dictates no man may, under any circumstances, lawfully act. It is the voice of God in the human soul. The responsibility of every rational being before God is determined by the measure of fidelity which he has shown towards this authority. This is the doctrine of the Catholic Church. She respects the sanctity of conscience. Her authority bears upon it in two ways: (1) By legislation, (2) By direction, chiefly in the sacrament of penance. The church's power of legislation is derived from her appointment to teach and guide her members; for the power of imposing laws restraining from evil and stimulating towards good, is the essential and appropriate means for the guidance of rational beings. Such a law, when made, becomes part of the great objective standard of right and wrong which, fundamentally constituted by the natural law, comprises in its sweep all laws made by any legitimately constituted authority acting within its lawful powers. A first principle of natural morality is that every lawful authority ought to be obeyed. In virtue of this principle civil governments possess the right of legislating for the common good. When a just law is imposed every right-minded citizen recognizes in his conscience that it is to be obeyed. Nor does he consider such a law a violation of his independence. His new obligation is but a legitimate consequence of more general antecedent obligations. In precisely the same way the Catholic, recognizing in conscience that he is obliged to obey lawfully constituted authority, and knowing, besides, that the church is the supreme authority in morals and religion, feels in his conscience that he is morally bound to obey her. His obedience is a compliance with the dictates of conscience.

A MAN MAY NOT ACT AGAINST HIS CONSCIENCE.

In the direction of the individual conscience a first principle is, as has been stated above, that under no circumstances may a man act against his conscience. Non-Catholics are frequently surprised to find that Catholic theology maintains this principle. For in this particular the Protestant tradition has been particularly false. But the fact is so, and it can be verified by anybody who will consult any Catholic moral theologian of any date or country. It frequently happens, however, that an individual has found a false view of his obligations, believing that he is free to act in a manner that is really immoral, or that he is obliged to do something which in fact he ought not to do. That we may conform our conduct to the laws of morality, we must first know the law sufficiently; and, secondly, we must have a just appreciation of the nature and consequences of the proposed action. A false judgment upon either of these two factors will result in a false conscience. When the confessor finds a person erring upon either of these points, his duty is to instruct the person, to point out the error wherever it may lie, and thereby enable the person to exchange his erroneous view for a true one. In case, however, as sometimes happens, the individual still persists in his error, believing right to be wrong, or wrong to be right, the confessor may never command him to act in opposition to his conscience. And this is the sum total of the authority which the Catholic Church claims over the consciences of her subjects.

The church's office is, to borrow the words which Dr. Toy applies to it hypothetically, "to act so as to cherish and develop the individual conscience, and quicken the sense of the presence of God in the soul"; and his most cherished hope is "to hasten the advent of a religious unity" founded, not on the impracticable basis of "the independent convictions of men," in the sense of Dr. Toy, but on their rational conviction that Christ, the Son of God, by divine authority established a religion and revealed the truth to men, and that having done so, he took care to establish a permanent authority that should be the exponent of this truth for all generations. The danger which Dr. Toy apprehends, from his perusal of the works of Leo XIII., that the church may substitute external authority for the authority of conscience, is one which a closer study of Catholic theology would, we are convinced, show him not to exist.

THE DREAMERS.

BY T. B. REILLY.



AVE the whispered plea for final peace,
The promised pardon of a day gone wrong,
Voiceless they wait for time's heart-sought release,
Dreaming they stand amid the heedless throng.

Ever against the bulk of poignant fears
Where loom their sorrow and their grief unknown,
Gleams through the mist of ever-ended years
The goal they've lost—the vacant, promised throne.

And when the regal raiment of the day
Lies doffed beneath the gloom of shadows cast,
Backward they run the well-remembered way
To soothe their souls with visions of the past.

It were the weaker part to oft recall
The crude retreat of youth's aggressive arms;
To deem the issue lost because a fall
Threatens the field with ruinous alarms.

Gird ye the heart and laugh defeat to scorn;
Remember not its sting, nor weep for it,
But with a faith whence victories are born
Make good the fight with courage infinite.

What though ye never raise immortal song?—
Not every king has won his rightful throne—
God-marked within the ever-shifting throng
Life's heroes live—to men and fame unknown.



FATHER YOUNG AT 60 YEARS.

REV. ALFRED YOUNG, C.S.P.

DIED APRIL 4, 1900.



THIS is our painful duty to record the death, on April 4, at the Paulist Convent, New York City, of the Rev. Alfred Young, one of the oldest and best-known members of the Paulist Institute, and a frequent and valuable contributor to the pages of this magazine during the thirty-five years it has been before the American public. We feel very sure that a brief sketch of his life and work will be of interest to our readers, and we have from many sources heartfelt assurances of regret at his going and sympathy for our loss.

The announcement of Father Young's death, though not unexpected, has called forth fervent prayers and awakened many holy memories, not only in New York City but throughout the whole country. In St. Paul's parish particularly it brings back events in which he was the leading figure, and renews

impressions and hallowed scenes which are the best part of our earthly experience and history. To many of St. Paul's present parishioners, especially those who are only coming to man's estate, owing to his prolonged seclusion and infirmities, Father Young was an interesting but a pathetic figure; as he was wheeled past them in his invalid chair by his attendant, he was simply the shadow of a once great name. But to those who can go back in the history of the parish and the Paulist Community, he was identified with their beginnings almost, with their growth and early progress; in all that makes the Community he had his part, and it was a great part. Of many things which characterize both Community and parish he was the creator. Now that we can stand back from his life to view it in its parts and as a whole, the sense of our obligation to him deepens upon us, and the more brightly too are the providential leadings of his career made manifest.

Father Young was born in Bristol, England, in 1831, of non-Catholic parents, but being brought to this country in infancy by them, when they took up their home at Princeton, N. J., his training, feelings, and sentiments were wholly and thoroughly American. Endowed with precocious talents, he entered Princeton College as a mere lad and was graduated therefrom at the extraordinarily early age of eighteen. Choosing medicine for his profession, he made and completed his studies here in New York, and thus a career, one of his choice, useful, honorable, opened out before him. But a vision seen in boyhood had enthralled him, and a voice had spoken within his soul stirring it to its depths and inviting him upward and onward. It was the vision of the Church of God, the heavenly Jerusalem come down upon the earth, and the voice was that of Christ's Holy Spirit, who dwells within her. In one of his many articles in this magazine he tells us how as a boy he had wandered, at first out of mere curiosity, into a Catholic chapel, and had felt himself drawn to come again and yet again until the whole place, music, vestments, devotions, fascinated him. The seed thus sown ripened by investigation, study, and prayer, and thus he stretched heart and soul towards God's truth, "if haply he could find it"; and thus it came to pass that the day which saw him at the beginning of his professional career saw him also upon the threshold of the Catholic Church, asking for admission. It is indeed the property of God's truth to attract and to satisfy all minds, no matter how diverse their habit of thought or how varied their intellectual being and

culture, as it is also the purpose and right of the Catholic Church to impress and to win all men whatever their tongue or nation; but speaking according to a limited experience, it is rarely indeed that this presentation was so subduing, so complete and satisfying, as in Father Young's case. His was a complex, versatile, and richly endowed nature. There was in it a religious basis, a longing not only to know divine truth, but to come to and to walk with God, to feel his presence, to delight in his will, that blending of reverence, desire, and love which makes a spiritual man; then upon the intellectual side there was a highly imaginative, poetic, and artistic temperament, and both these, sentiment and faith alike, were influenced and controlled by a keen dialectic power and capacity—to all these there is nothing under heaven so satisfying as the church. He was an instance, now happily so frequent and well known since the Catho-



ALFRED YOUNG AT 18 YEARS.—A GRADUATE FROM PRINCETON.

lic revival in English-speaking countries, of how perfect can be the conversion, how noble and thorough the response candid and cultivated minds make to God's invitation.

And what was his response, what his return for the gift of faith? It was that made by the Apostles to Christ himself, "that forthwith leaving all things, they followed him." Drawn by an interior vocation to the sanctuary, he abandoned his profession, left home and friends and country even, and went to the Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris, there in that famed abode of learning, piety, and discipline to fit himself by study and prayer for the holy priesthood. Completing his course, he returned home and was made a priest in 1856 by Bishop

Bayley—and his was the first ordination in and for the diocese of Newark.

After a year or two of various charges, one of which was the vice-presidency of Seton Hall College, he became pastor of Trenton, N. J., and later on of Princeton, his own home. He had the happiness of welcoming and helping his own family, parents and brothers, into the church, and his zeal and success are still affectionately remembered and spoken of by his former parishioners.

The work and aims of the Paulist Fathers, then in their early stages, could not be but of immense interest to Father Young; similarity of views brought him to them and proved an irresistible attraction, and this was deepened by appreciative and personal contact on a mission given by them to his parish.

He joined the Paulists in 1862. Passing through his probation, he entered with singular zeal and ability upon the many phases of the Community's work. Though physically not well fitted for the many changes, the strain and excessive labor of the missions, he developed at once into a forceful and dramatic preacher, and his sermons, models of the impassioned



ALFRED YOUNG AT 21 YEARS.—A MEDICAL DOCTOR.

style, produced immense results in the conversion of souls. But it was here in our own growing parish and upon the many from outside, Catholics and non-Catholics, that he was to do the most of his priestly work; here that he found the field for his energy and varied ability. As a finished preacher, an untiring confessor, as prefect of various sodalities—particularly those for boys and girls, for his was a kind, winning, stimulating sympathy—he endeared himself

to all, young and old, and was the friend, guide, and counsellor of all. Coming to us just after God had taken to himself Fathers Baker and Tillotson, both of them men of exquisite taste and deep reverential knowledge of the church's liturgy and external details of worship, he enlarged upon their beginnings, and completed that system of exact and elaborate worship the characteristic of St. Paul's church services and the example, in those days, of what was not only possible but best.



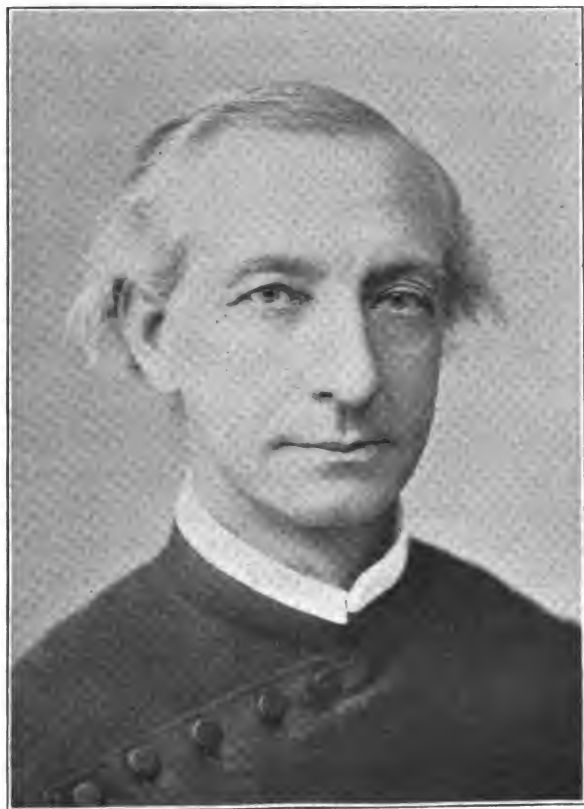
REV. ALFRED YOUNG, C.S.P., AT 30.—A YOUNG MISSIONARY.

In our times, when in all departments of art, science, and literature there are so many accomplished and strenuous workers, advocates, teachers, and exemplars of varied excellence, when ability is so widely diffused, it is not easy to obtain and deserve a name, to be a leader, to make real increase to the world's stock of knowledge and culture, or to restore what has been adjudged valuable in the past but now fallen out of esteem; yet to do something of this was Father Young's good fortune and merit. He holds a place and has done a work in one great field, and his name will be for ever associated with the revival of church music in this country. Himself an accomplished musician and possessed of a voice of exquisite timbre, of great flexibility and power, he consecrated his gift and his knowledge to the furtherance of God's praise in his church. Thirty or more years ago we of the United States were but beginners in musical matters, the standard of taste and judgment had not been created or developed, and in the choice and presentation of Catholic church music especially we contented ourselves with an imitation and poor rendition of what was intended for circumstances wholly different from our own,

or with productions inferior in themselves, the compositions sometimes of non-Catholics who neither knew nor cared for the true place and function of music in our worship. The condition of things, ruled as it often was by some incompetent autocrat in the choir-gallery, can only be summed up by that much-abused word "dreadful"—a dreadfulness which ranged from the ludicrous to torture—repetitions, mutilations, inappropriate selections, secular adaptations, and voluntaries suited neither to the church, to her office, to the season, nor to the singers' capacity. There was, moreover, wide-spread ignorance, indifference, and disregard of the traditions and of the positive injunctions of the church; but the time had come for improvement. A leader appeared in the person of Father Young. He stood forth as the advocate and champion of the church's own incomparable music, the Gregorian or Plain Chant; he set forth the true place of music in divine worship, he recalled the glorious traditions of the past, and demonstrated the feasibility of their return by successfully establishing and maintaining St. Paul's choir, composed of men and boys, who assist in cassock and surplice and contribute their part to the full rendition of the proper liturgical services. But this was far from all of his work; by trenchant articles in this magazine and in other publications he vindicated the claims of the chant to recognition and adoption on the ground of its being a highly elaborated, scientific, and complete system of music; he demonstrated its eminent capacity to give fullest expression to every becoming religious sentiment, and emphasized the undeviating and insistent sanction of the church authorities, and the unique place the chant holds as *the* music of the church. He interested others in the cause, established a Gregorian society, lectured in seminaries and convents, and maintained correspondence and controversy both here and abroad. Equally eloquent was his advocacy and practical his action in restoring Congregational Singing to its place as a recognized feature of public worship. To few men is it given to realize their ideals, or to attain the full success of their aims. But the great improvement everywhere visible, the admission, the recognition of that for which he contended, the introduction in many places of boy choirs and of congregational singing, the desire and good-will where more tangible results are as yet lacking—all this came to cheer him and to assure him that, as regards this work for God's glory and praise, he had not lived or labored in vain.

As has been said, Father Young had a versatile mind, and

in the days of his strength this was shown not only by the many departments of work he undertook—preacher, missionary, director of the choir, assistant superior and administrator of the house and Community—but by a varied output of his mind and of his pen. He wrote poetry—all of it good; much of it evidencing what Horace requires in a poet—the possession of the “mens divinior”; that elevation and originality of view, that felicitous and refined combination of thought and diction which



FATHER YOUNG AT 50 YEARS.

constitutes poetical merit. Many of his poems are to be found in former numbers of this magazine, and all these were of a religious nature.

Always alert to the honor and defence of God and his church, no misrepresentation of truth, no pleas made by bigotry or unfair religious partisanship, were allowed to pass unchallenged by Father Young. He was indefatigable in refuting,

in both the secular and religious press, such attacks, and at various times entered the lists against Dr. J. M. King, Dr. Peters, John Jay, Clarence Cook, Hermann, and Ingersoll. His most notable contribution in answer to the stock misrepresentations is entitled *Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared*, a work of six hundred pages, which has gone through several editions, and not the least of its many merits is that the arguments are marshalled from unimpeachable non-Catholic authorities.

Of Father Young's religious life and personal virtues and traits much could be said were this the time and place to do it. His zeal and absorption in work when in health were never allowed to interfere with the religious exercises of prayer, meditation, and the daily and devout celebration of the holy mysteries. After the altar and Him who ever thereon dwells, Father Young's devotion tended first of all to the ever Immaculate Virgin Mother, and to her he ever paid filial and constant duty; and he cherished particular affection for St. Paul, the Patron of the Community, St. Philip Neri, St. Charles Borromeo, and St. Aloysius. And ever and alike, in health or in sickness, the representations of these blessed ones cheered and sustained him.

Like the founder of the Community, Father Hecker, and indeed like its late second Superior, Father Hewit, Father Young was tried by a long ordeal of sickness, and towards the end of suffering. About fifteen years ago his health was seriously broken by violent hemorrhages from the stomach, and from that time on he was subject to nervous troubles which gradually but surely undermined strength and appetite, and made walking or moving about a matter of great difficulty. For about three years it was only by means of a wheel-chair that he was able to get out for fresh air and exercise. And as he rested in the shade of the convent building many a child, or an old parishioner, would stop to chat with him, always sure to hear a few kind words of thanks for their interest. It became visible to him and to all that from about the first of this year the end was near at hand. But death had no terrors for him, as life had no longer any charm. His work was done, and he longed to be gone. Sustained by faith and hope, after some two weeks of lingering and acute suffering, his mind clear and composed, he suddenly passed away on April 4, fortified by all the rites of Holy Church.

I AM THE WAY.

BY REV. ALFRED YOUNG.

"Thou hast laid thy body as the ground, and as a way to them that passed over."—*Isaias li. 23.*

WHAT haste, good pilgrim? Whither art thou bound?

"Jerusalem, good sir, is where I long to stay."

Methinks thy way is o'er rough, thorny ground

To seek so blest an end. Art not astray?

"If there be thorns I know not. To my feet

This One True Way is from all hindrance free.

All ways to him who loves are sweet.

Farewell! But hist! Wilt thou not walk with me?"

I AM THE TRUTH.

"The watchmen who keep the city found me:—Have you seen Him whom my soul loveth?"—*Cant. iii. 3.*

Time was I set me out lost Truth to find.

Heart-sick; foot-sore; weary grew my mind:

When haply—oh, to pride what bitter cost!—

Truth found me wandering. I, not Truth, was lost.

I AM THE LIFE.

"He shall drink of the torrent by the way; therefore shall he lift up the head."—*Ps. cix. 7.*

"The water that I will give him shall become in him a fountain of water springing up into life everlasting."—*St. John iv. 14.*

The Disciple.

For life I am athirst: yet drink to die.

Of living water, Lord, thy servant give.

The Master.

If thou wouldst gain true immortality,

Stoop low and drink with Me of *death*; and live!

From THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, *January, 1889.*

AN ANGEL OF GOD.

BY ART SHERMAN.



RAMON SEPULVEDA had received orders to watch the bridge that spanned the Whitewater wash, three miles down the track, and that meant an all-night absence from his cabin. It was the first night he had been called away from his Ignacita, and it gave him some concern for his little daughter.

"There is no help for it, little one," he said, as he started to leave; "there is no one else to go, and besides it means an extra *pesa*. I will give you that, *carita*, for your crucifix. Go to bed and let no light burn, and none will see our little *bohio* here in the chaparral. May the Blessed Mother and all the saints watch over you!" And Ramon Sepulveda was out in the night and the storm.

The bridge had been weakened by high water coming down the wash, and no other *peon* could be trusted with the responsibility of guarding it and warning coming trains of danger. The roadmaster and section foreman had confidence in Ramon. He seemed to rank above the average *peons* employed by the great Southern Pacific Company on its Sunset system; in fact it was whispered that he had not been a *peon* in Mexico. Be that as it may, his honesty, gentlemanly bearing, and unusual willingness to work had gained for him the confidence of his superiors, and his love and solicitude for his little daughter, who alone shared his cabin with him, was touching in the extreme.

The rain was still falling. The water in the creek had not receded, and came down from the mountains with a steady roar interspersed with an occasional "boom" as logs and brushwood jostled against the piling of the bridge. Placing one of his lights near the approach of the bridge, and seeing that all for the present was safe, Ramon sought the shelter of a pile of ties near the track. The first train due—the Sunset limited—had been reported three hours late by the agent at the station. Three hours would give him time for a short nap, and Ramon was tired. Resting his head on a tie, and thrust-

ing his feet out in defiance of the elements, he breathed an Ave Maria and closed his eyes. . . . A halo of light burst from above him. The clouds had parted and something in white drifted toward him. Nearer it came; human features were revealed, and he recognized the face of his dead Maria. Her look seemed to be one of reproach and she pointed in the direction of Ramon's *bohio* (hut). Looking thither he saw tongues of flame shooting up into the dark sky. His cabin was afire! His Ignacia would be burned alive. He rushed to save her and could feel the fierce heat of the flames which stung, blinded, and choked him as he groped among them, and then came the rumbling of a train in the distance. . . . He awoke. The vision was gone. A fierce fire was burning in his breast. He was choking, gasping for breath. He tried to rise, but black forms hovered over him and held him back. "What is the matter? The train! Oh, *Madre Dios*—Ignacia—Maria—*Dios te salve Maria*—ah!" The light came and Maria again appeared to him. She was beckoning him from the other shore. Ramon Sepulveda sank back, dead!

Crouching in the darkness two forms crept stealthily along the sleepers of the trembling bridge. Slowly, slowly they came toward the flickering red lantern that hung at the western end. Now they stopped.

"Are you following, Miguel?"

"S-s-s, Pedro, not so loud. I am no coward."

"Remember, we must be quick. Our knives are keen and our hands will not tremble. *Carramba!* why should we fear such a *coyote*, who spies upon us and reports us when we steal a little from the company that robs us—ah-h! He is no Mexican. Death to him!"

"Still thy tongue, Pedro. He will hear you, and he is strong. Lead on, quick, or my heart will fail me."

On they creep, peering into the darkness beyond the signal light; on, toward the dim light flickering against the pile of ties.

"Asleep! Ah, *Valgame Dios!* We have him now. S-sh, Pedro! Ramon and then Ignacita."

A gleam of steel flashing in the dim light of the lantern, a swish and thud as two blades descend into the sleeping form of Ramon Sepulveda. There was a short struggle, a few gasping words, and the murderers stood to view their work. Slowly they dragged the body through the rain, up the embankment,

and onto the bridge. They stood for a moment to get their breath and look down at the torrent swirling below. A faint rumble was heard in the distance.

"Ah, the train!"

Quickly they seized the body, carried it over the bridge, and laid it across the rails. Just then the moon peeped out from a rift in the clouds, and the two men started nervously, as their shadows were thrown athwart the track, and, crouching low, disappeared in the bushes and the blackness of night as stealthily as they had emerged from them.

Little Ignacia fell asleep in the lonely cabin, thinking of the beautiful crucifix she would buy with the reward of her father's extra labor. With such a cross and the image of the blessed Christ before her, what prayers would she not say for the repose of the soul of her dear mother, whose body lay in a far-away Mexican grave! Slowly her weary lids were closed in slumber. Queen Mab and her train stole softly into the little *bohio* and touched the face of the child with her magic wand. . . . Ignacia Sepulveda sat alone and trembling in the great Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Over the altar real stars twinkled in the form of a cross set in the great blue dome. From out of the gloom the angel form of her mother came into the light, holding aloft a shining crucifix in one hand and with the other pointing toward the cathedral entrance. Ignacia tried to cry out, but her lips refused to move. In the blue dome the vision hovered for a moment and then faded from view behind the great starry cross. The child felt a touch on her shoulder, and turning, saw a kindly-faced priest in cassock beckoning her to follow. Down through the silent aisle of the great church he leads her, and out into the night. They go a little way on a sandy path, up a steep embankment, at the top of which she saw a long *alameda* guarded on either side by silver railings, down which a flood of golden light issued from a great round orb at the end. The priest turned her face in the direction of the light, gave her his blessing, placed in her hands a crucifix, and said simply yet kindly, "Go, child."

She started in the direction indicated, but the light at first blinded her, and her pathway, although beautiful, was uneven and made her walking difficult. Presently her eyes grew accustomed to the light. How bright it was, and how clear everything became to her vision! Far down the way she could see

something obstructing her pathway. Its outlines became more and more distinct. It was the figure of a man, and soon she could see plainly the face. "O Dios!" she exclaims, terrified, "it is my father! How horrible he looks! And there is blood in his mouth. Ah, *Maria, Madre Dios!* he must be dead!"

Her little feet hurried on, and though it looked a little way, it seemed to her she would never reach the spot where her father lay.

She heard the sound of rushing waters, and soon she came to a river flowing swiftly by; upon its breast a million diamonds sparkled in the light, but there was no bridge—only a gleaming silver railing waving to and fro over the sparkling torrent. She hesitated. A strange sound came from above. She looked up and there was the same starry cross in the same blue dome, and a voice, which seemed to whisper in her ear, said: "Go; fear not. God is with thee." Kissing her crucifix, she stepped on the shining line and walked lightly over to the other side and up to the body of her father, whose cold brow she kissed, and then, crucifix in hand, knelt by his side and implored God, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints to restore her father once more to his poor Ignacita.

"Three hours late! We'll have to make up time, Billy. Pile on the coal and we'll break the record from here to the grade." And Engineer Dan gave one look along the track ahead, sounded a warning shriek from the whistle of the locomotive, and the Sunset limited shot toward the mountains with a roar that drowned the noise of the desert storm. Swiftly it thundered past desert stations, and on toward the summit of the great range that walled in the gardens of the "Italy of America."

"Say, Dan," shrieked Billy, the fireman, across the cab, "the semaphore is up at the Springs. Slow her down."

Seemingly angry, the great iron horse stopped before the little station, puffing impatiently to be on its way.

"Look out for danger signals and washouts at White-water" was the order, and the great overland went cautiously and laboriously panting up the grade. Far down the track the headlight revealed the rails glistening in the storm. Nearer it came to the bridge, and yet no signals. Engineer Dan pulled the lever and prepared for a rush. The fireman leaned out of the cab window and peered down the track.

"Stop her, Dan, for God's sake!" he shouted, suddenly

drawing in his head. "There's an angel or ghost, or something or other, on the track ahead."

Dan instantly reversed the engine, signalled for brakes, gave a series of short, sharp "toots" of warning on the siren, and then looked out. There on the track, at the approach of the bridge, was an apparition in white bending over a dark object stretched across the rails, all unheeding of the approaching danger. "God save us!" he muttered as he again signalled "down brakes." He shut his eyes and applied himself to the task of bringing the train to a halt. When it finally stopped he gave vent to a long-drawn sigh. "Good Lord, Billy, have we killed it?" But Billy had vanished.

Within two feet of the nose of the great iron steed the fireman saw the figure of a pretty black-haired little girl in white night-robe kneeling beside the dead body of a man, holding aloft a glistening crucifix. Her eyes were closed and her lips were muttering strange words as if in prayer. He stood transfixed as though a ghost had risen in his path. The train hands gathered around him and for a minute no one spoke. At last a brakeman became brave enough to break the stillness by a faltering "Hey there!" Then Billy spoke:

"Blamed if she ain't asleep or in a trance. Gee, but that was a close shave! But how in Moses did she get here? Listen, boys; what's she sayin'?"

Sweetly and distinctly came the words:

"Dios te salve Maria, llena eres de gracia, el Señor es contigo."

The conductor stepped forward and touched the girl lightly on the shoulder. The child awoke with a start, rubbing her eyes and gazing wildly about as one awakened from unpleasant dreams. Then seeing the silent form at her feet she gave vent to heartrending screams and words which the astonished crew could not understand.

"*Mi padre!*" she cried, pointing to the prostrate form at her feet, and she could not be led away.

"Harry, run back to the sleeper and wake up that Catholic priest. He understands Spanish, and we'll have to find out what this means," said the conductor to the porter, who had just arrived on the scene; and to the brakeman he continued: "Joe, go up and look at the bridge. This fellow was a section hand. Something's wrong."

The bridge was gone. Only the rails were strung bent, across the arroyo. A green light, or show signal, shone dimly

from the other end, and the red lantern was found, with light extinguished, not far from the body of Ramon Sepulveda.

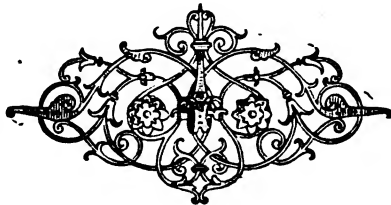
Father John soothed the little Ignacia and led her into the warm car, where a number of passengers, curious to know what had happened, had gathered, and coaxed from her the story of her dream. He told it to the passengers, reminding them that it was God who sent this angel to deliver them from the death that would have resulted had the train gone through the broken bridge. The little child in her sleep had walked three miles up the road, and evidently crossed the river on one of the rails that alone spanned the torrent which swept below. How she came by the crucifix was not clear, although Ignacia declared that it was sent by her mother in heaven and handed to her by the priest in the cathedral.

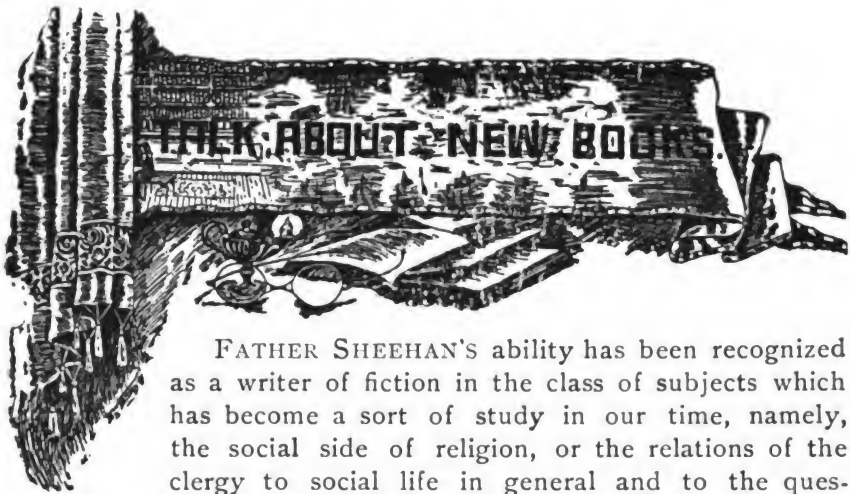
"The child is an orphan," said Father John, "and I will see that she is provided with a home."

Some one slipped through the crowd and whispered to each of the passengers. Some time after he returned and poured a hatful of money into the hands of the astonished priest. "This is for the little Mexican girl," said the man, who left without waiting to be thanked.

As the train went over the repaired bridge the next day the trainmen and passengers saw a heap of charred embers three miles down the track, where once stood the cabin of Ramon Sepulveda.

"Truly," mused Father John, "God sent an angel to save us last night. *Deo gratias!*"





FATHER SHEEHAN'S ability has been recognized as a writer of fiction in the class of subjects which has become a sort of study in our time, namely, the social side of religion, or the relations of the clergy to social life in general and to the questioning and the troubled elements of it in particular. What Trollope and George Eliot have done for the Protestantism of the Establishment and the Protestantism of Dissent Father Sheehan aims at effecting for the Catholic clergy. Naturally enough, Ireland is the part of the United Kingdom selected for his pictures of clerical life; but unless for some circumstances of a casual or accidental character—some drawing out of influences which come under the head of setting—the scenes could have been laid in England or, for that matter, in Utopia as well. On the surface this may read as severe criticism, but in it there is a very clear suggestion that we have found reality of character in the author's performance—the reality of life for good or ill. We could say no more in praise of Le Sage, of Smollett, of Fielding, who are incomparably above all writers of social fiction. The masterpiece of Cervantes is not a novel of life in the sense in which we speak of the productions of the three men just named. In its own way it is supreme; it is like every work of genius, universal and undying in interest, even though the matter which suggested it was only a temporary mischief; we say this because critics of established reputation mention the author of *Don Quixote* with Le Sage, Smollett, and Fielding. They might as well bracket Taylor with Shakspeare because he wrote an historical play in an historical spirit, or Goldsmith with Shakspeare because the former's comedy is so exquisitely benevolent and there is so much benevolence in the comedy of Shakspeare. At the same time it is not quite to be supposed that there is a single character drawn by Father Sheehan which approaches in fidelity to nature the least finished of the creations of Le Sage or of the

other two. For instance, the aged parish priest of the *New Curate** is in every one of four hundred and eighty pages, yet we know less about him than of the Archbishop of Granada who lives, moves, and has his being in half a dozen sentences of *Gil Blas*.

It is not in the creative power that Father Sheehan's strength lies. He is deficient in that shaping spirit of imagination which peoples the pages of the great artists who with words do almost all that great painters perform with colors; but he has a power which has a fascination all its own, like the matchless simplicity which has made the *Vicar of Wakefield* immortal, like the moral elevation which penetrates the humor and irony of Cervantes. No man can rise from the reading of *My New Curate* without the consciousness that there is a side of life higher and purer than fortune, fame, than the march of armies, the councils of statesmen, the achievements of human science. There is in this writer an intensity of conviction which works upon the mind like the inspiration of genius, and yet that conviction is as far removed from unreasoning prejudice or disordered passion as the conceptions and inferences of the intellect lifted to a region above the fever and the fret of life. There is a greatness about Bitra that reminds one of Clotilde; there is, despite its dangerous approach to sensationalism, a sustained force in the working out of the transformation of Alice which brings home to one in rare appreciation the might by which the weak things of this world have overcome the strong. The poor vain girl of the village, whose beauty was turned to loathsomeness by disease, obtains an inner beauty which so glorifies the outer unloveliness that when you approach her you take the shoes from your feet, pride is humbled in the dust, science is the babbling of fools, earth and the spheres reaching into the infinite are nothing, the silence of eternity is broken only by God speaking to the soul.

And amid the thoughts suggested by the spiritual beauty of these two, a beauty each of its own kind and adapted to the duty given to each, we have the ordinary action of character in its folly or wisdom, its perverseness or conscientiousness, as such influences display themselves on that stage of fools called life, as Jacques might say; and these shadows are pleasant illusions to the eye and ear amid the sweet and solemn realities of holiness. The benevolent and whimsical character of the old priest with his *Cui bono?*—a mere cynicism thinly veiling

* *My New Curate*. By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P. Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co. VOL. LXXI.—18

the latent enthusiasm of his nature—is in fine contrast, though we fear conscious contrast, to the reforming fire and energy of his young coadjutor. Mrs. Darcy, that despot in the church despite St. Paul, giving way after passions of tears and the bitterness of humiliation to the young priest's force of character, and accepting the status of a constitutional sovereign, is rich in the best elements of humor. Her ribbons at the marriage of Bitra are in their own way as welcome and delightful as Moses' topknot, and we can readily understand that poor Daddy Dan could not proceed with the ceremony until she was sent to the sacristy. Jem Deady is a countryman of those watchmen of one or two ancient municipalities who until very recently steeped themselves in whisky before entering on their hours, and spent the hours asleep in their sentry boxes; but the benevolence of Father Sheehan, so like that characteristic of the sages of fiction which does not allow their teachings to be spoiled by the pursuit of a vicious realism, compels him to reform this amusing drunkard. Indeed, Jem needed the change, for like greater men his drollery was hung up with his hat when he returned home to the partner of his affections.

There are some scenes which, we think, belong to an Ireland which has vanished, and some to one that never existed. The sordid poverty, the filth, the wretchedness, so unrelieved by anything calculated to excite pity, were to be found, no doubt, in some aspect such as he has depicted, from the time of Swift until the early fifties; we are not at all sure that anything so base in its utter indifference to the present and the future as is suggested in his book prevailed at any time. It is quite true that from 1729 certainly, if not earlier, until 1850 there was a large part of the population not merely on the boundary line of famine, but breathing the breath of it in the interval between the spring and the ripening of the harvest. This part of the people used to fasten their cabin doors when their little crops were sown or when no employment was to be had, and set forth to beg along the highways until the autumn. It was a dreadful necessity; but in it there was nothing of the stolid, brutal laziness described in the village life of this book. The necessity of this strange exodus was the death of self-respect, no doubt, and it was too strong for laws against mendicancy, framed though they were with that pitiless accuracy for which the enactments of the Irish Parliament are famous. But those melancholy processions of ragged men, women, and children begging with their eyes for the charity

they dared not always ask, could not have been "supporting" the walls of their huts and merely changing from one shoulder to the other to gaze at a passer-by. Why, on their return there was nothing short of compulsory labor for the landlord—"the master," as he was called; for the agent and his assistant, for each clerk in "the office," for each bailiff on the lands, for the functionary known as the rent-warner, if he happened not to be a bailiff, for the game-keepers, for every hanger-on, whose good word or bad one meant everything. After this they should save their own turf and crops, but through this consumption of time there was no space for idleness. George Berkeley in the middle of the eighteenth century wrote of conditions in that class which lasted long after the close of his own honorable and unappreciated life—conditions that were to be found in the middle of the nineteenth century. But of all the writers who repeated or followed him, as well as those who preceded him, there is not one who gives the notion of laziness as a national vice, but all speak of their poverty.

There is another thing we have to point out: if *Campion* is to be taken as a type of the Catholic gentleman, the author has drawn upon his imagination. He has selected the county of Galway as the *locus in quo* of this specimen of the class, and it would appear that *Campion* is the only Catholic gentleman in the region. As a matter of fact, there is not a Protestant of good family in that county, from the Marquess of Clanricarde (the Jew of the Albany) down to the pettiest squire, who has not Catholic relatives. As an incidental proof that piety may be found among Catholic gentlemen of Galway, we beg to mention that the Jesuit, Father Bellew, was a baronet—Sir Christopher Bellew, one of the most considerable land-owners in the county; and we think the loyalty with which that class rejected the Queen's College, Galway, bears some testimony to their practical religion. The very large number of Catholics of rank and fashion in that county alone would have conferred success upon that institution. Instead, it is a disastrous failure.

For the rest, we must say that the finish of the style and the varied knowledge evident in every page of this interesting book are not unworthy of the most learned clerical body in the world.

The touch of the master-hand and the wise, illuminated

judgment of the saint are plainly visible in even this small handful* of the writings of that benignant guide of the devout soul, St. Francis de Sales, translated and gathered into a neat little volume by a Visitandine of Baltimore.

Father Cochem has prepared a meditation† on each one of those four last great events to the Christian soul, which, while full of the profound seriousness that each of these subjects demands, is nevertheless tempered with a spirit of moderation and reserve which has kept him gently within the limits too often exceeded by writers of meditations on these vital points.

Father Ryan's exquisite thought, that

"Hearts that are great beat never loud,
They muffle their music, when they come;
They hurry away from the thronging crowd
With bended brows and lips half dumb,"

is irresistibly suggested by the mere mention of the name of that sweet, unobtrusive convert and gentle woman Sara Trainer Smith, whose departed presence has left a memory in the heart of her friends that will cling to their lives as one of those influences that are wedded to immortality. Out of the tenderness and reverence for this dear memory have Miss Smith's faithful friends done her the graceful little honor that this book‡ of finely written stories represents.

"When great hearts have passed away,
Men gather in awe and kiss their shroud,
And in love they kneel around their clay."

They need but little other commendation than her own name signed to them gives, but one cannot help thinking there was a vast treasure-house shut away within that reticent spirit of Sara Trainer Smith's which no word she ever wrote or said even half revealed.

"Hearts that are greatest are always lone,
They never will manifest their best;
Their greatest greatness is unknown:
Earth knows a little—God, the rest."

* *Meditations for Retreats taken from the Writings of St. Francis de Sales.* Arranged by St. Jane Frances de Chantal. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Four Last Things.* By Father Martin von Cochem, O.S.F.C. New York: Benziger Brothers.

‡ *The Room of the Rose, and other Stories.* By Sara Trainer Smith. Philadelphia: John J. McVey.

What to do with the boys? How to reach the boys of our parish? These questions are asking themselves over and over in the minds of every devoted priest and of those laity who are taking some concern for the social and spiritual welfare of that element in our parishes, especially in the large cities, who have not the refinements and culture of the well-to-do home. Rev. George E. Quin, S.J., of St. Joseph's Church, Troy, N. Y., is one of those earnest spirits who not only has recognized the tremendous possibilities of the boyhood of America for good and for evil, but has met the issue fairly and squarely by attempting a solution of this great problem. Realizing that it is one of the functions of the church to meet it in a face-to-face encounter, and to safeguard our boys so that they may grow up to be good citizens and good Catholics, he has for many years labored among the boys of his parish. He has written his experiences to be published in book form, the first of the *Boy Savers' Series*,* as it is to be called, having already appeared under the title "Organizers and their First Steps," from the press of the Sacred Heart Library. We unhesitatingly recommend the book to every parish priest, to all Sunday-school workers, and to all who may be interested in any work for the salvation of our boys. Father Quin has met the difficulties of this work in exceedingly practical ways and with deeply consecrated efforts, and to our mind his book presents a very successful solution of the problem. We await with interest the remainder of the series, soon to be issued.

I.—TWO POETIC POINTS OF VIEW.†

Two eminently different attitudes at Poetry's lyre are assumed by Arthur Upson and Henry N. Dodge, in their respective volumes, *At the Sign of the Harp* and *Christus Victor*. The pleasure of simultaneously considering them rests not altogether upon this contrast of view-point, but also upon the fact that their diverse character illustrates contemporary poetry as manifested in two distinctive spirits; Mr. Upson represents the first of these—a spirit modest and self-deprecatory, found in Dobson and others of his type, who seem to think the

* *The Boy Savers' Series*. Booklet the First: *Organizers and Their First Steps*. By Rev. George E. Quin, S.J. New York: Sacred Heart Library.

† *At the Sign of the Harp*. By Arthur Upson. With two drawings by Ada Hillman. Minneapolis, Minn.: The University Press.—*Christus Victor*: A Student's Reverie. By Henry Nehemiah Dodge. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

laurelled heads have already filled the coffers of song well-nigh full of perfect gems, and who therefore feel it not worth their while to delve for rare jewels, contented to drop in bits of colored glass—simple lyrics and nothing more; the other spirit Mr. Dodge illustrates—the combination of the serious, philosophical mood of the times with the old enthusiasm for lofty themes; the ambition for that “large utterance of the gods,” the organ-toned expression of the epic, which must not die if poetry is not to grow decadent, drifting into mere sweet humming.

Mr. Upson's foreword is explanatory of this first attitude: “The gentle reader shall labor under no misapprehension: the verse in this book disclaims the lofty title and rank of poesy”; and again in “The Od Song”:

“I have not longed for place or power,
For I seem to have waited to hear the call.”

Mr. Dodge voices the more confident, pretentious spirit, invoking the celestial muse in tones suggestive of Milton and the old masters:

“Come, Holy Spirit, touch my heart with fire;
Set free my stammering tongue and tune my lyre,
That I to my high theme new powers may bring,
The triumph of Almighty Love to sing.”

One cannot help wishing there might have been a division of the poetic gifts and creeds of these two poets. In such lines as

“Wild as some lost melody
In under-rhythms of the sea,”

and in all the beautiful stanzas of “The Old Cathedral,” which first appeared in the pages of this magazine, Mr. Upson reveals a power of subtle insight into the heart of things and of correct expression, that makes one regret he has not tuned his harp to greater and more varied themes, to some of the deeper human emotions within poetry's province. While Mr. Dodge's charmingly lyrical touches frequently make one wish he had replaced some of his more didactic lines with such as these:

“I sought a lake among the peaceful hills,
Where fairy fleets of water-lilies grow;
Each argosy rich golden treasure fills,
Around them perfume-laden breezes blow.”

The work of the two men is so diverse, comparison of them would be invidious and infeasible.

The artist touch of simple suggestion, which is satisfied to hint but never tells too much, is one of Mr. Upson's happiest faculties—especially attractively employed in "The Soul of Basil" and in these lines from "The Lost Brother":

"Were he to come to-night,
Brother: brother,
Heart warm to heart warm,
Forgiving each other:

"Were he to follow
The Light I am placing,
Up through the darkness
My wood path tracing. . . .

"Dead is the rain-song,
Silent remaining,
Only a lonely soul
Keeps on complaining."

What a contrast this to the old-fashioned poetic storytelling in linked sing-song "long drawn out"!

It is impossible to do full justice to the delightful, original fancy of his little poem "Dust o' Books" without quoting some of its charming lines:

"Slantwise one long star-beam finds
Access through the jealous blinds,
Gingerly lance at rest
On the Poet loved the best;
Feeling softly down the shelves
Where my books reveal themselves,
And, beneath its trembling glow,
Faint like blooms, like plum-mist show—
Dust o' Books, I love you so."

In the days when poetry is tainted with a gentle epicurean philosophy or a languid, and indeed sometimes anguished pessimism, it is a genuine pleasure to read Mr. Dodge's book, which is essentially a pæan of optimism, a Hymn of Praise to Almighty Love. And better than this, at a time when blatant ignorance and godless theories are battering at the strongholds of faith with denials of the divinity of the God-Man, this *Christus Victor*, though fraught with no theological arguments, insists on the Triumph of the Cross, lifting the Divine Form from beneath

the sacrilegious trampling and holding it once more aloft, before the Apostles of Poetic Art. If one might not seem to speak paradoxically, one of Mr. Dodge's faults is too much optimism, which has led him to throw doubts on the doctrine of hell. In his overwhelming desire to proclaim the ultimate everlasting beatitude beneath the reign of Almighty Love, he has missed the fact that the gift of free will, the individual's absolute privilege of choice between good and evil, is a greater, more godly dispensation than the gift of inherent constraint-to-good could have been. The church's teaching of the doctrine of hell is not the outgrowth of "priestly craft and tyranny," it makes *not* for the "enthroning of Terror," but for the deification of Omnipotent Justice; it is the doctrine which makes the Christian Heaven supreme above the pagan Nirvanas, "where all things shall have rest."

In his dedication Mr. Dodge gives an earnest of his lofty purpose, his glorious predilection for mighty themes, the dedication being to none other than the World-Saviour:

"If in this casket Thou shouldst find
Aught to adorn Thy way or help mankind,
Though not frankincense, myrrh, or gold—
Tribute of star-led caravans of old—
Take it, O Heart of Love Divine!
And use it as Thou wilt, for it is Thine."

And on this great keynote Mr. Dodge builds up all his harmonies; the book is a series of philosophical fragments, principally reflective in nature, rarely speculative; its gamut includes immortality, birth, death, and the universal brotherhood of man. This latter theme elicits many eloquent lines:

"What man soe'er I chance to see—
Amazing thought—is kin to me;
And if a man, my brother!
"What though of strange and alien race,
Of unfamiliar form and face,
He is a man, my brother."

This universal brotherhood in Mr. Dodge's hands stretches out infinitely, on one side even to Christ—

"The spotless Son of God,
The Perfect Man, our pathways trod
To show himself our Brother";

on the other side it reaches down into the very embryos of organic life :

“Dumb creatures’ eyes,
That often look so wistfully at me,
I, wondering, may hereafter see
Beneath celestial skies.”

This theme seems to have taken absolute possession of Mr. Dodge, and in expressing it his poetry rises to some of its greatest heights.

The fault of Mr. Dodge's technique is a slight one, requiring only the final touch of the chisel, the last polish—sometimes in a word not essentially poetic enough to justify its being employed, sometimes in a word or line too much worn by long usage in poetic diction to glisten brightly enough in new stanzas. For instance, in one of the beautiful, rhythmical lyrics Mr. Dodge intersperses among his more serious stanzas this little blemish occurs, which one sees with a little regret at the end of so much pure poetic beauty :

“The moonbeams on the sea
A flood of glory came to me ;
From the fair moon to me
Where'er I turned, the same ! ”

This last line's music and combination of words seems a little too hackneyed to be strung on the same thread with the pearls immediately preceding it.

Throughout the whole volume Mr. Dodge stoops to no puerility of thought ; even to the end the theme is treated in a way to justify the anticipation the “Prelude” raised. One apt critic has already said “it breathes the spirit of the Ober Ammergau Passion Play and Ary Scheffer's “Christus Consolator” ; indeed, as one reads the poem's noble closing lines, one feels the Christ-hands over him so wonderfully depicted :

“Then shall the mighty outspread arms of Love,
Down-reaching from our Father's home above,
Embrace a universe redeemed from sin
And gather all His long-lost children in.”

2.—THE CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, 1900.*

To one who is interested in the study of the various churches in this country there is no more interesting book than the Year Book of the Catholic Church.

It is becoming recognized by every one that if there is any very notable progress in church life it is among the Catholics. While we cannot contemplate the break-up of Protestantism among a large class of the people of this country without some alarm, still at the same time it is natural that we exult over the wonderful increase of Catholicism.

But while the published statistics are the best attainable, it is evident to one who has made a yearly study of the figures presented that they cannot lay claim to absolute accuracy.

The Catholic population presented this year is 10,129,677 souls as against 9,907,412 of last year. We do not think that 10,129,677 by any means represents the aggregate Catholic population of the United States; 13,000,000 would be nearer the correct figure. We base this statement on (1) the fact that there is a general tendency on the part of every pastor to understate the number of souls in his parish, and there are nearly 10,000 priests in the country who have pastoral charge; (2) the same tendency exists in every chancery office, and it is from the chancery offices that the figures come. So strong are these tendencies that in the aggregate the results are minimized, not by hundreds but by thousands.

There are a number of surprising facts revealed by the Year Book of 1900. New York regains the leading place in the number of children attending parochial schools—last year Chicago led. New York added 79 to its clergy list, Boston 46, and St. Louis 30. Chicago adds 40,000 to its population, but none to the number of its clergy, and it has just exactly the same number of children attending parochial schools this year as last. It is evident in some instances no new report for 1900 has been received and published. However the Directory is most admirable in the remarkable care that has been taken to get at the real statistics, as well as the painstaking labor expended in sorting out and classifying the returns so that the best possible presentation could be made.

The missionary movement has made such progress during the past few years that we hope that the publishers in their next year book will make some record of it by securing from the chancery offices the returns of converts received and confirmed.

* *The Catholic Directory (official)*, 1900. Milwaukee, Wis.: M. H. Wiltzius & Co.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE American authorities have already made some fatal mistakes in the administration of the newly acquired possessions; and what is more lamentable, they are placing themselves in the way of making still greater blunders.

No political party can touch the delicate nerve that stimulates a Catholic's love for and devotion to his Church and not expect that there will be an outcry. The public sentiment of the Catholic body is well restrained. A Catholic is trained to submit to many things. He is generally not of the number that runs to the public press with every little querulous complaint. He keeps his own counsel. But like the gathering of the waters against the restraining dam, when the break-away comes it comes with terrific force and sweeps everything before it.

The non Catholic religious journals are, with more and more boldness of assertion, openly advocating the sequestration of the property now held by the Friars. It is known that the Treaty of Paris protects all ecclesiastical holdings in the rights that they are possessed of. But in spite of this fact the administration is urged to confiscate, on the plea that the Friars used their influence over a simple people in order to chouse them out of their money and their lands. We would not be surprised at all that in a weak moment the administration would yield to this pressure. If it does, however, the American Catholic people must be reckoned with.

The latest instance that has come to our knowledge, and we have it on unimpeachable authority, is the laying of a profane hand on the church in her right to bless the marriage contract. This time it is in Cuba. On May 31, 1899, General John R. Brooke, U. S. A., then exercising the office of military governor of Cuba, directed the publication of an order purporting to be a new marriage law for the Island of Cuba. The first paragraph of the act is as follows: "Hereafter Civil marriages only shall be legally valid." There is no authority within the borders of the United States that would dare enact a law that would take from the minister of religion his right to witness a marriage. Yet such a thing has been done in the name of the United States and under the authority of the American flag. We hope the administration will see its way to repeal this odious law as soon as possible.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

IT is now definitely announced that the Catholic College for Women at Washington, D. C., will be opened next October, and that the estimated expense for each student will be about four hundred dollars. To assist this good work an organization of ladies, residing in Washington and elsewhere, has been formed. Circulars are to be had on application, showing how the auxiliary board, representing the lay workers, can awaken interest and gather funds. It is to be hoped that many of the members of Catholic Reading Circles may be counted among the future graduates of Trinity College. For their guidance an outline of the entrance examination is here given:

Latin (Classical).—Grammar, including Prosody (Gildersleeve); Prose Composition (Jones); Selections from Cæsar's Gallic War (Greenough, D'Ooge, and Daniell); Cicero, six orations; Virgil, Æneid, six books; Supplementary Latin (from Notre Dame Students); Sight Translation: translation into Latin of continuous narrative.

Greek.—Grammar (Goodwin), with White's Beginner's Book and Jones's Prose Composition entire; Xenophon, Anabasis, four books; Homer, Iliad, three books; Supplementary Greek (from Notre Dame Students); Translation, at sight, of Attic and Homeric Greek: translation into Greek of passages of connected narrative.

French.—Grammar, complete course (Chardenal, preceded by Bue's course); Prose Composition, entire (Blouet) and Chardenal's Advanced Exercises; Letter-Writing and Social Forms; Reading (a) Works of Hector Malot, Mlle. Salanges, (b) Lamartine's Meditations, (c) Esther, Racine, Horace, and Le Cid, Corneille, Le Misanthrope, Molière; Contemporary Writers (see Year Book); Ability to follow conversation conducted in French; Ability to repeat selections from French prose and verse.

German.—Grammar (Joynes-Meissner); German Prose Composition (Harris); German Conversation (Meissner); Ability to understand spoken German; Ability to recite from German dramas and lyrics; Reading: Storm—Riehl, Schiller, Goethe, Lessing; Critical study of Nineteenth Century Authors.

English.—The candidate must present exercises in English equivalent to Scott and Denney's Composition—Rhetoric. She will be required to write a short composition to test spelling and punctuation and facility in writing English.

In 1900-1902 students must be familiar with House of Seven Gables, by Hawthorne; Southwell's Burning Babe; Scott's Ivanhoe; the Sir Roger de Coverley Papers; Ruskin's Sesame and Lilies; De Quincey's Flight of a Tartar Tribe; Newman's Historical Essays; Shelley's The Skylark and The Cloud; Keats's Ode to a Nightingale; Milton's Paradise Lost, Books I. II.; Tennyson's Princess and Idylls of the King; Pope's Iliad, and Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.

An examination upon the subject-matter, form, and structure will be required on the following: Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar, Hamlet, Macbeth; Chaucer's Knight's Tale; Milton's Lycidas, and Hymn to the Nativity; Gray's Elegy; Newman's Dream of Gerontius; Dryden's Ode to St. Cecilia; Coleridge's Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

Mathematics.—Arithmetic, Algebra, Plane Geometry (Wentworth).

History.—Greek and Roman (Vuibert) ; United States.

Science (required).—Physics (Gage's text-book and Laboratory Manual).

Besides providing for the personal advantages to the members, every Reading Circle should be willing to co-operate for the spread of the movement. This can be done in no better way than by the publication of an annual report giving in detail an account of the lectures delivered, books discussed, and especially the facilities for assisting the circulation of the best books in public libraries. Many have not yet written to obtain the new list of standard books prepared by the Columbian Reading Union, which may be secured by sending a two-cent stamp addressed to 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City.

We are pleased to have the following report from Miss E. A. Reilly, president of the St. Cecilia Reading Circle, Germantown, Pa., Church of St. Vincent de Paul:

Another year has passed since our friends last met here to show their appreciation of our efforts, and to greet us with kind wishes for success in the special work in which we are engaged. Like those which have preceded it, this eighth year of the Circle's work has been most satisfactory and cannot fail to be productive of the best results. Our study this year, though not embracing so great a variety of subjects nor extending over so wide a range in the literary field as that of some of the former years, has been more interesting and more thorough, made so by the fact that our director, notwithstanding his numerous and burdensome duties as pastor, has, as far as possible, given us his personal supervision and guidance in the studies of each evening.

We began our year's work in September of last year with twenty-five members assembled ready and eager to refresh themselves with draughts, shallow or deep as suited individual taste, at the fountain of knowledge. During the year eight young ladies joined the Circle, and we close with a membership of thirty-three. The exercises of each evening commence with the roll-call, answered by quotations from Thomas à Kempis generally, but occasionally from some poet or from the writings of some saint. Music and singing form part of the programme, and an essay and a recitation from such of the members as have been asked to prepare them.

The rules of the Circle require that each member shall prepare an essay when called upon, and no member is exempt from this duty. In order to keep abreast of the times, a discussion of current events forms part of the evening's work, and those whose duty it is to do so tell us of what is happening in the literary, political, social, and scientific worlds. Questions asked at a previous meeting are answered and discussed.

Our first literary work on reassembling was the completion of Tasso's great work, *Jerusalem Delivered*, which had been continued from the previous year. We next took up the *Idylls of the King* and finished *The Coming of Arthur*, *Geraint and Enid*, *Merlin and Vivien*. Leaving the *Idylls of the King*, we finished the year by a critical study of *Evangeline*, which was done in such a way as to develop thought and the correct expression of it. The essays written by the different members of the Circle during the year were deserving of high praise for the amount of literary ability and research displayed in their preparation. Among those deserving special mention were the *History of Literature* by Miss Mary Malone, in which the different phases of its development and

effects were exceedingly well handled. The Samoan difficulty gave occasion for the preparation of another, the subject being carefully looked up and the result of the investigation given to us by Miss Elizabeth Rollings.

Among a number of the Circle's members who have made a specialty of the study of music in its higher forms is Miss Kathryn Keenan, who gave us a most enjoyable essay on Handel, telling us of his life and works and the times in which he lived. In the line of biography the Circle was favored also by Miss Mary Skelly, who contributed a paper on Mrs. Mallon, known to readers under the names of Ruth Ashmore and Bab, in which her life and the characteristics of her writings were very cleverly depicted.

An able essay which appealed to the æsthetic sense entitled *Imagination* was written by Miss Sara McCafferty. Other essays on different subjects were presented during the year. Several members also contributed to the general pleasure by original poems. Among these were *The Eve of St. Cecilia's First Communion*, by Miss Sara Curran, *The Model*, and *Mother's Boy*, by Miss Mary Doan. The efforts of these ladies showed a talent in that field of no mean order.

During the year we had the pleasure of a visit from our first director, Father McHale, who favored us with an account of his visit to Porto Rico, and of the conditions of life which he found prevailing in that island. Besides serving as a means of acquiring knowledge and developing talent, the Circle brings together socially the young people of the parish whose tastes and inclinations lie in the same direction. From many points of view this last is not one of the least of the advantages resulting from membership in the St. Cecilia Reading Circle.

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The descriptive account of Dante's great poem by Professor Hogan, of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, will be welcomed by those who want to have a practical acquaintance with one of the greatest productions of the middle ages, and yet have not time or ability to study the poem itself without such a guide. To the one who is able to study it in the original Italian there are thousands who must depend on one or more of the many translations of it. Dr. Hogan constitutes himself a guide, especially for those outside of purely professional literary circles who want to get a proper and authoritative estimate of Dante's great work in its historical, religious, and literary aspects without having to wade through a whole library of books. After stopping to take a brief but clear view of Dante himself, Dr. Hogan brings his readers from canto to canto, through Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, making clear what is in the least obscure, giving historical explanations all along, chiding Dante where he is too hard on his enemies, quoting from recognized authorities wherever they disagree with Dante's strictures on certain persons. On the whole the book is a clear, pleasing, and safe exposition of the *Divina Commedia*. Dante's minor works, especially his *Vita Nuova*, are also sketched briefly but appreciatively, as only a finished scholar and Catholic priest can treat them. Then Dante himself, his relations to the church, and his unique place in literature, are well portrayed in a separate chapter. His commentators also, of whom there have been a great number, more or less worthy, from Dante's own son, Jacopo, in 1213, down to Lord Vernon, in our own day, are mentioned with approval or disapproval, as the case may be, and the reasons given, so that Dr. Hogan's readers may know who Dante's friends are and who his enemies, and not be taken unawares by either when he meets them in libraries later on. The whole

is very properly finished by that most necessary adjunct to any work in which many persons and places and things are mentioned—a good index.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., the publishers, have given the work type and paper and binding worthy of the great subject, leaving nothing to be desired. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of such a book. The most appreciative reader of this *Dante Condensed*, as it might be called, can never know the enormous amount of reading and comparing that Dr. Hogan had to do. He seems to have read everything and become familiar with everything written on Dante and to give his readers the essence of it all in this one volume.

Patrons of the Columbian Reading Union may obtain a special discount by sending for an order blank with a stamped envelope enclosed. All communications should be addressed to 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City.

* * *

At Cliff Haven, N. Y., near Plattsburgh, the Champlain Summer-School will begin its ninth session the first week of July and continue until the end of August. During nine weeks, amid the cool breezes from the Adirondack Mountains, some of the ablest representatives of Catholic institutions of learning will discuss important subjects. By the charter from the Regents of New York State these courses of lectures are recognized in the department of University Extension. Invitations from the Board of Studies in charge of the programme have been accepted by George Melville Bolling, Ph.D., and Charles P. Neill, Ph.D., of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C. Those in attendance at former sessions will be pleased to extend a hearty welcome to Dr. James J. Walsh, of the University of Pennsylvania, and Henry Austin Adams, A.M. A number of leading questions of philosophy are assigned to the Rev. James A. Doonan, S. J., of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia; the Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S. J., of Boston College, and the Rev. John T. Driscoll, S.T.L., author of two recent volumes bearing on theism and the human soul. In addition to the names already mentioned arrangements are under way for a number of lectures by the Rev. William Livingston, of Newburgh, N. Y.; Very Rev. M. W. Holland, V.F., of Port Henry, N.Y.; Rev. James H. Driscoll, D.D., Rouse's Point, and Rev. John P. Chidwick, U.S.N.

Under the direction of the Rev. D. J. McMahon, D.D., special studies covering a period of six weeks have been planned dealing with Shaksperian literature. These studies will be conducted, according to the plan of Round Table Talks, by Dr. James J. Walsh; Alexis I. du Pont Coleman, B.A. (Oxford), and the Very Rev. Hubert Farrell, V.F., of Westbury, N. Y. According to the same plan the *Divina Commedia* of Dante will be discussed: the *Inferno* by the Rev. D. J. Mahoney, D.D., of New York City; the *Purgatorio* by the Right Rev. Monsignor Loughlin, D.D., Chancellor of Philadelphia; the *Paradiso* by the Rev. Joseph F. Delaney, D.D., of New York City. Instruction in the Latin language and literature will be given by the Rev. D. J. Mahoney, D.D., and the Rev. John D. Roach.

Professor William L. Tomlins, who was choral director of the World's Columbian Exposition, has been engaged for a training course in singing adapted to the needs of teachers, amateur organists, and parents who are seeking for the best methods of developing vocal music, especially among children. A course of illustrated lectures on art will be given by Miss Anna Seaton Schmidt, of Washington, D. C. The Hon. John J. Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, will present a summary of the recent debate in Congress on the Indian Question.

A programme for recreation is to be arranged for every afternoon, Sundays excepted, under the personal supervision of Mr. James E. Sullivan, secretary of the A. A. U. and president of the Knickerbocker and New Jersey Athletic Clubs. The college camp and tents are under the care of the Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D.

At a later date an account of the lecturers and subjects will be more fully set forth in a circular by the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., Chairman of the Board of Studies. Copies of this circular may be obtained on application to the New York Office, 123 East 50th Street, or from Mr. Warren E. Mosher, Youngstown, Ohio.

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The programme for the session of the Columbian Catholic Summer-School, at Detroit, Mich., from July 10 to August 1, has been practically completed.

Cardinal Gibbons will visit the school, as will also a number of bishops and archbishops.

The lecturers thus far engaged are as follows: Rev. T. E. Shields, Ph.D., the well-known psychologist, will give three lectures on Psychology. Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, of Canada, will give three lectures on the following subjects: Alfred Tennyson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and French Canadian Life and Literature. Hon. Joseph Donnelly, the author of *Jesus Delaney*, will deliver one lecture on Mexico. Rev. H. M. Calmar, S.J., will give a course of three lectures, as well as the eminent convert, Rev. B. F. De Costa, of New York. Rev. M. A. Waldron, O.P., D.D., and Rev. W. J. Kerby, S.T.L., of the Catholic University at Washington, will each give three lectures. The subjects of Dr. Kerby's lectures are, The Labor Movement, two lectures, and Socialism. Those who have attended the school will be pleased to learn that Rev. M. S. Brennan, A.M., of St. Louis, will give one of his popular illustrated lectures. The general subject of education will be treated in a course of lectures by the Right Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., the Rector of the Catholic University. The Triumph of Christianity is the subject of a lecture by Rev. J. P. Carroll, D.D., president of St. Joseph's College, Dubuque. Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Altoona, Pa., and Hon. M. J. Wade, of Iowa City, Iowa, will each give two lectures; subjects not yet announced. Rev. B. F. Kuhlman, D.D., professor of philosophy at St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, and Very Rev. P. R. Heffron, D.D., president of St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, will each deliver one lecture.

It is expected that Henry Austin Adams and Most Rev. Archbishop Keane, of Rome, will each deliver a course of lectures.

This list will be enlarged by the addition of several other well-known speakers. The local committee at Detroit are making all possible arrangements to care for the large number who will attend the school. Everything will be done to contribute to their comfort and pleasure. The chairman of the committee is Rev. M. J. P. Dempsey, and the secretary is Mr. Frank C. Cook.

A large illustrated circular, giving full information in regard to lectures, entertainments, and attractions, will be ready in a short time. For copies of this circular address the secretary, John A. Hartigan, 1957 St. Anthony Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

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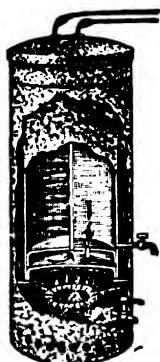
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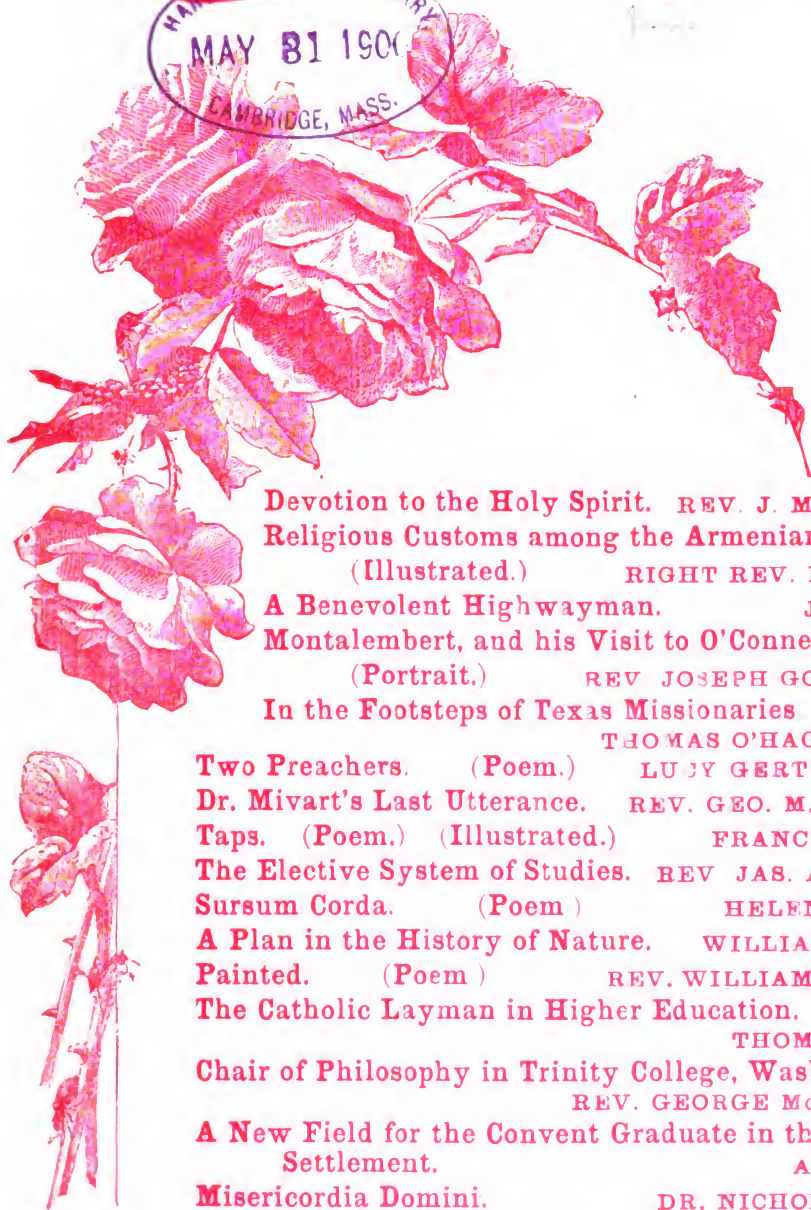
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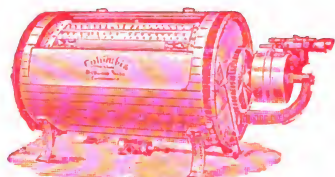
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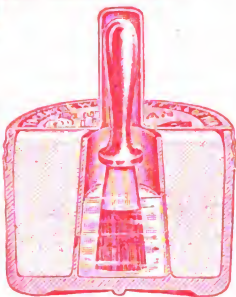
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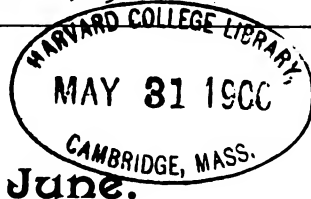
"Thou shalt call his name John; . . . and many shall rejoice in his nativity. For he shall be great before the Lord: and shall drink no wine nor strong drink; and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost: . . . that he may turn the hearts of the fathers unto the children, and the incredulous to the wisdom of the just, to prepare unto the Lord a perfect people."—*Luke i. 13, 14, 15, 17.*

THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXXI.

JUNE, 1900.

No. 423.



June.

June comes, so silken-haired ! so wistful-eyed !
Full-bosomed rival of the slender May,
To whom my love was vowed but yesterday :
Her touch of 'wilderling magic, parting wide
The wondrous blue-veined clouds, has thrust aside
Yon azure fleece along the sky bestrewn,
To flash the rose-light of eternal noon
On all who in her glowing smile abide.
Bewitched, the song-birds twitter "June ! Love June !"
She, crimson-clad and blushing, whispers "Stay."
The breath of her dear lips, like fragrant spray
Of clustering honeysuckle when the moon
Bath kissed it, charms fidelity away,
And wins for June the love I swore to May.

J. O. AUSTIN.

DEVOTION TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

BY REV. JOSEPH MCSORLEY, C.S.P.

"I have long thought that the secret but real cause of the so-called Reformation was that the office of the Holy Ghost had been much obscured in popular belief."—*Cardinal Manning.*



It is now three years since the appearance of the Holy Father's Encyclical Letter on Devotion to the Holy Spirit.* Surely we shall not exaggerate in declaring it to be one of the most timely and significant of that long and splendid series of pronouncements which has distinguished the present Pontiff's reign. In the outspoken and emphatic language characteristic of Catholic authority, this document commended devotion to the Holy Spirit as most dear to the Pope's own heart, and as a salutary and efficient remedy for prevalent evils. A yearly novena was prescribed for the season of Pentecost, the frequent preaching of sermons and conferences on the Holy Spirit was suggested, and all entrusted with the direction of souls were charged that "it is their duty to impart to the people with more zeal and fulness the teachings relative to the Holy Ghost." For, said the Holy Father, "perhaps even today there are Christians who would answer as of old the Ephesians answered the Apostle Paul: 'We have not even heard if there be a Holy Spirit.'"

Now, the effect of this letter of the Supreme Pontiff was at once to awaken new love for the Holy Spirit throughout the length and breadth of the Catholic world. Nor has this beneficent influence yet ceased. Since, however, progress is ever possible, and since the directions of authority become fruitful in proportion as they succeed in arousing our personal zeal and diligent co-operation, we must ever be striving to lend new impetus to the movement. We know that authority aims at eliciting personal effort from us. Neither God nor Church will save us without ourselves, and we are never freed from the necessity of zestfully laboring as God and Church direct. Considering, then, the important part played by special devotions in the spiritual life, and the supreme wisdom of heartily obeying even the slightest suggestions of authority, we must feel it incumbent on us to make devotion to the Holy Spirit a pre-

* *Encyclical Letter on the Holy Spirit.* Pope Leo XIII., 9th May, 1897.

dominant influence in every life that we can shape or sway. And because, in the words of Pope Leo, our "love of a good is proportioned to the fulness and clearness of our knowledge," we must often think, and read, and pray about this matter that, by gaining fuller knowledge, we may attain to deeper love.

As the Holy Father has pointed out, a proper understanding of this devotion in question necessitates some knowledge of Catholic doctrine concerning the Most Blessed Trinity. In regard to that mystery, then, let us recall the teaching which bears most directly upon our subject.

THEOLOGICAL ASPECTS.

God, the Infinite Creator of all things, is in Personality threefold, but in Nature a simple Being, one and undivided. This Triple Personality, however, in no way militates against Divine Unity, for the distinction of Persons is confined to Their relationship with each other. Outside the Trinity, in operations which affect creatures, no One Person acts separately from the other Two. The Trinity is the efficient cause of the creation of men, as of their sanctification. Theologians, though, indulge in a form of speech called "appropriation," by which certain acts common to the whole Trinity are specially assigned to One or Other of the Persons, the reason being the peculiar harmony of these acts with the personal characteristic distinguishing that Person from the other Two.

Now, it is the teaching of faith that the human soul is constituted in the life of grace by the indwelling presence of God. The Creator is, of course, always and necessarily present in every creature both by ubiquity and by omnipotence, but sanctifying grace implies that he is present in a new way, dwelling in the soul now by love, as previously he dwelt in virtue of his immensity. "God by his grace dwells in our souls as in a temple, intimately and specially. Hence arise those bonds of love whereby the soul is more closely united to God than a friend to his dearest friend, enjoying him fully and sweetly. This wonderful union—Indwelling, as it is called—is produced in reality by the presence of the whole Trinity, and only on the part of the recipient differs from that which makes the saints in heaven blessed." *

THE INDWELLING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

This indwelling of God in the soul is by "appropriation"

* See the Pope's Encyclical.

assigned to the Holy Ghost. The reason is that it seems to be peculiarly in accord with what we know of his Personal characteristic. For the note which distinguishes Him from Father and Son consists in this, that He is the flowing forth of Divine Love—*Amor Procedens*—and his proper name is said to be *Donum* (Gift).* Hence we appropriate to him that indwelling by which God, the Blessed Trinity, is bestowed on man and made present in the soul in this new and marvellous manner.

This union of God with the soul occurs whenever a human creature, being invested with sanctifying grace, becomes a participant in the divine nature. For by grace it shares in a life and power naturally proper to God alone, and thus transcends the rank of all created natures.† This deification—as it has been called by the Fathers of the Church—is effected not by destroying human nature, not by nullifying its powers, but by elevating these to a new and higher order wherein they become of greater and divine worth. It is the indwelling Spirit of God who, by uniting his Divine Substance with his beloved creature, through grace, thus raises man to the sublime dignity of Divine Sonship.

This fact that God actually and substantially dwells within the sanctified soul is, then, the explicit teaching of the Catholic Church.‡ The life of grace means this: it means that there has been effected between the soul and God a union closer and more real than any other, the union of the two natures of Christ alone excepted. Since the human race began the Holy Spirit has been thus active among the souls of men, ever sanctifying by his presence such as clung to God with firm and generous hearts.§ So it was with Adam when he became the son of God by grace, so it was with David, Elias, Zacharias, John the Baptist, Simeon, and Anna. So it has been with every soul within or without the body of the church that has been raised to the supernatural life of grace. Each has been sanctified by the presence of the Holy Spirit. For, on Pentecost “the Holy Ghost did not come to commence his indwelling in the souls of his saints, but to penetrate more deeply into them, not beginning at that time to bestow his gifts, but pouring them out in greater abundance, performing no new work, but continuing what he had already begun.”||

* St. Thomas, *Sum. Theol.*, I. q. xxxvii. a. 1, and q. xxxviii. a. 2.

† C. Mazzella, S.J., *De Gratia Christi*, prop. xxxiii.

‡ St. Thomas, *C. Gentis*, iv. 18; J. Franzelin, S.J., *De Deo Trino*, th. xliii.; C. Pesch, S.J., *De Deo Trino*, prop. lxxxix.; H. Hurter, S.J., *De Deo Trino*, th. cciv.

§ Mazzella, prop. xxxvii.

| Quoted from St. Leo the Great in Pope's Encyclical.

DEGREES OF UNION.

But as in human friendship, so in this mysterious union of the soul with God, there are degrees and gradations. Sanctity varies in the individual; so also the intimacy of union with God. And since the Pentecostal advent of the Holy Spirit, this grace of union has been bestowed to an extent utterly inconceivable. "For this gift, this sending of the Holy Ghost, after the glorification of Christ, was to be such as had never been before; not that it had never been given before, but that it had never been given to the same degree."* So abundant is this outpouring that the Christian soul can go on ever strengthening the divine life within, ever binding itself more intimately to God, gaining new titles to love, forging stronger chains of affection, winning closer embraces. As flame in the blazing fire, as a lover in the arms of his beloved, so is God in the soul. Personally, and literally by the actual presence of his Divine Substance, he rests in his creature as truly as he dwells in the tabernacle containing the consecrated Host.

It is this privilege of the Christian which surpasses all others, as it is the one to which all others tend. The time of sacramental Communion is a moment of ineffable sweetness indeed, and human nature can never mount beyond the height reached when Jesus Christ, God and Man, comes to rest in the arms of his devout lover. Still, the physical presence of the Body of Christ does not last for long. With the corruption of the elements, the physical and bodily union between the worshipper and his Lord comes to an end. But grace remains. The Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Jesus, abides in the soul; and with him, both Jesus and the Father. This indwelling is invisible, as indeed the union of the Second Person with the humanity of Christ was invisible. Like the transformation of bread into the body and soul and divinity of Jesus Christ, it produces no sensible result. But just as surely as Transubstantiation makes Christ's Body present where previously it was not, so surely does the sanctification of the soul by the entrance of the Holy Spirit bring God Himself into the human heart, there to abide as a king upon his own throne.

SENSE OF DOCTRINAL PROPORTIONS.

Such, then, is the doctrine at the basis of devotion to the Holy Ghost. That devotion takes its rise in the consciousness that through the indwelling of the Holy Ghost the Christian

* See the Pope's Encyclical.

soul has become the temple of God, that it has been consecrated by the Divine Presence as truly as if it were a tabernacle marked by the lighted lamp as the abiding place of Jesus Christ. For this consciousness naturally impels the soul to direct special thought and nourish special affection towards that Person of the Most Blessed Trinity through whom this grace is bestowed.

What rank this devotion holds in the spiritual life we learn from the Holy Father's emphatic eulogy. Deaf to his teaching and blind to all spiritual perspective would we be if we ignored this great truth, while exerting ourselves to gain vogue for the pretty little specialties begotten of pious imaginations. It is true that in every household use can be found for small things as well as for great, and the wondrous number and variety of Catholic devotions may well justify pride and admiration. Nevertheless the sense of doctrinal proportion must be respected, and it were most unseemly if those ardent in carrying on the propaganda of minor devotions should remain "wrapped in error and ignorance as to the benefits and graces that have always flowed and still flow from this Divine source—error and ignorance, indeed, unbefitting the children of light." *

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE DIVINE COMFORTER.

Individually, at least, each one of us can do something toward dissipating that ignorance by enlightening our own souls; and though the subject seems to be fathomless, that does not excuse us from the endeavor to learn something concerning it. It is true, even the personal characteristic of the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity seems to be shrouded in peculiarly deep mystery. The names of Father and Son in nowise adequately or exhaustively describe the proper personality of Those so named, but we imagine, at least, that we understand Their relationship to the Divine Nature far better than we do that of the Third Person. Of his characteristic we gain but the merest hint in such unsatisfying statements as theology ventures to advance. Nevertheless the symbols assigned to him, and the works appropriated to him, do afford some aid. First of all, we notice how they seem to throw about him the kindly light of tenderness and love. The gentle air, the brooding dove, the soft, clinging cloud-shadow, the dawning light, the parted tongues of fire—these symbols inti-

* See the Pope's Encyclical.

mate to us how sweetly lovable must be this Best Gift of the Father and the Son. And then the offices appropriated to him as most in harmony with his personal character—to sanctify the human soul, to inspire the patriarchs with longing for the Messias' coming, to pour sweet strains of heavenly music into psalmist-souls, and illumine the prophets with the gleam of a light never seen upon earth,—these, and the espousing of Mary, and the forming of the body of Jesus, and his baptism, and the consecrating of the Apostles, all indicate how greatly our love and worship would increase did we but know the Third Person of the Godhead better. For all the precious graces that come in the Sacraments are His Gift, and all the sweetness and strength and comfort infused in prayer, and every good deed of all the millions of priests he has anointed with his holy unction since the church began—all these are His work too.

So out from the obscurity breaks a glimmering of the loveliness of that Divine Comforter whose advent it was expedient we should purchase even at the cost of Christ's departure. Surely devotion to him will bring some new nobility into our sordidly selfish lives.

WHAT IS IMPLIED BY THE DEVOTION.

And how what is implied by devotion to the Holy Spirit? First of all, an endeavor constantly to attend to His Presence in our souls. If we were to do that well and lovingly, we should need no other form of recollection. To gaze affectionately on the face of God unveiled is the life of the blessed in heaven. To remain close to him each moment while here upon earth, to acquire the habit of ever directing the will lovingly toward him, to contemplate him hidden in the soul's depths under the veil of faith, that is a life of the best and highest prayer, a life that has transformed thousands of men and women into saints. Like Adam in the garden, we walk daily in the company of God. Like the Virgin after the angelic salutation, we bear within us the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of the Most High. And as the Sacred Heart of our Divine Saviour was thrilled with the ineffable and measureless graces poured into It by the Holy Spirit, we too are quickened and sanctified and made more than human by his loving touch.

The flame-illumined crystal, shot through and through with splendor, but typifies our souls when by the indwelling Spirit we are made partakers of Divinity. God's spirit in the in-

nermost depths of our being is soothing, healing, livening, strengthening, uplifting, comforting, purifying us, hour by hour. He is ever gently stirring our souls as the summer air that breathes so softly amid the forest leaves. Truly God is with us. Truly we are his temples, bearing him in our bodies—a precious treasure in earthen vessels.

When first this truth is presented to our minds we draw back in astonishment and doubt. Then, as conviction slowly dawns, we feel stunned and bewildered. We have been walking among crowded sand-hills that shut away the view on every side, and suddenly we come out upon a great shoreless sea stretching away into infinite space. The mist is gathered thick above the water. Nothing can be seen except brooding mist, and nothing heard but the thunder of the hidden surf. We are humbled, awed, terrified. The great God dwelling in us! What can it mean?

And then the story of Bishop Cheverus comes back to us, perhaps; how the sainted priest confessed his humiliation when some one said to him: "What! you believe that Jesus Christ, the Incarnate God, descends from heaven each morning to enter your bosom? Why, you would be rapt into the ecstasy of a saint!" "At these words," said the good old prelate, "I blushed with shame, for so it should be."

THE EVER-LIVING PRESENCE WITHIN US.

Thus we find it beyond belief that we are still so worldly and selfish and sinful, with the Spirit of God really dwelling in us. But it is a fact that cannot be gainsaid. The privilege is not optional. Whether we will it or not, we have been "born again" into the life of grace, the supernatural order, and have come into the company of the saints; for our great glory should we persevere, for our inevitable and well-deserved shame and ruin were we now to become castaway. Far better the mollusk on the sea-shore, or the toad imprisoned in a rock, than a soul turned away from God. But though the issue is in our own hands, the choice of evading responsibility has not been given us. We are equipped for the struggle, but its necessity is upon us; we must face it, whether for better or for worse. "Your members are the members of Christ"; "Your body is God's temple." "Be ye, therefore, perfect even as your Heavenly Father is perfect."

It is true that the first deep realization of this truth may be fearful and oppressive; the initial step in devotion to the

Holy Ghost is apt to be made in dread and trembling. "This indeed is an awful place: for God was in this spot and I knew it not," we say at our first long look into the depths of our souls. It is as if, while imagining yourself to be alone at night, you were to turn about and suddenly see a face in the dark, with great eyes that seemed to pierce you through and through. But, as you recover from the momentary terror, you find that the face is as sweet and loving as that of the mother who used to bend over your childhood crib, and that the eyes resting on you are soft and winning, and deep with an infinite tenderness beyond all ever seen before. And then your heart leaps up in an answering love, as if now at last its quest were ended and it had found an object worthy of all its loving worship.

THE SOUL ENSHRINING THE DEITY.

And so it really is. There is a hunger in the human soul unsatisfied by all the joys that creatures can bestow. There is a love best appreciated when the eyes are closed, and mentioned only with bated breath, as something too sacred to be conversed about in common tones. It is the love of God, surpassing the love of woman, and its joys transcend the bliss of the mother and her smiling babe, of the bridegroom and his bride, of the faithful pair that have seen their golden jubilee of wedded life. Searching for this love we ever tend to make gods of our fellow-creatures. But no creature can remain our God for long, and left without a God we become again unhappy and restless.

"We seek Him down the nights and down the days;
We seek Him down the arches of the years."

And at last, Augustine-like, we find Him within—God, the Holy Ghost; and, as Catherine of Siena, building a little chapel in the soul we worship him there with fervor for evermore. Now is our God always with us, embracing, caressing us in the sacred privacy of love's communion: "I to my Beloved, and his turning is toward me."

The old charm of selfishness is gone now. From morn till night we are under the eyes of the God who loves us. The most trifling infidelity is now become an unpardonable crime, as if grieving the Holy Spirit were the same with neglecting the slightest wish of the dear invalid whose sensitive, restless eyes ever follow the nurse moving about the sick-room. A venial sin seems like a sacrilege now, as if we were close to

the tabernacle, or at the altar-rail. Dreadfully wearing all this! some one says. Ah! but the reward. Who can describe the joys of the saint? On the edge of the sun-scorched desert is the cool wood with its heavy leaves, and its damp moss, and its running stream. And here, far from the worry of creatures and the taint of sin, the soul finds rest and peace and a Divine Comforter. And that dear solitude is loved as no other spot on earth. In the shadow, unseen of men, here within my heart, God dwells with me and I with him. No pulse of mine can beat, no breath be drawn, but he knows it. I live, now not I, but he lives within me. And sooner than lose that sweet consciousness of his presence, that sense of his watchful eye, I would suffer the bitterest pain. For with him pain is paradise, and without him life is a dreary torment.

OBEDIENCE TO INSPIRATIONS.

But mere loving attention to the fact of God's indwelling is not the last of our relationship with him. The will must enter actively into our intimacy, our contemplation must be that of faithful servants, whose eyes are bent upon their master's hands, and who await only the signal to obey with alacrity and exactness. If, then, our devotion to the Holy Spirit be real, it will imply ready and perfect obedience to his inspirations. And as attention to him is the perfection of the life of prayer, so obedience to his inspirations is the perfection of the active life. For what are the gifts of the Holy Spirit if not habits of soul disposing us to do God's will promptly and perfectly.*

Consideration of this simple truth may help us to realize the true ideal of spiritual direction, namely, that God is the supreme director of souls, and that all human consultation is of use in proportion as it leads to the recognition and fulfilment of the Divine Will. We need to be instructed and perhaps encouraged by others, but we must also make large use of our own enlightened common sense, and the impulses of grace in our souls. The frequent advice of others may be perfectly indispensable to our success, and consequently is to be sought; but we should not neglect opportunities of useful work, merely because no one has suggested our embracing them. Nor can we always have a director within call, unless indeed it be the indwelling Spirit. And therefore the best direction is that which trains men in prompt and spontaneous fidelity to the guidance of God's Holy Spirit, as the normal spiritual life is that where-

* "The gifts of the Holy Spirit are habits which perfect man in prompt obedience to the Holy Spirit."—St. Thomas, *Sum. Theol.*, I. 2æ. q. lxxviii. a. 3.

in the soul, instead of merely shaping itself on the minute details of a model provided by an adviser, uses its own intelligence to recognize, and its own will to execute God's particular designs in its regard. How simple in sublimity the rule of life which has for its supreme principle the conscience, instructed by authoritative teaching, and energized by the promptings of the Holy Spirit !

SAFETY IN EXTERNAL STANDARDS.

But does this not render the individual lawless and his conduct arbitrary? In the spiritual life, thus conceived, there must be danger of pride, fanaticism, vagrant fancies, illusions, and the worst possible self-deception. That is true; and ruin would be imminent were there no balance, no corrective, no external standard of guidance. Here, as always, the beautiful symmetry of Catholic doctrine is manifested, and its unity made evident. The inner promptings of the voice of God are to be tested by their harmony with the external direction of authority. God will not contradict himself; the less obvious and certain direction is to be corrected by the clearer. Hence, in case of conflict, the supposed inspiration must always give way to the explicit direction of lawfully constituted authority. This rule has been well illustrated in the lives of saints like Teresa, who professed that they would obey the command of a lawful superior more readily than they would follow any interior suggestion, though it seemed clearly to proceed from the Holy Spirit. Thus it is that fidelity to the integral Catholic ideal has ever enabled men to steer safely between the fatal alternatives of fanaticism and indolent passivity. The plumb-line of the mason, the rudder of a ship, the beacon on a lee-shore, external authority constantly guides and directs the human activity initiated perhaps by an internal prompting, but liable to end in disaster if it neglects the corrective of direction from without. For the demon may whisper within us in the guise of an angel of light. Obeying legitimate superiors, however, we cannot go astray. The wall will be true to a hair's-breadth, the ship will safely weather the foam-bathed rocks; and it is the certainty of being thus guarded against danger which enables the loyal Catholic to work out God's plan with untroubled serenity.

FIDELITY TO INSPIRATIONS.

All this is certain; but we must not forget that God's plan is a harmony, that in the perfect observance of inner and outer

lies the fulfilling of the law. To work lawlessly were crime. To work only when expressly commanded by external authority were indolence. The danger-signals and the limits of progress are marked from without; the impulse to act is often from within. The careful watch of lawfully constituted guardians, like the swaddling-clothes of infancy, protects against fatal chill; but the Christian, like the babe, lives not in virtue of swaddling-clothes alone. Faithful and energetic correspondence to the will of God, manifested externally by superiors or by circumstances, and hearty co-operation with the suggestions of the indwelling Spirit—both are necessary elements in the building up of God's household. The Gentile missions of Paul, the reformed foundations of Teresa, the new institute of Ignatius, were deeds inspired by secret whispers that the Divine Master communicated to these saints in the privacy of their own souls. External authority did not give birth to these movements. What it did, and did thoroughly, was to provide against all possibility of disaster.

Many a one, no doubt, is ready to say: "But I never have any such inspirations. I never hear the voice of God within my soul." Cleanse away sin, shut out the world, purify self-love, and then listen. Why, to the worst of men God whispers his admonitions through the voice of conscience, and it must be that he will speak more often and more explicitly to souls sanctified by grace. If we are attentive we shall certainly not fail to receive suggestions from him. If we are faithful to the light given, it will go on always increasing.* Evening and morning, at our going out and at our coming in, now amid the bustle of daily duties and now in the retirement of a church, the good impulse may be felt. Sometimes an inclination to prayer and again a summons to action, first a call to mortification and then to kindness, this time the suggestion of a pleasant duty and later of one that is bitterly repugnant—so the motions of the Spirit vary as he listeth. But they gather about our pathway, ever and always—at one time as a soothing dew and again as a scorching fire, now as soft, low music, and now as the trumpet-call to battle—for all ways are his. He is ever beside us, ever within us, and his inspirations fall athwart our souls as constantly as the long shadows on the quiet surface of a mountain lake. So Jesus with the disciples trained them for their work. So, instructed by the guiding Spirit, the Apostolic twelve revolutionized the world. Ever contemplating and

* *The Spiritual Doctrine of Father Louis Lallemant, S.J.*, p. 168.

ever obeying God, we too will be transformed into some greater likeness to him, as friends dwelling together for years grow to resemble one another.

SPIRITUAL PERFECTION THE RESULT.

The result of this devotion is, in one word, Perfection. Its examples are the saints who in every age and land, with an infinite variety of dispositions and faculties, have learned to become perfect instruments of the God abiding in their souls. They have exhibited in fulness those gifts and graces which are the proper fruits of devotion to the Holy Spirit: wisdom, understanding, knowledge, counsel, piety, fortitude, fear, charity, joy, peace, patience, benignity, goodness, longanimity, mildness, faith, modesty, continency, chastity—gifts and graces in which every good Christian shares to some extent, but which are capable of indefinite and lasting increase. Thus will our lives be rounded out and perfected if we too learn to love the Spirit of God and faithfully follow his guidance. For are not all other things for the sake of this, the visible on account of the invisible? Surely it is so. And the ultimate end of human existence is but the perfecting of the relationship begun by the Holy Spirit's entrance into the soul.

Many times the pursuit of this ideal will conflict with prevalent notions and cherished traditions perhaps, but it must be pursued faithfully none the less. The world will move, be the denials of that fact ever so numerous and loud. And as it moves, God inclines men first in this direction and then in another. Human wills must be free and ready to follow the divine. *Ad maiorem Dei gloriam* must be our ultimate principle of action, and it must stand supreme. "God first" was the interpretation given to this maxim by the saint who has made it a household word among modern Catholics, and the Exercises he invented were framed to train the soul so that, purged of attachment to minor goods and means, it might ever aim at whole-hearted loyalty to the Supreme Good, the end of its existence, and always elect to follow him.

THE DEVOTION ESPECIALLY SUITED TO OUR DAY.

There is more than one reason why it seems as though devotion to the Holy Spirit were especially suited for our age, and above all for the people of this country—earnest, intelligent, active, and liberty-loving. Mindful of the significance of those acts of the Holy Father which officially bear upon the

whole Christian world, we may well consider his directions to be a heaven-sent indication of the spiritual ideals that will best avail for the perfecting of the existing social order. In consecrating the whole human race to "the Sacred Heart, the symbol and sensible image of the infinite love of Jesus Christ,"* he has directed attention toward that devotion which attaches men most firmly to the person of Him who is their Way, their Truth, and their Life. In renewing devotion to the Holy Spirit, he has influenced men to turn their thoughts inward and learn the ineffable dignity of the life of grace, and he has encouraged that love of internal personal religion, that loyalty to the inner promptings of grace, that cultivation of the highest form of prayer, and that sense of individual freedom and individual responsibility so well fostered by this devotion, and in default of which vital spirituality is so likely to decay.

A GUARD AGAINST SPIRITUAL DANGERS.

"I have long thought," said Cardinal Manning, "that the secret but real cause of the so-called Reformation was that the office of the Holy Ghost had been much obscured in popular belief." But the new religionists brought about a far worse state of affairs. Making no headway themselves, they still obstructed the path of others. For wild fanaticism such as they displayed was the one thing most likely to discourage authority from reposing confidence in the personal fidelity of the subject. Catholics were forced to concentrate all resources on the defence of points attacked. External authority was of necessity emphasized most strongly and became all dominant, while individual initiative in action and individual freedom in methods were suspected to be, and often developed into, the false and fanatical vagaries of heresy.

But to-day the siege is nigh over. Protestantism has all but completed its process of self-disintegration, and now the evil most to be feared is indifferentism and infidelity. To this our century tends, as is evident, and the national genius of our own country is such that naturalism, as the Holy Father has warned us, is the point of danger.† And how thoroughly is this danger counteracted by the two great devotions which the Pontiff has seen fit to commend so specially—devotion to the sacred symbol of the God-Man's

* See the Pope's Encyclical, *Annum Sacrum*, 25th May, 1899.

† See the Pope's Letter, *Testem Benevolentia*, 22d Jan., 1899.

love for us, and devotion to the indwelling of the Holy Spirit! We tend to humanism, therefore our natural bent is caught and directed upward to the transfigured Heart of the Saviour of Mankind. Again, we tend to exaggerate liberty, our sacred birthright—that liberty of which the Pontiff wrote, “it is the greatest of man’s natural gifts” *—and therefore devotion to the Holy Spirit is commended, that human liberty may be bound in the chains of divine love, and made over to God in the free and spontaneous consecration of our wills to the will of the Divinity reigning within us. Thus has the highest authority in the church stamped his supreme approval on a devotion which already had been marked as specially fitted for our day by the decree of the Baltimore Council, by the action of the American College at Rome, by the books and pamphlets and burning speeches of cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and saintly priests throughout the English speaking world. What indeed can be better adapted to bring about that desire so dear to the venerable Pontiff’s heart and so repeatedly mentioned in his letters—the renewal of Christian life in human society and the reconciliation to the faith of all those outside the church? Surely the finger of God points out this devotion as one which, earnestly cultivated, will lead all dissenters into the Catholic fold and inspire all Catholics to lives of sanctity.

Each of us, then, may feel specially called to cherish it. How greatly it helps to simplify our lives! Neither badge, medal, nor affiliation is necessary to its practice; the sole equipment is a lovingly attentive heart, and this all Christians may lay claim to, if they will, in any place, at any time, and under any circumstances. Love and obey the Spirit, his outer and inner voice, and it is enough. As a pillar of cloud and a pillar of fire, he will lead you on and into the land of promise. The glad spring sunshine, the grateful perfume of the pine woods, the murmurs of splashing fountains—none of these is delightful compared to the gracious caress and the sweet whisper of the indwelling Spirit, the Spouse of our souls. It was once a custom in Catholic countries to symbolize the advent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost by letting fragrant blossoms and lighted fleece fall from the ceiling of the church. Well did those symbols recall the love and light bestowed on those who become his disciples.

Among the splendid old hymns that have thrilled the church for centuries there is one, the “Veni, Creator Spiritus,”

* See the Pope’s Encyclical, *Libertas*, 20th June, 1888.

unique in its wonderful history. To the echo of its music kings have been anointed and emperors crowned. While its cry went up from the kneeling thousands, bishops have knelt beneath the consecrating oil, priests have been ordained, and temples erected to God. Under its inspiration spotless souls have consecrated their chastity to Christ, preachers have stirred sinners to life-long penitence, and showers of Pentecostal grace have flowed down on men. May it find new echo within each Catholic soul to day! *Veni, Creator Spiritus!* May his advent this Pentecost awaken us to the joyous consciousness that he is come indeed, and is abiding within us, never more to depart until in Heaven our eyes open to gaze eternally upon His uncovered Face!

NOTE.—Those who cherish devotion to the Holy Spirit will find much to attract and enlighten them in the following volumes, obtainable from any Catholic publisher; the first fifteen on the list will be welcomed by all earnest readers, while the last ten will help to open up a view of God's wondrous dealings in specially sanctified souls.

Lallemant, S.J.: *Spiritual Doctrine*.

Manning: *Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost*.

Baker: *Holy Wisdom (Sancta Sophia)*.

Caussade, S.J.: *Abandonment; Workings of the Divine Will*.

Scupoli: *Spiritual Combat*.

Hilton: *Ladder of Perfection (Scala Perfectionis)*.

De Sales: *Love of God, and other works*.

À Kempis: *Imitation of Christ, and other works*.

Grou, S.J.: *Hidden Life, and other works*.

Surin, S.J.: *Foundations, Letters, Catéchisme Spirituel (French)*.

Bona: *Easy Way to God*.

Tyrrell, S.J.: *External Religion*.

Bowden: *Spiritual Works by Louis of Blois*.

Fénelon: *Letters*.

Hedley: *Retreat Conferences*.

Hahn-Hahn: *Fathers of the Desert (preface by Dalgairns)*.

Cassian: *Conferences*.

Lights in Prayer of Ven. Fathers De la Puente, De la Colombière, and Segneri, S.J.

Rigoleuc, S.J.: *Walking with God*.

Bellécius, S.J.: *Solid Virtue*.

Bridgett: *Suppliant of the Holy Ghost*.

Preston: *The Divine Paraclete*.

Zardetti: *Devotion to the Holy Ghost*.

Rawes: *Little Books of the Holy Ghost*.

Nieremberg, S.J.: *Adoration in Spirit and in Truth*.

Faber: *Notes on Doctrinal Subjects, ii. 2*.

Scheeben: *Glories of Divine Grace*.

Collins: *Divine Cloud*.

Tauler: *Following of Christ*.

Mother Juliana: *Revelations of Divine Love*.

Blessed Angela of Foligno: *Visions and Instructions*.

St. Teresa: *Autobiography, and other works*.

St. John of the Cross: *Ascent of Mount Carmel, and other works*.

St. Catherine of Genoa: *Life and Doctrine*.

St. Bernard: *Love of God, and other works*.

Joly: *Psychology of the Saints*.



AN ANCIENT BRIDGE OVER THE SARUS AT ADANA. IT WAS BUILT BY EMPEROR JUSTINIAN I. AND REPAIRED BY ST. HELENA, MOTHER OF CONSTANTINE. IT WAS OVER THIS BRIDGE ST. HELENA PASSED WHEN GOING TO JERUSALEM.

RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS AMONG THE ARMENIANS.

BY RIGHT REV. PAUL TERZIAN,
Bishop of Adana and Tarsus.



ONE of the Eastern countries has attracted so much attention as unhappy Armenia. In order to secure the peace between Russia and England it has been deemed necessary that a neutral zone be established under the dominion of the Sublime Porte. Armenia is so situated geographically that it has been made to constitute a portion of this neutral zone. The Turk in accepting the suzerainty of Armenia promised not only that he would not molest the people but that he would protect them in their rights. Turkish promises are one half duplicity and the other half self-interest, and are kept only so long as Christian nations compel their fulfilment. The story of the last half-century has been a story of the kind of protection that the tiger gives to the sheep that falls into its merciless claws. The meagre reports that the Turkish censorship allows to go out to the Western world reveal a continued series of butcheries, starvations, and atrocities.

The people of Armenia are Christian, though the majority are in schism. There are above 100,000 schismatics through Cilicia and the contiguous provinces. While a great deal of American missionary money has been poured into these pro-

vinces, and has been used to build schools and orphanages, still the Oriental people with their ancient traditions, which go back to the beginnings of Christianity, will not adhere permanently to Protestantism as a religion.

Of late years there has been a notable return of these schismatics to union with Rome. The present Holy Father has guaranteed that in their return to the unity of Christendom they would not be required to forsake any of their ancient ecclesiastical customs, and that if they acknowledge the primacy of Peter they may continue in the enjoyment of their ancient rites. These guarantees have given a wonderful impulse to the work of reunion. There is no one of the bishops who has worked harder to bring about the return of the Armenian people to Rome than the modern Apostle of the ancient see of St. Paul. He has more than once written an account of his work and his people in these pages, and again we present an interesting story of some customs among his down-trodden people.

There is, perchance, not in all history a people whose history is so interesting, and at the same time whose condition is so pitiable, as the Uniate Catholics of the ancient see of St. Paul. Within a few years over 3,000 have forsaken the churches of the schismatics and have gone out to worship in mud hovels, and under the canopy of heaven, for the sake of affiliating with the successor of St. Peter, and to no one is this return of the people due more than to Monseigneur Paul, the present Bishop of Tarsus.—EDITOR CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE.

I.

ORIGIN OF FAITH AMONG THE ARMENIANS.

The Armenians were the first people of the Gentile world to believe in our Divine Saviour, having been baptized in his holy name under their first king, Abgar.

When Jesus Christ appeared on earth God chose to reveal himself to Abgar in preference to all the princes of the world, and, while still a pagan, this monarch seemed predestined to the honor of becoming the defender of Christ. In the year 340 of the Greek Empire, during the reign of Tiberius, Emperor of Rome, Abgar, son of Ariham, reigned in Mesopotamia in Syria, in the city of Edessa. In the thirty-second year of his reign, on the twelfth day of the month of Saturn, he despatched Marihab and Sehamsehagran, the most distinguished men in his kingdom, and Anan his counsellor, with



THE MOSQUE AT ADANA, NOTED FOR ITS BLACK AND WHITE MARBLE PORTICO AND MINARET OF PERSIAN STYLE. IT WAS FORMERLY A CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

certain letters to be delivered to the great and noble Sabinus of Eustorgia, governor of Syria. Having accomplished their mission in the city of Eleutheropolis these ambassadors returned home by way of Jerusalem, in which city they remarked with astonishment the great crowd gathered about and watching Jesus. They approached and observed carefully; and Anan, counsellor of the king, wrote down what he had seen and what had been told him concerning the Messias.

Then, on returning home, in the king's presence, Anan read all that he had written. The king evinced great astonishment, and remarked to the members of his court: These miracles are undeniably divine, for who is there that can raise the dead except God alone? And he would have gone in person to Jerusalem but for the fact that he feared to give occasion for war by venturing into a land which belonged to the Romans. So

he wrote a letter to Jesus and confided it to his counsellor, Anan. It was couched in these terms:

"Abgar, son of Ariham, to the great Teacher, Jesus, who has appeared in the country of Jerusalem, greeting.

"MASTER:

"I have heard that thou dost heal, not with medicines but by thy word simply; that thou dost give sight to the blind, that thou dost make the lame to walk, that thou dost purify the lepers, that thou dost give hearing to the deaf, that thou dost cast out demons, that thou dost raise the dead and heal the infirm. Hearing of these wonders I concluded that thou art God and the Son of God, come down from heaven.

"For this reason have I addressed to thee this letter, begging thee to come to me, that I may adore thee and may obtain the cure of my infirmities according to my faith in thy power.

"Moreover, I have heard that the Jews murmur against thee, persecute thee, and seek to kill thee.

"Deign, then, to come to me. I possess a beautiful city which will be sufficient for us both. We shall dwell there in peace."

Jesus, having received this letter while in the house of the



IN AN ARMENIAN BAPTISM THE GODFATHER HOLDS THE BABE.

high-priest of the Jews, thus answered Anan, counsellor of the king:

"Go tell thy master: Happy art thou to believe in me without having seen me, for it is written, those who see me will not believe. As for thy invitation, know that

my mission is accomplished, and I must ascend unto my Father. After my ascension I will send to thee one of my disciples, who will restore health to thee and to thy people, and will lead

thee to life eternal. May thy city be blessed, and may it never fall into the hands of thy enemies!"

Having received this message Anan painted a picture of Jesus in beautiful colors, and, carrying it to Edessa, presented



IN THE RIVER CYDNUS, THAT FLOWS BY TARSUS, ALEXANDER THE GREAT BATHED WHILE PERSPIRING PROFUSELY. THE BATH NEARLY TERMINATED FATALLY.

it to the king, his master. Abgar received it with joy and respect, and placed it in his palace. And after the ascension of Jesus, the Apostle Thomas sent to King Abgar Thaddeus, one of the seventy-two disciples.

Thaddeus on his coming was received and entertained by a man of Jewish origin, Tobias by name, and descended from the great Tobias. The news of his arrival quickly spread, and the king, informed of it by his satrap Abdias, sent for Tobias and said to him: "A mighty man has entered thy house; bring him to me."

The following day Tobias introduced Thaddeus. The king, surrounded as he was by his satraps, ministers, and great lords, prostrated himself with his face to the ground, for he saw Thaddeus radiant with shining light.

The courtiers, who saw nothing of the prodigy, were as-

tounded at this mark of respect. But the king said to Thaddeus: "I adjure thee by the truth, art thou the disciple of that mighty one, Jesus, Son of God, who promised to send one of his disciples to heal me and give me life? And Thaddeus answered: He in whom thou hast believed hath sent me to thee. Then said Abgar: So truly have I believed in him that when I was told that the Jews had crucified him, I would have marched against them to destroy them, but I was prevented on account of the Romans, since in accord with the custom of my predecessors I have made a treaty with Tiberius."

And the apostle answered: "Since thou believest with thy heart, I impose hands on thee. In the name of Jesus be thou healed." And the king was healed.

Now, when Abdias, son of Abdion, saw the wonder he thrust forward his feet, tortured by the gout, saying: "I believe"; and he too was healed.

Then the king said to the apostle: "Thou hast manifested to us the power of Jesus; now tell us of his entrance into the world, his life, his miracles, and his death." And Thaddeus spoke in the presence of King Abgar, and all the princes and satraps, and before Augusta, mother of Abgar, and before Sehlamathia, daughter of Mithridates and wife of Abgar.

When the mother, the wife, and the courtiers of the king had heard, they glorified God and Jesus Christ; and Abgar said: "I would have thee repeat to the whole city that which we have heard."

Immediately the king ordered Abdias, now healed of his former malady, to proclaim to all the men and women of the city that they should gather to hear the preaching of the apostle in the place called Bettsbara, a vast space belonging to the family of Avita, son of Abdehhi.

And all the inhabitants of the city, men and women, as well as the princes and the satraps of the king, gathered together. There were in the crowd many soldiers and laborers, Jews and pagans, and strangers come from other lands such as Nisibis and Haran, and numerous inhabitants of Mesopotamia, who had come together in great numbers.

And when Thaddeus had exposed the doctrine of Christ and had said, "Now I must finish my discourse; let those who have welcomed the word of Jesus Christ and who wish to assist at our prayers remain with us," he saw with pleasure that the majority remained. King Abgar rejoiced, and said to Thaddeus: "I will remain firm in my belief, I and my son

Maaven, and the queens Augusta and Sehlamathia: we will prostrate ourselves before Jesus Christ. Now do thou build a church wheresoever seemeth good to thee, that God may be worshiped with all freedom; and Thaddeus builded a church where the king, the princes, and the people offered God their prayers and daily glorified him. And Thaddeus cured many sick. When the rulers of the city and their colleagues saw his miracles they hastened to



MGR. MEGHERDITCH KEYFSISIAN, ARMENIAN PATRIARCH,
WHO DIED IN 1896.

overturn the altar of the false gods, Bel and Nabon, and also the great altar which stood in the middle of the city; crying out, 'Jesus Christ is the true God and Thaddeus is his prophet.'

The Apostle continued to preach and the worshippers of idols of stone and wood came and threw themselves at his feet, and he baptized them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Thus did Armenia become the Christian kingdom.

II.

BAPTISM.

With this most ancient introduction of the Christian faith among the Armenians began a remarkable reverence and zeal for the holy sacrament of baptism which have always been characteristic of our people, and which surely will last even to the end of the world. Nothing can interfere with their attach-

ment for this first of the seven sacramental bases of the Christian faith. At all hours of the night, even during the most inclement weather, in the stormy winter amid snow and mud—no small consideration when roads are unpaved—they never hesitate to come and beg the priest to baptize the new-born infant. Does sickness threaten the life of the child? The more reason then, before seeking remedies to heal its body, to hasten to provide for the eternal welfare of its soul. They would rather see the object of their affection depart to God damp with the purifying water of the baptismal font than to expire snugly wrapped up in its cradle. Even when the health of the little one gives no reason for disquietude, they do not wait, as the Western races do, for a long, indefinite period before seeing their infant become the child of Christ. Another motive for haste is that everybody, not even excepting the mother, is strictly forbidden to kiss or embrace an unbaptized infant.

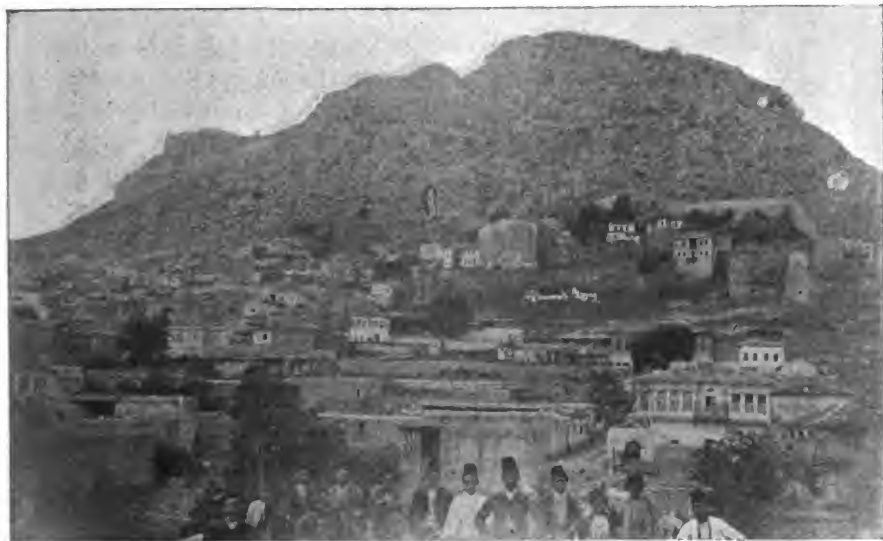
So, on the morrow of the birth, or at most within eight days if there are grave reasons for such delay—*e. g.*, the absence of a godparent or the illness of the mother, etc.—preparations are made with great religious devotion.

According to ancient usage of the people of Armenia, once wealthy and opulent, presents were exchanged between the parents of the little one and the godfather or the godmother, proportioned to their social position; and, if the little one were a boy and the first that had blest their union, the parents spared no expense within their power. In former times these presents consisted of rings enriched with precious stones, and pieces of gold, taken from the current coinage, to be used as ornaments by young girls and old women. These pieces, strung upon an iron wire in the form of a semi-circle around the neck under the chin, glittered on the upper part of the bosom like little shining suns. But these precious gifts, real tokens of ancient magnificence, are replaced to-day by common linen garments, chemises, handkerchiefs, napkins wrought with wreaths, laces, embroideries executed by young girls of our schools, superintended by our good sisters of the Congregation of the Immaculate Conception of Adana and of Hadjina.

The ceremony of baptism is always performed at the church. If, however, some pressing dangers prevent it for the moment from being performed at the church, it may be begun at the house on condition that the child shall be taken to the church on the recovery of its health, in order completely to fulfil the

ceremony. On the eve of the day fixed for the baptism invitations are sent to all relatives, friends, and neighbors; a crowd composed of men and of women slowly follows the midwife, who walks in front holding her precious charge within her arms. The adornment of the altar and of the baptistery, the number of the priests and of the choir-children, is at the choice of the godfather, who must bear the expense.

The ceremonies attendant on the administration of baptism,



THE RESIDENCE OF SCHISMATIC ARMENIAN PATRIARCHS IN SIS.

according to the discipline of the church, are the same for all. But with regard to ornamental accessories, we, like others, have statutes fixing three grades of expenditure according to the condition of the people. It is pitiful to see, side by side with their love of beautiful display leading them to desire all the pomps and ceremonies possible, their inability to meet the necessary expenses. The church, indeed, like a tender mother, asks but little in return for the joy which she is ever pouring into the hearts and souls of her children, especially when she finds them struggling with extreme poverty. To manage matters, however, so as never to give offence is often a difficult matter for the clergy.

Some there are among us who, while well able to make an offering to the church on these occasions, are not accustomed to do so. The reason is that when, about the middle of this

century, a movement towards Catholicism sprang up in Asia Minor, the *Adaniotes* gave it a strong impetus. Not to discourage this tendency, our predecessors judged it wise to sanction the observance of these formalities without fee. An excessive attachment to this privilege has perpetuated it even to our own days. Another unfortunate circumstance is that the Protestants have dazzled the people's eyes with the glitter of their gold, lavishly distributed.

Thus, it is easy to see the difficulties of our contest against the secret enemies of the flock of Christ; still we may rest our trust in the deep attachment of the Armenians to the Catholic religion, a spirit well preserved among our new converts; and may we not hope that the good seed sown in our daily preachings, and in the teaching of our schools, maintained by the encouragement and the alms of pious souls, will bear fruit, that the tree will grow so mighty that the birds of heaven will come and dwell in the branches thereof?

But to return to our subject. Baptism as administered in the Orient consists of three immersions in the name of the Holy Trinity. Water having been poured on the head, the whole body is plunged into the water. When the greatest solemnity is observed, the ceremony is performed by the bishop of the diocese himself, accompanied by priests and choir-children clad in their sacred habits, as many in number as the godfather may desire. In the ordinary ceremony, which is performed outside the door of the sacristy, it is the priest who first takes the child from the midwife and gives it to the godfather. After the profession of faith he turns toward the west to abjure the devil, then he turns back again to the east to pronounce the adorable names of the Trinity. Finally, as they enter the sacristy, the priest places the hem of his chasuble upon the infant carried by the godfather, who follows the priest as the latter advances to the baptistery, reciting the psalm "Introibo." With us confirmation is administered immediately after baptism. The ceremony takes place in the church proper, before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. The forehead, the eyes, the ears, the nose, the mouth, the hands, the back, the breast, and the upper part of both feet are anointed, and two wax tapers are placed in the hands of the godfather, who carries the child in his arms. Then the priest takes the child in his arms with the two tapers, and consecrates the newly baptized, confirms him to God by three profound inclinations before the altar, and



RELIGIOUS SCENES IN A MOSQUE.—DERVISHES IN PRAYER.

giving the child back to the godfather, the priest blesses them both. Thereafter the infant is called by his baptismal name. It may be remarked that in baptism one single name is given, and that it is always the name of a saint.

After the ceremony the procession returns to the house of the newly baptized, preceded by priests and choir-children, who sing canticles of joy. During the return journey it is no longer the midwife but the godfather who carries the infant in his arms, holding at the same time two lighted tapers in his hands. When the godfather, arriving at the house, sets foot upon the threshold of the room where the mother is waiting, her eyes moist and her heart palpitating with a great joy, she kneels down before the godfather and prostrates herself in token of respect and humiliation. Then the godfather lays her

child in her arms. The scene is a most touching one. Scarcely have the priests quitted the room than a family dispute commences among the sisters for the right to kiss the child first, since to this their great Christian faith attaches a deep value. The same day all the priests and the family of the godfather are invited to supper and to spend the evening at the home of the new-born. The child's father considers it an honor to wait upon his guests at table, and never thinks of sitting down himself.

During forty days the mother must keep her room, unless, indeed, she obtain permission to walk from time to time in that part of the house not exposed to the sun. The fortieth day completed, she is led by her mother to the church, carrying her child in her arms. She waits at the door of the sacristy until the priest comes to lead her before the high altar, after having blest her and her child. On this occasion the young mother must make an offering, which nowadays consists of a package of wax tapers, though formerly it was rich Persian rugs. This is a figure of the presentation of the child Jesus by his mother the Blessed Virgin in the Temple at Jerusalem, where the pious memory of it is still preserved. After this ceremony, always assisted at with special devotion, the young mother must go to visit the godfather in order to acknowledge her gratitude by respectfully kissing his hand.

During the forty days which follow the birth of the infant great care is taken lest it should be left lying either in its cradle or any other place while a funeral is passing before the house or under the windows of its room. On these occasions some one must quickly take it in his or her arms and stand thus holding it until the crowd has entirely passed. To this matter such marked importance is attached that even though the little one be plunged in a deep sleep they will take it up at the risk of waking it, and carry it about despite its plaintive cries (this and other similar customs have remained among our population from the idolatrous times, and among the upper classes they are disappearing little by little).

The wishes and greetings addressed to the parents on the occasion of a birth have considerable significance: "Good news," "May the little one's coming be a good omen," "May the Most High render us capable of raising it in the shadow of its parents." And the answers given are: "May your *tongue* be always in good health," "May the good God bless you according to your desire."

A BENEVOLENT HIGHWAYMAN.

BY JOHN A. FOOTE.



ON the morning of Thanksgiving Day, 1878, when I called at the *Star* office I found that I had been assigned to interview Mr. Bradshaw and learn as much as possible about the strike at his Johnstown mines. I ventured to say that most offices were closed on legal holidays; but Briggs, the city editor, said that Mr. Bradshaw could easily be found at his office, as he did not observe holidays. I found that Briggs was right. Bradshaw's dingy office was a scene of clerical activity; the clerks were busy counting out coin and bills and making out pay-rolls, and only one person about the premises seemed to realize that it was a holiday and a day for thanksgiving. This solitary exception was a young man who sat tilted back in one of the large office chairs smoking a cigarette in bold defiance of the time-stained pasteboard sign that announced to the visitor "Smoking is forbidden." I recognized the young man as Alfred Miller, Mr. Bradshaw's secretary, a rising society favorite and man-about-town, whose handsome face and well-knit figure were well known in the theatre lobbies and fashionable cafés.

One of the clerks noticed me standing at the wicket that separated the business office from the room where persons who had trivial business were forced to wait; and, when he ushered me into the private office, Mr. Miller greeted me with a most gracious smile and requested me to be seated.

"Mr. Bradshaw will be in before long," he said. Then he glanced at my card. "Oh! I suppose you have come in relation to the strike."

"Yes," I answered. "It is rumored that this is the beginning of a new general strike of the miners of the anthracite region, and we think that Mr. Bradshaw may be able to give us some valuable information in regard to the cause of the strike, the means to be employed in settling it, and its probable duration."

"Rather a queer old gentleman, Mr. Bradshaw," said Miller reflectively. "Now, from my knowledge of his character, I think that he will let the strike settle itself, for he is anything but a diplomat. He acts as he feels, and sometimes he does not feel altogether pleasant—in the present instance, for example.

But I suppose we all have some bad habit. Mine is cigarettes. Won't you have one of these Egyptians? They're genuine."

He extended a box of cigarettes to me with another display of his pearly teeth, and indeed I was no longer surprised that Mr. Bradshaw had taken so companionable a person into his office. The longer I talked with him the more I was impressed with his many-sided, variable character.

He was remarkably well informed, and had that knowledge of human nature which can only be gained by personal experience in the world. I did not feel the moments passing until I noticed the clerks suddenly showing a remarkable attention to business. Then I heard a door open behind me, and a short, red-faced, and corpulent gentleman entered, very much out of breath.

"Morning! morning!" exclaimed Mr. Bradshaw, for it was the head of the firm who had entered. Mr. Miller smiled a courteous "Good-morning," and assisted the old man in removing his heavy coat.

"This gentleman has come to interview you about the strike," said Mr. Miller.

The coal operator took my card, glanced at it, and then turned his back on me and began to open the letters which lay on his desk. Fifteen minutes elapsed and then he wheeled in his chair and ejaculated "Well?" in a tone that was devoid of the slightest tinge of amiability.

He could not frighten me, though, and I briefly explained my mission and asked him if there was any truth in the rumor that a general strike was contemplated.

"Nothing of the kind," he said. "It's all bosh, this talk about a strike. Does n't amount to that!" He snapped his fat fingers by way of emphasis. "This 'strike,' as you call it, is nothing more than a little jealousy among the men about their foreman. He is a little better and brighter and more sober than the rest of them, and consequently they don't like him."

"I understand that the men have made a statement in which they claim that this foreman, Davis, cheats them in the matter of tonnage, and that, being forced to trade at the company store, where high prices are charged, they are nearly destitute. Is this true?" I asked.

Mr. Bradshaw grew angry, and his face became purplish with suppressed rage. "It is a lie!" he exclaimed; "a confounded lie—the scoundrels! They're treated far better than they deserve; and but for my store half of the beggars would starve. They spend their money for whisky and run in debt at the store. I have to feed them, and then they abuse me."

"So you will not consent to the discharge of Davis and the abandonment of the store?" I said.

"No! You may say positively that I will not. I shall continue to conduct my business according to my own ideas, and will not take any dictation from those whom I employ. To-morrow I shall go in person to Johnstown and pay these men. I shall tell them specifically what I have told you. And any man who fails to return to work by next Monday will be discharged and black-listed."

Mr. Miller up to this time had stood at the window drumming with his fingers on the dusty glass, apparently not interested in our conversation, but at the conclusion of Mr. Bradshaw's vigorous ultimatum he turned abruptly towards us and said:

"Did I understand you, sir, to say you intended to take the miners' pay to Johnstown personally?"

"Yes," said the coal operator. "I will relieve you of that duty to-morrow. After I have talked to the men and paid them, I shall go to Carbondale to attend to that matter of the lease of the Blue Hill tract. Mrs. Hackett, who owns the tract, insists that a guarantee of \$4,000 in bank notes must be placed with her as a preliminary. Mr. Murphy!" In answer to this summons a pleasant-looking young man appeared from behind a large ledger. "You will accompany me to-morrow; 9:12, D. & H."

"Very well, sir," said the clerk, and he again disappeared behind the large account book.

Mr. Miller walked over from the window and seated himself opposite us.

"Well," he said, "it will please me very well to have a holiday to-morrow. I rather promised to eat my Thanksgiving dinner with a friend at Carbondale, and on account of this arrangement of yours I will have a chance to remain over-night. Still, my own wishes are only of secondary importance where your interests are at stake, Mr. Bradshaw, and I think that it would be hardly prudent to send \$24,000 to a disaffected mining town with only two men as an escort. If you wish it, I will remain in town and accompany yourself and Murphy to-morrow."

"Pooh! pooh! man," said Mr. Bradshaw; "you talk as if we were living out West. I've been sending money that way for years and never had any trouble about it. Admitting that any robber could overpower two armed men, he would be captured at Scranton or Carbondale within an hour. Escape would be impossible."

"Not necessarily," rejoined Miller. "He could get the drop on you in ambush and escape to the farming region over the mountains beyond Johnstown. The perfect maze of roads, without railroad or telegraphic communication, would make an ideal hiding place for a highwayman."

Mr. Bradshaw laughed—a thing that I had not thought him capable of doing. "'Pon my word, Miller, you would make an excellent dime novelist. You have a wonderful imagination," he said. Then turning to me, as though he had forgotten my presence, his jolly humor suddenly passed. "I have nothing further to say regarding the trouble of my men," he said. "I have told you what I intend to do. Mr. Miller's arguments have not changed me."

He rose while he was speaking, and his eyes wandered in the direction of the door. I took the hint and my hat at the same time, and passed out.

"Wait a minute," called Mr. Miller after me. He joined me and we walked as far as the *Star* office. He was on his way to the railroad station. I liked him more than ever, and promised to call on him at his lodgings, but subsequent events forbade my doing so.

That evening I called to see Miss Dorothy Bradshaw. Miss Dorothy was a niece of the coal operator, and I had met her several times at the society affairs which I reported for the *Star*. She lived with her mother in a quiet corner of the town. Though her mother's circumstances were far from prosperous, Miss Dorothy, through her family name, her beauty, and the general belief that she would inherit her bachelor uncle's fortune, had become almost a leading society belle, and possessed many admirers.

Truly it might be supposed that I, a poor reporter, would have little chance among the gilt-edged suitors that surrounded her; but, nevertheless, I fancied that my company did not displease her half so much as it did her mother. Proof of this I obtained when I put a very momentous question to her. Proof of her mother's displeasure I obtained by telling her of the question which I had put to Miss Dorothy. I can see Mrs. Bradshaw now as she stood drawn up with a fine expression of scorn on her stern features; her black silk dress and straight white hair emphasizing the effect of stiffness and respectability that her appearance always conveyed.

The love that "laughs at locksmiths" fairly shrieks at parental commands, and my visit on the evening I mention was not my first one after I had been forbidden the house.

But little did I think that night that the events of the following day would have such a direct bearing on my circumstances and my happiness.

Youth is naturally buoyant and sanguine, but in my wildest dreams I never conceived the good fortune that would befall me as a result of the happenings of that eventful November morning. What these events were I will briefly relate.

On the morning of November twenty-ninth Mr. Murphy, in the presence of Mr. Bradshaw, placed the amount of the pay-roll, \$20,000, and also \$4,000 to be used as a payment on the lease of the Blue Hill tract, in two large canvas bags, and both men walked to the D. & H. depot, where they boarded the train which left for Johnstown at 9:12. Johnstown is a station at which trains stop only on signal, and when they had alighted both men cocked their revolvers and placed them in their coat pockets ready for use. They did not meet any person or see any animate object except a team of gaunt horses attached to a dilapidated wagon that stood at the cross-roads near the fork that led to Johnstown. The owners of the team were not to be seen, and the wagon appeared to be filled with hay and apple barrels. Despite this they grasped their revolvers, gave a close, scrutinizing inspection to the vehicle, and then, reassured by its deserted appearance, turned up the road towards the mining town.

Now that the end of the journey was in sight Mr. Bradshaw gave over grumbling, and Murphy whistled a bar of "Oh dear! what can the matter be?"

"Hands up!" came in a sharp, commanding voice from behind.

For a very brief instant Mr. Bradshaw turned his head and saw standing in the barrels on the dilapidated wagon two masked and bearded men with levelled Winchesters. Then, as their bullets "zipped" in lightning succession through his silk hat, he involuntarily dropped his bag and obeyed the command. Both men were searched and their weapons taken away from them, and afterwards they heard the chink of the money as the bags were tossed into the wagon.

"We regret very much that we are forced to submit you to this indignity, sir," said the spokesman of the robbers. "Nothing short of dire necessity would have driven us to it. A train for Scranton will be along in a couple of hours. It will be hardly safe for you to venture your life by going to Johnstown, for there is a labor agitator there and if you go without the money it will surely go hard with you. We wish

you no harm and would gladly stay to protect you, but our time at present is worth perhaps \$12,000 an hour. Farewell!"

The gaunt horses started away on a gallop, and as the highwaymen and their treasure faded from view Mr. Bradshaw, in mingled wrath, injured pride, and bitter regret, burst into tears. To go to the mines now would be dangerous, and in the end both agreed that the only means of capturing the fugitives would be to follow them with a mounted posse, which might be secured at Olyphant, the next village on the railroad to Scranton. They walked down to the station and waited with anxiety the coming of the express. At last the whistle of the train was heard and they signalled the engineer to stop. In asking some questions regarding the best method of procedure in regard to the contemplated pursuit Mr. Bradshaw was forced to tell the conductor of the robbery. But he cautioned him to say nothing about it, and said he wished the matter kept as quiet as possible. When the train stopped at Olyphant, Mr. Bradshaw prepared to alight. He told Murphy to go on to the city and report at police headquarters, and was about to leave the car when he felt a light touch on his shoulder.

"It's too bad," said a familiar voice. The coal operator turned and confronted Miller, his secretary, who continued:

"I just heard about it from the conductor. Was up kind of late at Carbondale last night, you know, and I was taking a little snooze in the smoker when he told me the news. What do you intend to do? I'll get off here with you, I guess. Two heads are better than one, and I think we can get ahead of them yet if we go about it in the proper way."

The cool and confident manner in which the young man took hold of the situation was a great relief to Mr. Bradshaw, and had he not obtained some such assistance he would have collapsed. With a new reliance born of the companionship of Miller he spoke of what he intended to do.

"That's good," said the young man. "But you are not in a fit condition to attend to the affair. I'll take care of the matter and you may go to the city. This excitement has been too much for you, and you need a rest."

Mr. Bradshaw made a feeble remonstrance, but the train bell began to ring and Miller led him back to his seat.

"It's true; I'm too nervous," he said. "I feel sure that you will do everything that can be done. Take this."

He handed out a wallet filled with bank notes, and the

young man grasped his hand in final parting, and rushed out as the train began to move.

"Let me hear from you," said Mr. Bradshaw from the car window.

"You shall have a letter in the morning explaining everything that has been done," said Miller, and he waved his hand reassuringly as the train moved away.

News travels rapidly, and, despite Mr. Bradshaw's efforts to keep the matter secret, rumors of the robbery were circulated in Scranton shortly after the arrival of the train which carried the unfortunate capitalist. Anxious for a "scoop" for our morning edition, I hurried to Mr. Bradshaw's house. The servant told me that he was ill and could see no one. The police could not or would not tell me anything, and I was at a loss for material to weave the story which I had promised for the local page. But a happy thought came to my assistance: Murphy had accompanied Mr. Bradshaw; I would see him.

I knew James Murphy very well, and when I called at his residence I found him; but his honest Celtic face wore a worried look, and he was not as buoyant as usual. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes were sickly-looking and bloodshot.

"It's nothing but a cold," he said, in answer to my inquiries about his health.

I proceeded to the business which had caused my visit. At first he would not tell me anything, but after some coaxing I succeeded in securing the more important facts. And one thing of the greatest importance I learned: Mr. Bradshaw intended to go to Johnstown that evening to tell the news of the robbery of the pay-roll, and promise them that they would receive their due as soon as a new roll should be completed. He would go suitably armed and would leave at 5:20, Murphy said. This was a chance not to be missed; so I too was at the station a few minutes before train-time and saw the old gentleman enter the waiting-room. He peered about as if he were seeking some one, and after a little while a messenger boy entered and handed him a note. He read it hastily and placed it in his pocket with an impatient gesture.

I conjectured that the contents of the note related to the mysterious robbery, and I made up my mind to accost him. He did not recognize me at first, so I recalled my interview of the previous day and asked him if he had any news regarding the whereabouts of the robbers.

"No," said he, shaking his head. "Miller has charge of the pursuit. It is likely they will make for the farming regions and I do not expect any news until to-morrow."

He pulled out his watch and looked at it, and nervously fumbled with the chain for a time. Then he spoke in evident vexation :

"I intended going back to Johnstown this evening to talk to the men, and Murphy promised to meet me here, but instead I have a note from his wife saying he is ill with pneumonia. I wish Miller was here."

"Did you want Mr. Murphy simply as an escort?" I ventured to ask.

The old man nodded an affirmative. "It's hardly safe to venture there alone, they say."

Here was my opportunity. "I am detailed to go to Johnstown to-night," I said, "and if my presence will afford you any protection, you need not postpone your trip for want of a companion."

The old man was greatly relieved. "I will consider it a favor," he said earnestly. "Are you armed?"

"Yes," I replied, and I showed him the handle of my serviceable little weapon. Mr. Bradshaw's look of irresolution vanished, and he led the way to the train with a firm, elastic stride.

It was growing dark when we arrived at our destination, and the gloomy aspect of the mountain side was heightened by the approaching twilight. Mr. Bradshaw trudged by my side in silence until we had turned up the cross-road, and then he said :

"Here's where the deed was committed, and—"

He stopped walking with such suddenness that he almost tripped me. I looked at his face and saw that it had grown ashy pale, and that he was mumbling something which his trembling lips refused to express. He held my right arm in a vise-like grip, and I feared that he had suddenly grown mad. Again he attempted to speak, and raising his trembling arm pointed in the direction of the settlement. The sky was illumined with a smoky glare, and as I listened I heard a faint cry of "Fire." I assisted the old man, who was on the verge of collapse, to a seat by the side of the road. Gradually his excitement passed away and he was able to express himself.

"It's the coal-breaker building," he said. "The beggars have set fire to it, and I can get no insurance on account of the improvements. I am surely ruined now. Let us hurry.

Perhaps we can save it." He attempted to rise, but I restrained him and tried to reason with him. While we were talking the glow faded from the sky and then disappeared entirely. The fire had either been extinguished or had burned out. Mr. Bradshaw rose to his feet.

"I am going," he said.

Seeing that he was determined to risk it, I followed him. When we had once more reached the middle of the road I noticed a moving point of light some distance in front of us, towards the town. Behind it was a confused, dark blur. The light was approaching us, and after awhile we saw the blur resolve itself into a group of men. We could hear their voices and they seemed to be engaged in an altercation. Fearing that they might be some anarchistic strikers, I drew Mr. Bradshaw into a clump of bushes that grew along the wayside, and we awaited their approach. The men were dressed like miners; and the one in front, who carried the lantern, was older and more respectable-looking than his fellows. They walked in a kind of a circle, and in the centre of the crowd was a sullen, red-bearded chap with manacled hands. Occasionally he stopped, and then the others would push or drag him forward, while he resisted with a horrible flow of profanity. I wondered at the cause of this strange proceeding, and in order to catch the drift of their conversation I came partly out of my hiding-place. The crowd stopped abruptly, directly in front of me, and the leaders engaged in a consultation. "They must have seen me," I said; and while I cursed my rashness, I turned to warn Mr. Bradshaw. He was nowhere to be seen, and must have slipped away while I was making my observations. Just then a noise from the group in the road drew my attention, and when I looked to ascertain the cause of it a feeling of dismay seized me. Mr. Bradshaw stood in the middle of the road directly in the glare of the lantern. His head was bared, and while I looked he raised his hand as if to command silence before he would speak. I grasped my weapon with a determination to have a part in the fray if the old man should be molested in any way; while the men in the road appeared to be fully as much surprised as I was, for they stared at Mr. Bradshaw and whispered among themselves. Meanwhile the red-haired prisoner took advantage of their confusion, and by a violent effort broke away from the ring that surrounded him and ran directly into my arms. I grasped him about the waist and together we rolled out of the bushes into the road.

My sudden appearance created nearly as much astonishment as did Mr. Bradshaw's, and a half a dozen pairs of willing hands assisted in loosening me from the prisoner's unwelcome embrace. When he had been secured again, I looked to Mr. Bradshaw to see if he was safe. He was earnestly engaged in conversation with the old man, whom he addressed as Mr. Hall, and had grasped his hand while he fired questions at him with the rapidity of a repeating gun. Mr. Hall was too agitated to answer. "Thank God! thank God! that you have come," he repeated several times. Then he continued:

"I have worked for you for twenty-two years, but never did I see such scenes as I witnessed to-day. This morning that fellow that we are having such a tussle with came to the town and said he was an organizer of the United Mine Workers. I placed no confidence in him and suspected him as an impostor, but he succeeded in gathering a big meeting near the coal-breaker. He made a speech and said that this was the beginning of a strike that would extend all over the country, and it all depended on us remaining out. Some of us recommended caution, but we could not be heard, and when they voted on the question our voices were lost in the roar of 'Ayes!' In the end some of the rougher element proposed burning the breaker, and after another speech by the agitator they were ready for any deviltry. Just then your messenger came with the pay—"

Mr. Bradshaw started. "What messenger?" he said.

"The man whom you sent with the pay—he looked like a farmer. Well, when he came and I read your letter to them, it changed everything."

Mr. Bradshaw's face was a study. Amazement was written in every line of his features. "What letter do you mean, man?" he said. "What are you talking about?"

"The letter about the pay, you know, saying that you sent \$3,800 extra money to give a present of \$8 to each man for the time lost, and \$500 to myself for my faithful services, as you called it. I have the letter some place. Ah! here it is; and may the Lord bless you for your kindness!"

Mr. Bradshaw took the letter and held it up to the lantern.

"Wonderful!" I heard him mutter. "Wonderful! It's my writing."

"When I told them what you said," continued Hall, "they voted to declare the strike off, and gave three cheers for you. All they asked was for you to discharge Davis and not force

them to trade at the store, and you gave them more than they asked. But I have another letter for you that I had nearly forgotten. The fellow said Mr. Miller sent it."

The coal operator grasped it eagerly. "This will explain matters," he said as he tore the envelope. I turned to the talkative Hall while Mr. Bradshaw was reading.

"Who was that fellow that I had the tussle with?" I inquired.

"Oh! he is the labor agitator," said Hall. "He and a few of the rough element got some whisky in them and set fire to the breaker after the meeting. We are taking him to Scranton—"

A groan from Mr. Bradshaw interrupted us. I turned in time to see him stagger and place his hands out helplessly to save himself from falling. We raised him up and Hall gave him some whisky. In his fall he dropped the letter which he had been reading, and I picked it up and placed it in my pocket, intending to give it to him when he revived.

"I feel very well now," said he in answer to our queries. "I think we had better leave for the station."

In the train I tried to connect the scattered threads that I had discovered, and weave some hypothesis to explain the strange events that had occurred during the day. I placed my hand in my coat pocket to find my scratch pad and my fingers closed around the letter which Mr. Bradshaw had dropped. I had forgotten all about it, but now it flashed on me that here was the key to the mystery. What a "scoop" it would be to the *Star*. But then my manhood got the better of my reportorial instinct, and I determined to find out all I could without taking advantage of the contents of the note. Mr. Bradshaw was to all appearances deeply engrossed in a newspaper.

"Rather prompt detective work, that of Mr. Miller, was it not?" I said. "Old Sleuth and Pinkerton have a rival. Where are the robbers?"

The coal operator looked annoyed and his eyes shifted uneasily. "There has been no robbery," he said.

"That is not what Mr. Miller said in his letter," I answered.

This was a chance shot, but it struck a vital part evidently. Mr. Bradshaw grew pale and red by turns, and nervously fumbled through his pockets. Then it dawned on him that the precious document was not in his possession. "Then you saw the letter?" he said savagely.

"I have it in my pocket," I replied coolly.

He was certain that I had read it when I said this. Looking

at him I feared that he would grow weak again as he had done at Johnstown. His fingers twitched nervously and his head sunk on his breast in dejection. I pitied him; his words that followed changed my sentiments.

"I'll give you \$1,000 for that letter," he whispered. I looked at him in contemptuous silence.

"It belongs to me," he said hoarsely. "Give it to me!"

He spoke in a tone that attracted the attention of the passengers, and several men turned in their seats to learn the cause of the disturbance.

"Please give it to me," he said in a pleading and almost inaudible voice. "You are young and talented," he said, "and I can give you an opportunity to rise and be a credit to your name. You know that my honor is involved in that document. I pledge you that if you return it to me I will treat you like a son."

While he was talking a desperate plan came into my head. I handed him one of my cards.

"Do you remember that name?" I asked.

He threw the card on the floor. "This is no time for trifling," he said. "Name your price for that letter and your silence."

"The name on that card is the name of a young man who loves and is beloved by your niece," I said impressively. "Some time ago you and her mother forbade us to see each other; but this injunction has augmented our affections instead of having smothered them. Now, Mr. Bradshaw, the price of my silence, and the delivery of this document, is that you consent to my marriage with your niece."

My proposition was so daring and unexpected that it startled the old man into a fit of rage. Then, as he saw that his anger had no effect, he commenced to reason with me. As a clincher to his other argument he said:

"But you are too poor."

"You have wisely observed that it lies in your power to remedy my fortunes," I replied. "As your nephew I should have a better claim to your patronage than otherwise."

He did not answer immediately, and it was plain that a struggle was taking place within him. Pride was the dominant element in his nature, and he dreaded the contingency of having the contents of the letter given to the public. He knew that I had the power to destroy his good name, and although his stubborn, bull-dog nature rebelled against it, he was at last forced to the conclusion that I had outwitted him.

He reached out his hand slowly, as if the effort caused him pain. "Give me the letter," he said. "I agree to your terms." We shook hands, and I handed him the much-desired epistle.

"What shall I say in the *Star* about the robbery?" I asked.

Mr. Bradshaw thought for a few moments. "Say that the thieves were captured by Mr. Miller," he said. "You may also state that the strike has been amicably settled, and that I have agreed to the conditions which were imposed by the men. Of course you know the real facts."

Of course I did not, but I did not say so. The following day the *Star* had the entire story of the robbery and the thrilling capture of the thieves by Mr. Miller. The settlement of the strike was noted, and there was an editorial headed "A Philanthropic Employer," in which Mr. Bradshaw's generous conduct was lauded to the skies. Mr. Bradshaw was as good as his word, and secured me a position in a law office a few days later, and to his influence more than my ability do I owe my subsequent success. It is not necessary to relate here what Dorothy said, or how we acted when I told her; nor will I chronicle the feelings of her estimable mother, whom I have since learned greatly to respect and admire; let it be enough to say that our engagement was announced, and that the wedding took place a week after I was admitted to the bar.

I did not learn the nature of the contents of the mysterious letter until some years later, after the death of Mr. Bradshaw, although I always suspected that Miller was connected with the robbery in some unusual way. The letter lies before me now, yellow and soiled with age. Nothing could make me part with it, for I regard it as my talisman of success.

NOVEMBER 29, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. BRADSHAW: By the time you receive this letter I shall be far from Scranton. Regarding this robbery—for I suppose that is what you call it—I wish it to be understood that I am entirely to blame.

In company with a comrade I hired a farmer's wagon at Olyphant, drove to Johnstown, and waited for you at the cross-road. After we had taken the money we returned to Johnstown, delivered the pay, and left the letters for you. There I gave my comrade some of the money to repay him for his trouble—it was a small amount—about \$100, I think. After this we drove to Olyphant, where I boarded the train and met you. You will be at no loss for the money that you advanced

to me there, as it is fully covered by my unpaid salary. I had several reasons for acting as I did, and in order to understand them you will have to know something of my past. Several years ago, when I lived in one of the Southern States, I was convicted of a forgery and sent to prison. I succeeded in effecting my escape and came North, with the determination of living down my past life. How well I succeeded no one knows better than yourself; but last week my feeling of security was disturbed by a warning which I received from a companion of the old days. I was told that detectives were on my track, and I had already determined to flee when I heard you speak of the impossibility of committing this robbery. But I wanted to prove to you that the deed could be done. However, as there is honor even among thieves, my sense of honor forbade me to take the hard-earned wages of your employees. As long as you are not above wronging your men, *you* are a thief; and, of course, I could not rob you—a fellow-thief. So I took the amount of the pay-roll, gave it to the men to whom it belonged, and also distributed in equal small sums the \$4,000 belonging to the Blue Hill transaction, which indeed was but a small portion of the large sum which you had unjustly kept from them.

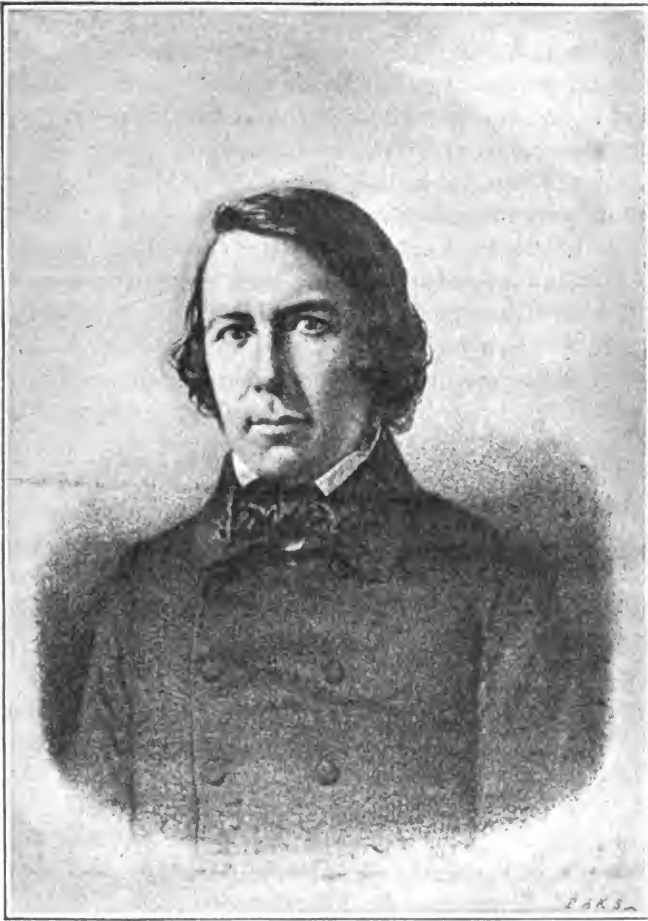
In this transaction you have not lost a cent. In fact, you are the gainer. By an investment of \$4,000 you have preserved your property from destruction, put an end to an expensive strike, and thus saved a loss of what in the aggregate would amount to about \$60,000. Besides, you have also gained the devotion of your employees and the good will of the community.

I realize that I am not in the proper position to offer you advice, but nevertheless I will say this: "Justice is the only true bond between capital and labor, and it alone can conserve their mutual and dependent interests." An adherence to this principle by a due recognition of the rights of your employees will ultimately redound to your benefit.

Do not think that I forget the favors you have shown me; I remember them and am truly grateful to you.

Respectfully, ALFRED MILLER.

The letter needs no further explanation. And wherever its author may be to-day I hope that he is as happy and as successful as I am. He deserves it, for he is a nineteenth century wonder, a *rara avis*—A Benevolent Highwayman.



CHARLES FORBES DE MONTALEMBERT.

MONTALEMBERT, AND HIS VISIT TO O'CONNELL.

BY REV. JOSEPH GORDIAN DALEY.

IN the cemetery of the Rue Picpus at Paris stands a tomb which for size and splendor makes itself remarkable beyond all the other monuments of that historic burying-ground. The ornamental carvings along the sides are elaborate; every detail is wrought with an exquisite delicacy which appeals at once to mind and feelings. There in a sculptured grouping are represented a multitude of saintly personages; in that teeming pilgrimage one discerns the abbot's cowl, the palmer's staff, the prelate's trailing robe. It is the artist's conception

of the Monks of the West—a fitting tableau for the resting-place of that noble-hearted layman, the Comte de Montalembert. Near him sleeps the Marquis de Lafayette; his wife, Adrienne de Noailles, beside him, and their son, George Washington Lafayette, in the adjoining grave. The remains of over two thousand nobles, guillotined during the Terror, are interred pell-mell in the same little cemetery, which at that time was but an abandoned field.

The life of Charles Forbes de Montalembert is in one respect a tale of two cities, for it began in London and closed in Paris. The century was but a decade old when on April 15, 1810, Charles was born, thirteen days after the ceremony at the Louvre which made Napoleon the husband of Marie Louise. His father, an inflexible aristocrat, fought with Condé against the armies of the Republic; for the Montalemberts, from the days of the Crusades to those of the Seven Years' War, had battled in the service of the king; and to be false to traditions is like disloyalty to one's own honor. "There are four gentlemen of France who will combat in the lists," said Francis the First, "and hold the day against all comers. They are: myself, Sansac, Montalembert, and La Chasteignerie." Charles was naturally proud of the valor of his ancestors. In the preface of his masterpiece he writes: "I am the first of my family to do battle with the pen alone; but may that pen become a sword and may it be wielded with honor in the holy contest of conscience and truth!" That pen insured him his diploma of immortality; but other gifts—a voice of trenchant oratory and a genius for tactful management—insured him success in life, rendering him at thirty-three the brilliant spokesman of the clergy, the leader of the entire French episcopate, and making him all his life long a distinguished figure in the legislative councils of his nation.

The fortunes of the father of Montalembert did not advance with those of the empire. Attached to the cause of the Bourbons, he willingly prolonged in their behalf the years of his exile, and during the term of his ostracism he took up a residence in England. There he married Elizabeth Forbes, a woman of Scottish descent. Her father, James Forbes, was an erudite old man who had spent many years and accumulated much money in India. Life had been not unfruitful to him, yet he looked forward to its crowning joy in the opportunity of bringing up his grandchild. When Montalembert was only one year old the grandsire dedicated to him his *Oriental Memoirs*, and hardly could the child lisp when the same fond

admirer began to teach him the rudiments of Latin and Greek. In the sixth year of the boy's life they travelled together to Paris, the elder gravely warning his companion of the frivolity of "a people who frequent the theatre in preference to the church." The capital he designates "a world devoid of souls. Its denizens are ephemeral beings, absorbed in their pleasures of a day, heedless of the future, and inclined to shove God Almighty into the deep background." Duty is the one thing he lays stress upon; it is the motto he recommends, the principle he seeks to inculcate.

Three years later, in 1819, Montalembert's father, now restored to honor in his own country since the return of the Bourbons, sent urgent word to the devoted grandparent: "My desire is that Charles come hither to receive his education, since his destiny is to be the career of a man in France." Separation cost the old man bitter pangs. The family were just then in Stuttgart, where the father figured in the French diplomatic corps. James Forbes decided to go along with the boy to the court of Würtemberg, and by letter he emphasized the wish nearest his heart: "Let us unite our efforts to preserve this young soul from the contamination of that corrupt philosophy which unhappily at this period is doing so much to pervert the mind of France." Upon the way he grew sad and moody; at Aix-la-Chapelle a sudden heart attack was experienced, and he died in the arms of his beloved young Charles; he was seventy-one years of age and died as he had lived, an austere Anglican in creed. His daughter, the Countess of Montalembert, abjured Protestantism a few years later and was received into the church by the Abbé Busson, of the Lycée Bourbon, where Charles had become a student.

Sainte-Beuve tells us that Montalembert in his youth took the oath of Hannibal against the University of France, swearing toward it a vow of unrelenting enmity. The university was not one mere institution of learning such as we usually understand by the word, but rather the entire educational system of the nation. Napoleon had created the university with the idea of forming the mind of young France in accordance with imperial notions. Under it the educational system became a state monopoly. It divided the work into three parts: the primary schools, the lycées, or high-schools, and the colleges proper, together with the professional schools. The supervision was stringent and complete. One or two religious orders were, with certain restrictions, permitted to serve as educators; they could set up one *petit séminaire* in

each diocese, but beyond these the grand seminaries—*i. e.*, the schools of Catholic theology—were the only institutions of learning that had any degree of freedom. Napoleon had strong confidence in this weapon of imperial despotism; he did not care what philosophic notions the youth of France imbibed, provided they were taught to be good subjects of the empire. The year 1814 saw the temporary abolition of the university; but, resurrected after Elbe, the system was accepted by Louis XVIII. at the close of the Hundred Days, and was continued by Charles X. It was deplorable at any period to have the education of France, from the primary bench to the highest post-graduate class-room, controlled by free-thinkers; still, under the two returned Bourbons, the church had considerable to say and the utterances of her spokesmen on the subject in point did not pass unheeded. When the July Revolution of 1830, however, brought to the head of the government a body of men who were fanatic enemies of the church, the propaganda of unbelief was undertaken with a satanic determination which excited widespread alarm among the Catholics of France. Then arose that splendid band of enthusiastic fighters, vowed to rescue the youth of the land from moral and intellectual ruin. "We are the sons of the Crusaders," exclaimed Montalembert, "and we shall not recoil before the children of Voltaire." He found himself a lieutenant to combatants of more experience, men already famous in the world: Lamennais, not yet fallen, but rather honored as perhaps the most respected churchman of his day; Lacordaire, astonishing the age with the eloquence and charity of a new St. Bernard; Ozanam, Ampère, and the Abbé Gerbet, all men of distinction in the sphere of learning and belles-lettres.

In his career as a collegian Charles met with a few precious souls whom the corrupt ideas of the times failed to vitiate. To one of these he writes long afterwards: "Your memory is never more present to my recollection than when my thoughts have soared to Almighty God." At the debating-room he loved to declaim the speeches of Burke and Fox, his companions cheering him deliriously; they seemed to appreciate the eloquence of those masterpieces, even though they did not comprehend the language. In his vacations Charles went to his father's in Stuttgart and there picked up German and Polish, speaking them with fluency and translating with masterful grace. A poem by Mickiewicz which Charles afterward rendered into French under the title of *Pèlerins Polonais* was published and the popularity of the translation seemed certain,

when the announcement came that Rome had put the original work upon the Index. Therewith Montalembert went out and buying up the entire edition of the translation cast it into the fire. The episode shows the strong faith of the great man.

In his eighteenth year Charles went to Sweden, where his father was minister of France at the court of Stockholm. Bernadotte, a soldier of Napoleon and a Gascon who could outbrag De Bergerac and, if we credit Bourrienne, outswear Falstaff, was then occupying the throne of Sweden under the name of Charles John. Like Henri Quatre, he was a native of Pau, and, like that monarch too, changed his religion on receiving the crown, Bernadotte becoming a Lutheran as Henry had become a Catholic. At first devoted implacably to the Revolution, Bernadotte dropped a part of his republicanism when Napoleon made him Prince of Ponte Corvo, and renounced it entirely when the land of Gustavus Adolphus called him to its vacant throne. The sight of the hot Jacobin turned king amused young Montalembert. "His majesty the king," he wrote, "attended yesterday at the opening of the National Parliament. He sat there, not understanding one single word of the language of his subjects. At his feet the lords of the realm and the Knights of the Seraphim sat robed in the antique national costume, seemingly awaiting his will. His countenance was impassive, his bearing supremely calm. Nothing in either manner or face betrayed surprise, or even satisfaction. He looked a stranger in the scene where he was by all odds the main actor."

Just at this epoch, 1829, the noble figure of Daniel O'Connell was attracting the world's attention. The generation of young French Catholics went wild with enthusiasm at the mere mention of his name. The difficulties which they themselves encountered in furthering the cause of religion in their own Catholic land made them perhaps exaggerate the difficulties which O'Connell surmounted in his struggle against the rock-ribbed prejudice of centuries. His name became a rallying cry to them; his example, a gigantic encouragement; the work of Monsieur *Oconnelle* was a subject much talked about in the salons of Mme. Récamier and Mme. Swetchine. To win the Emancipation after twenty years of persistent battling was glorious and inspiring. Frederic Ozanam expressed the hope that an O'Connell might arise in France; and Lacordaire, on the occasion of the panegyric which he delivered on O'Connell in Notre Dame in 1847—the great preacher still glowing with the fervent enthusiasm which the fame of O'Connell had ex-

cited within him eighteen years before that—did not hesitate to declare that O'Connell had been—

“One of those men whom Providence prepares beforehand in the omnipotent secrets of his councils; a Moses delivering the people of God from the hands of the Egyptians; a Cyrus bringing them from Babylon to the fields of their country; a Judas Machabeus maintaining their independence against the successors of Alexander; and at a later period, a Constantine, a Charlemagne, a Gregory VII.: Constantine, who gave liberty of conscience to Christians; Charlemagne, who against the Greek emperors, the barbarian kings, and the future itself, assured the independence of the Vicar of God; Gregory VII., who drew the church from the deadly grasp of feodality,—illustrious names, the most rare and the greatest in all history! And you may think me unwise in pronouncing them lest they should outshine the glory of him whom I seek to honor. For my part, gentlemen, I have no such fear.”

From his sojourn in the snows of Sweden, Montalembert followed the course of the Irish struggle. He became impassioned in his love for that unfortunate land. He desired to write her history. In his letters he began to style her “a noble victim bound through two centuries to her cross of sorrow, resplendent in beauty like a martyr of old, yet bearing in her eyes the undiminished reflex of immortal hopes. Seven hundred thousand of her children have mingled their blood with our own, fighting upon the battle-field in behalf of France.” The leader of the Irish race became to his mind the one strong hero of Christendom; he must seek him out, meet him face to face, and learn from his very lips the proper plan of campaign to undertake in regenerating a nation. Montalembert crossed to Ireland and, buoyantly optimistic, sped on to Derrynane, the home of the Emancipator. Everything on the way grew charming. “A peine a-t-il respiré les brises d'Irlande,” says a French writer, “qu'il se sent fortifié, transformé.” “The air of Ireland,” he remarked himself afterward in an article in *L'Avenir*, “her blue sky, and her beautiful sun refreshed my very heart”; and he goes on to dilate upon the torrents “where Grattan meditated his great discourses, the happy valleys of the Ile d'Émeraude, her woods, her meadows, her rocks, the horn of the bugler ringing out at eventide, the chiming of the bells, the recitation of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin abroad in the open fields: all these enchanted me.” He remarked in particular the contentment of the peasantry, and he proceeds to assert that if Dante had only known Ire-

land he never would have sung "combien le pain d'autrui est amer et combien il est dur de toujours monter et de toujours descendre l'escalier d'une maison étrangère."

The merest *rencontres* of his journey became incidents which he deemed worthy of chronicling. One day in a public conveyance an old man asks: "What might be your religion, sir?"

"Catholic."

"Then I must tell you, I like you. And from what part of the world do you come?"

"From France."

"Faith, then, I like you all the better for that!"

A youngster takes the traveller into one of those rude, earthen-floored village churches which even yet abound in the south of Ireland. Comparing it with the more sumptuous temple of the Protestants in the same locality, the youth remarks: "Well, God sees them and he sees us. We'll get our reward in the next world, and they will get theirs." The words pleased Montalembert greatly. "This in the mouth of a lad of fifteen," he wrote; "it is sublime! I could have taken him into my arms and kissed him."

O'Connell, no doubt, was aware of his own great reputation among English-speaking Catholics the world over. It is a fact, however, that he was oblivious of the infatuation with which he inspired the strong young Catholics of France and the Continent; absorbed in his own special task, he paid little attention to what was going on either in the church or state in France; and when Montalembert, who knew by heart every detail of O'Connell's career, found himself at the home of the councillor, he did not tarry long in diverting the conversation to the condition of the Catholics in France; but discovered, to his amazement, that upon that topic O'Connell was listless and uninformed.

Was the young visitor disappointed in the great man of Ireland? Mrs. Oliphant, who is so inclined to minimize the value of O'Connell's labors, says that he certainly had reason to be. The French authorities, however, Sainte-Beuve and Hippolyte Castille, state that Montalembert to the end of his life retained the same high opinion of O'Connell's services, and looked back upon the visit to Derrynane as an event which taught him that high political accomplishments were not to be brought about by mere rhetoric and syllogisms. No doubt the real O'Connell differed from the preconceived notion Charles had formed of him. It reminds one of that visit to Goethe of which Heinrich Heine wrote:

"I was on the point of addressing him in Greek, but, observing that he understood German, I remarked to him in German that the plums on the road between Weimar and Jena were excellent. How many long winter evenings had I spent in dreaming of all the profound things I would say to Goethe if ever I saw him! And when at last I did see him, I told him that Saxon plums were delicious. And Goethe smiled."

So it was with the romantic young man of nineteen who went to Derrynane. He found O'Connell a staid, matter-of-fact man of fifty-four, calm and unexcited. A crowd were in line at the door, some anxious for a private consultation, some merely there to see and hear the central figure of the Irish nation. O'Connell seems to have looked upon Montalembert as a curious foreigner, and while treating him with distinction and courtesy, he was prudent enough not to go into any extravagant rhapsodies over the cause of the Church and Liberty. Montalembert somehow had hoped for a talk on politics, a discussion of the outlook for the church; instead of this, O'Connell introduced him to the members of his family, brought him into the drawing-room, had the young folks entertain him with song and music, and then sat down himself to read the newspaper and glance over his correspondence. Dinner was served, and after dinner O'Connell went out and made an address to the people congregated in front of his home. The speech had little regard for the formalities of literary method; precision and unity suffered; yet every sentence was cheered; the discourse, by turns violent, sarcastic, witty, thunderous, railing, pathetic even, won the people to whom it was spoken. The sincerity of the speaker and his clear fixity of purpose were unmistakable.

Hardly back from Ireland, Montalembert was launched into public life. One idea which he took away with him from the Emerald Isle was the conviction that the church prospers best when unfettered by any alliance with the state. Lamennais, Lacordaire, and M. de Coudré thought similarly on this very subject; and in 1831, when they started the publication of *L'Avenir*, they pressed this contention forward with impetuous vehemence; the motto of their paper was "Dieu et la Liberté." It is well known how their views met with the public disapproval of the Holy See. Lacordaire gave in at once; Montalembert thought and prayed and took advice, and then gave in; Lamennais, in his intellectual pride, sulked and retained his errors to the last, dying in poverty and abandonment, one of the saddest downfalls of the century—refusing even on his death-bed to go to confession.

Lacordaire rose to splendid and enduring renown by the sermons of that great series which he preached at Notre Dame. Montalembert too met with honors in abundance; and through his life of sixty years was a prominent tribune in the councils of the national body, and was rated the most fervid orator of his time. In 1836 he married Marie Anne de Merode, who was a descendant of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. She belonged to the most illustrious family in the Belgian province of Hainault; the head of the house, Félix de Merode, was adored by the Walloons and Flemings alike, and in 1830 he was their own choice for the crown of Belgium. He refused their importunities, however, and it was given to the German prince, Leopold.

The death of Montalembert occurred in March, 1870, six months before the dreadful crash which brought the Second Empire to the ground. Toward the end of his career the question of declaring the papal infallibility was mooted; Charles became a strong opponent of such a declaration, and spoke out at times in terms of imprudent acerbity. Strong minds were ranged with him on the mistaken side: Newman in England, Darboy in France, Döllinger in Germany, Kenrick in America. Montalembert's bitter utterance against "those ultramontane doctors who wish to immolate justice and truth and reason and history in one huge holocaust to the idol they have set up in the Vatican," was deeply resented by Pius IX. Montalembert died shortly afterwards, and one of the De Merodes desired to have a public Solemn Requiem Mass sung at Rome in the church of the Ara Cœli for the soul of the dead count. The Holy Father would not permit a public mortuary service at Rome at first, but such an outcry arose that he yielded, taking care, however, to select the church himself and, along with it, the celebrant and preacher. The requiem, therefore, was safeguarded from seditious utterances against the infallibility, and five months later the declaration was made as an article of faith. Since then Montalembert's genius and faith are the things alone remembered. His masterpiece, *The Monks of the West*, has become a classic to Catholics; his *Elizabeth of Hungary* is one of our most precious literary gems; his writings, like his life, are all aglow with faith and charity and hope; he had his dreams, true enough; his illusions which later on became errors; but, despite his vagaries, he was always great enough to submit to the voice of authority. Thank God for such sterling laymen as Charles de Montalembert!



RIGHT REV. J. A. FOREST, PRESENT BISHOP OF SAN ANTONIO.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF TEXAS MISSIONARIES.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, M.A., PH.D.

TEXAS is a land of glorious skies, glorious heroism, daring deeds, and high emprise. It shares in two civilizations. The shadow of its beginnings reaches into Mexico, while the sun of its growing noontide pours its rays athwart the North. Men have indeed made history in Texas, in cloister, in camp, in field, in forest—wherever courage, devotion, and faith sublime chose to build an altar—chose to offer sacrifice.

The history of Texas has many chapters full of thrilling

adventure and incident, but none so noble and glorious as that which records the work of the Catholic missionary. If you would behold the monument of his zealous labors, *Circumspice*!—it is found in the dioceses erected, the churches built, the convents and schools multiplied, the hospitals and asylums that bear in their bosom God's poor and afflicted; all these are the work of the Catholic Church in Texas—all these are the blossoming and fruitage of the seed sown in sacrifice and tribulation by the hand of the early Texas missionary.

The first missionaries to enter Texas were those who accompanied La Salle, the French explorer. They were five in number, and entered Espiritu Santo Bay in January, 1685. Here La Salle built a fort on the spot subsequently occupied by the Bahia Mission. In the chapel erected in the fort the five priests offered the Holy Sacrifice and administered the Sacraments, withdrawing from Texas to Canada at the end of two years. Then came the Franciscans from the Apostolic College of Querétaro and Zacatécas, Mexico, who founded missions on the Rio Grande.

The pioneer Spanish priest was the Franciscan Father Damian Mazanet, who accompanied the expedition of Alonzo de Leon in 1689. Father Mazanet's auxiliaries were Father Michael Fontenbierto, Francis Casañas of Jesus and Mary, Anthony



MISSION CONCEPCION AND
MISSION SAN ANTONIO.

Borday, and Anthony Pereira. The missionaries left Monclora on the 27th of March, 1690, and crossing the Rio Grande proceeded to the country of the Assinais, which they reached

about the middle of May, where they established the mission of San Francisco de los Téjas.

The fathers who went to Texas in 1691 were Fathers Hidalgo, Estrelles, Fortuni, Garcia, Monge, Saldaña, Miranda, and Garoycaocha. In 1700, on the 1st of January, the Fathers Hidalgo, Anthony de San Buenaventura y Olivares, with Father Ysidro de Espiñosa, crossed the Rio Grande, and steps were taken to establish four missions there. These were maintained till 1718, when the chief mission was transferred to San Antonio.

The records of San Fernando Church, in San Antonio, show that the Mission of San Antonio was first established in 1703, on the banks of the Rio Grande, under the title of Mission of San Francisco Solano. It was afterwards transferred to the neighborhood of San Yldefonso, thence to San José on the Rio Grande, and finally to the San Antonio River.

In order to prevent the French at Natchitoches from erecting establishments in the province of Texas three expeditions left Coahuila, Mexico, in the years 1689, 1691, and 1716. The first and second expeditions merely went out to learn the designs of the French. On the third expedition, which set out in 1716, nine friars of the college of Santa Cruz of Querétaro and of Our Lady of Guadalupe of Zacatécas, together with the venerable Father Fray Antonio Margil de Jesus as superior or president, established six missions in the most northerly part of the province, and a few years afterwards another was built near the Presidio of Our Lady Del Pilar de los Adacs, seven leagues from the fort of Natchitoches, in Louisiana.

In 1716 the mission of San Antonio Valero was erected not far from the capital of the province among the Indians, the Sanes Payaes, and others; the same year the mission of Concepcion was established among the Sanipaos and Tocanes; in 1720 the mission of San José de Aguaqo among the Pampopas and Mesquites; in 1716 the missions of San Juan Capistran and San Francisco de la Espada among the Pamaques, Quijanés, Pecos, and Maraquitás.

These Franciscan missions remain to-day, in their ruined state, a monument to the zeal, arduous labor, and artistic taste of the early Spanish missionaries. As the author of *The History of the Catholic Church in the Diocese of San Antonio* justly remarks, New England has nothing equal to them to commemorate the passing of the Pilgrim and the Puritan. They stand out uniquely as a memorial of the self-sacrificing devotion of the sons of St. Francis in their lofty and sanctified desire to



RIGHT REV. A. D. PELLICER,³
FIRST BISHOP OF
SAN ANTONIO.

RIGHT REV. J. C. NERAZ, SECOND BISHOP OF SAN ANTONIO.

win from savagery and sin the benighted children of the forest and prairie. The army of God relies not upon the sword but the spirit of truth, and the footprints of the saintly Franciscan, Father Antonio Margil, will exhale in Texas the perfume of the Catholic virtues he implanted long after the cruel memory of a Santa Anna has mingled with the dust of the Alamo.

Of the four Franciscan missions hard by San Antonio, San José is unquestionably the most beautiful. The celebrated artist Huica was sent from Spain, and spent several years in carving the various ornamentations of the building. The front doorway is thirty-five feet high; the doors, solid live-oak covered with cedar, nicely carved, have, like the statues around the doorway, long since suffered at the hands of vandals. The

spiral stairs of live-oak and the cedar ladders are still the only means of getting up to the tower.

What is known as the First Mission, or Mission de la Concepcion, is on the left bank of the San Antonio River, about two miles below the City of San Antonio. Its style is Christianized Moorish—a style which prevails in many of the Mexican cities of to-day. The walls of the interior are painted with various emblems, among which are the cord of the Franciscans, a serpent, and the seven dolors, or sorrows, which pierced the heart of the Virgin Mother.

The Third Mission, or the Mission of San Juan Capistrano, does not possess the very graceful charm of architecture of the other two, yet it is well worth the visitor's attention, for from its well-marked-out squares and ruined outbuildings one may judge of the general plan of these refuges and of the perseverance of those Franciscan brothers who wrought these wonders out of such unpromising materials.

The Fourth Mission, or the Mission of San Francisco de la Espada, is in a better condition than the third, and gives a more complete idea of the purpose and plan of the old Spanish missions of Texas. Much of the old rampart wall is intact, and on the south-east corner is a well-preserved bastion which is pierced with musket and cannon holes.

The Alamo church is all that remains to us of what was once the extensive Mission "del Alamo," or Mission "San Antonio de Valero." The greater portion of the modern plaza was once enclosed within walls, as were also the barracks and convent buildings, but it was in the church that its heroic defenders, on March 6, 1836, made their last desperate stand for the liberty of Texas.

These Spanish mission churches of Texas are indeed a revelation in their splendor and massiveness, and in the architectural beauty which even in their decay crowns them as creations of Catholic art.

While Texas remained ecclesiastically subject to Mexico, it was successively cared for spiritually by the bishops of the sees of Guadalajara and Monterey, or, as the latter was then known, Linares. In 1764 the missionaries who had come from the College of Querétaro withdrew from Texas, leaving this field to the care of those from the College of Zacatécas.

The Franciscan missions in Texas continued to flourish till about the year 1813, when they were suppressed by the Spanish government. For a number of years following this, Texas

was in a state of chaos as regards the Catholic faith and the ministrations of religion. It was during this spiritually low ebb of the church in Texas, when the altars of the beautiful Spanish missions stood awaiting priests to offer the ador-



MISSIONS SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO AND SAN FRANCISCO.

able Sacrifice, that the Bishop of Monterey sent to Nacogdoches the last Franciscan missionary who toiled and suffered for the faith in Texas—Father Diaz de Leon, who is supposed to have met his death by assassination.

But a new era was soon to dawn for the Catholic Church in Texas. In the midst of this gathering darkness Pope Gregory XVI., having learned of the sad condition of affairs, addressed a letter to the Archbishop of New Orleans requesting him to send a competent priest to examine and report on the actual state of the Catholic Church in Texas. The Very Rev. J. Timon, who afterwards became the first Bishop of Buffalo, N. Y., was selected to undertake the task. As a result of this report, forwarded to the Holy See, the Sovereign Pontiff resolved to establish a distinct jurisdiction in Texas, and Very Rev. J. Timon and Rev. John M. Odin were appointed in 1839 prefect-apostolic and vice-prefect respectively. Rev. Father Odin started immediately for San Antonio, with an armed wagon to protect himself against any attack from the

Indians. Father Odin's work in San Antonio soon bore good fruit. He went to Austin, the capital of Texas, where he was successful in petitioning Congress to confirm unto the Catholic Church its churches and missions.

On the 10th of July, 1841, Pope Gregory XVI. erected the Republic of Texas into a vicariate-apostolic, and Right Rev. John M. Odin was appointed Bishop of Claudiopolis and was assigned to the newly constituted vicariate. The churches in Texas at this time, as we learn from Bishop Odin's journal, were: The San Fernando parochial church; San Antonio de Alamo; Church of the Concepcion; Church of San José; Church of San Juan; Church de la Espada; in Goliad a parish church; in Victoria a picket church; on the San Antonio River, at the ranch of Don Carlos de la Garza, the log church of Santa Gertrudis, besides two other churches in Laredo and Isleta.

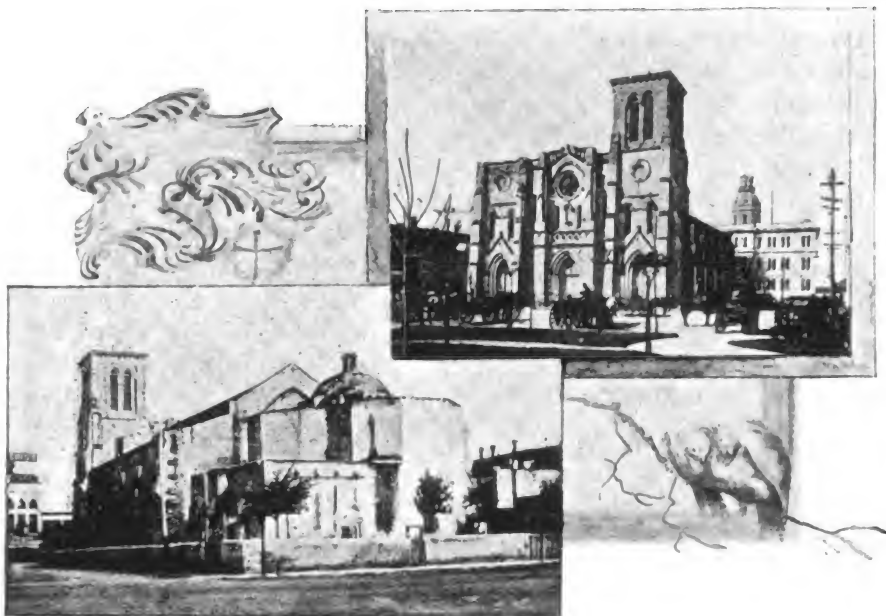
In 1861, when Bishop Odin was translated to the metropolitan see of New Orleans, there were in Texas forty-two priests, forty-six churches and chapels, one college, five schools for boys, and four academies for young ladies.

In 1847 Galveston—whose present episcopal incumbent is the Right Rev. Dr. Gallagher, a prelate of great prudence and scholarship—became a bishop's see, and two years later, at the request of Bishop Odin, the Ursuline Nuns began their convent in Galveston. The daughters of St. Ursula have now in Galveston one of the finest educational buildings in the South.

In 1862 Father Dubuis, who had been successively pastor of San Fernando Church and St. Mary's Church—which latter as well as the Ursuline convent in San Antonio Father Dubuis built—was consecrated Bishop of Galveston.

On September 27, 1868, the foundation stone of the San Fernando cathedral was laid. From *The History of the Catholic Church in the Diocese of San Antonio* we learn the following facts in connection with the church:

"This building as it now stands is a mixture of the old and new styles of architecture. On this site originally stood the parish church of the capital town of San Fernando. That old building was distinctly different from the missions, for it was built to meet the needs of the growing settlement around what is now known as the Main and Military Plazas, a settlement that was eventually to combine with the Presidio and Mission del Alamo, and at last become San Antonio de Bexar.



SAN FERNANDO CATHEDRAL, FROM REAR AND FRONT VIEW.

Soon after the arrival of the Canary Islanders, who had come with grants and privileges from the King of Spain, there was a demand for a place of worship. On February 17, 1738, the project took definite shape, and the Church of San Fernando was rapidly built. The missions were rather for the use and benefit of Indian converts, although they served also for a political purpose—*i. e.*, to establish firmly the frontier lines and territory of Spain. For a century and a quarter this church fulfilled the needs of the population; in the meantime the settlement became known as San Antonio de Bexar. The town began to grow rapidly, and the need of greater church accommodation was felt. On September 27, 1868, the corner-stone of a new structure was laid, and in order that there should be no interruption in the services, the new church was built around and over the old, which was removed when the new was sufficiently completed. The curious polygonal western portion facing Military Plaza, with its moresque dome, is all that remains of San Antonio's pioneer church."

The first Bishop of San Antonio, Right Rev. A. D. Pellicer, was installed in the new cathedral on Christmas Eve, 1874. The new diocese contained about forty thousand Catholics, who were spiritually cared for by some thirty-five priests.

Bishop Pellicer wore the mitre in the new see of San Antonio till April 14, 1880, when he passed away at his residence adjoining St. Mary's Church. Upon the death of Monseigneur Pellicer, Vicar-General Neraz, who in the meantime became administrator, was appointed bishop. Right Rev. Dr. Neraz was imbued with the most earnest zeal for the propagation of the faith. After four years of progressive and benign episcopal rule this good bishop laid down in death his crozier, and was succeeded by the present energetic and self-sacrificing Bishop of San Antonio, Right Rev. Dr. Forest.

In December of last year was celebrated at Brownsville, Texas, of which vicariate Right Rev. P. Verdaguer is Vicar-Apostolic, the golden jubilee of the first arrival of the Oblate Fathers as missionaries in Texas. It was assuredly a worthy commemoration.

That was indeed a memorable day in March, 1852, when the beautiful French sailing vessel *La Belle Assise* opened its snowy wings to the strong breath of ocean and streamed out from Havre, having on board, bound for Texas, six Oblate fathers and one lay brother, four nuns of the Incarnate Word, two Ursuline sisters, four Brothers of Mary, and eighteen seminarians. But one of this Oblate missionary band now survives—Rev. Father Parisot, O.M.I., of St. Mary's Church, San Antonio, author of a valuable contribution to the history of the Catholic Church in America, entitled *Reminiscences of a Texas Missionary*.

What these good and zealous Oblate missionaries have done for the Catholic faith in Texas can alone be read in the records of heaven. When Father Parisot and his five companions reached the shores of Texas there were but nine priests in the whole State. Fitting indeed was it that the centre, the magnet of the Oblate Golden Jubilee celebration at Brownsville should have been the venerable and genial Father Parisot, whose life and labors in the mission fields of Texas are inseparably bound up with fifty years of the history of the Catholic Church in the "Lone Star" State.

Canadians know something of the great work of the Oblate Fathers in educational and mission fields, for with truth it may be said that the whole of Canada, from Atlantic to Pacific, is their sacred vineyard of labor, while at the capital of the Dominion—the city of Ottawa—they have maintained for half a century one of the leading Catholic universities of America.



REV. FATHER PARISOT, ONE OF THE ORIGINAL OBLATE MISSIONARIES OF TEXAS, AND AUTHOR OF "REMINISCENCES OF A TEXAS MISSIONARY."

Besides conducting St. Joseph's College in Brownsville, the Oblates have charge of a number of important parishes in several of the dioceses of Texas, chief amongst these being St. Mary's Church, San Antonio, whose pastor, Rev. C. J. Smith, O.M.I., is one of the greatest factors of progress in the historic city of the Alamo.

But *In the Footsteps of the Texas Missionary* should be a record of something more than the toil, privations, and tribulations, the sacrifice, zeal, and piety of the priest and prelate who forded rivers, slept under the starry dome of a Texas sky,

in order to plant the seedling of Catholic faith in the hearts of these children of the illimitable plains and wilderness.

What of the gentle hearts and cultured minds who left their sweet homes of childhood—in La belle France, in the emerald vales of beloved Erin, or, mayhap, where the Rhine dreams its legends, fringed by the blossoming orchards of Alsace and Lorraine—to tend a humble little altar of learning upon the banks of the San Antonio or Rio Grande? These too are assuredly missionaries whose footsteps are holy, and the labor of whose hearts and hands has blessed Texas within the sanctuary of its homes.

The Catholic college is a corollary of the Catholic mission, and so we learn from Father Parisot's *Reminiscences of a Texas Missionary* that one of his first tasks on reaching Texas was to collect money for a college to be opened in Galveston. This is now the well-known seat of learning, St. Mary's University. This, we believe, was the pioneer college for the education of Catholic young men in Texas.

In 1881 the foundation of St. Edward's College, in Austin, Texas, was laid. Within the nineteen years of its scholastic life St. Edward's College has steadily grown materially, intellectually, and financially, till now it is one of the foremost Catholic colleges in the South. When it is said that this popular seat of learning grew out of the brain and heart of Notre Dame University, Indiana, and is conducted by the scholarly Fathers of the Holy Cross, it will be readily understood why St. Edward's has ever a large enrollment of Catholic young men. Right Rev. P. J. Hurth, C.S.C., Bishop of the see of Dacca, Eastern Bengal, India, was for some years president of St. Edward's. The present popular and progressive head is the Rev. John T. Boland, C.S.C. Hard by the college is St. Mary's Academy for the education of young ladies, conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross, whose name is a synonym for thorough academic work in art and letters wherever the true value of culture and scholarship obtains.

The Ursuline Nuns first found their way into Texas through Galveston, where, at the invitation of Bishop Odin, they established an academy to which reference has already been made. Four years later the Ursulines established a convent in San Antonio, being the first school opened in that city and the second in the State for the education of young girls, both rich and poor. For well-nigh fifty years this institution has sustained a reputation in the departments of letters, music, and

painting which has attracted to its academic halls daughters of the best families in Mexico and the leading States of the South. The good and pious daughters of St. Ursula had much to endure during their pioneer years in San Antonio, but the love, affection, and gratitude of their pupils as it flowed into them from the world, and the spirit of holy sacrifice which was a very cardinal virtue in their great founder, bore them joyously through every difficulty. To-day, whether you visit the cities of New Mexico, old Mexico, California, Texas, or Louisiana, you will hear praise for the Ursulines of San Antonio, whose good work in Catholic education has descended as a benediction upon countless hearts and homes. In the city of Dallas, which was erected into an episcopal see in the beginning of the "nineties," the present progressive prelate being Bishop Dunne, the Ursulines have also established a convent.

No sketch of the Catholic Church in Texas that would leave out the labors of the Sisters of the Incarnate Word and the Brothers of Mary would be complete. Both were pioneers in the good work which they undertook to do—the education of Catholic boys and girls and the care of the sick and afflicted. St. Louis College, recently built by the Brothers of Mary in San Antonio, is one of the finest structures and best equipped educational institutions to be found in any city of the South. Nor should the convent of Our Lady of the Lake in San Antonio, conducted by the Sisters of Providence, pass unheeded or without commendation. These good sisters are a very bulwark of Catholic education in Texas. The town of Victoria has also an excellent Catholic college and convent, and the Basilian Fathers from Toronto, Ontario, whose good work for Catholic education is so widely known, have lately opened a college at Waco.

Texas is indeed starred with the heroic deeds of pioneer prelate and priest, of gentle nun and zealous brother, the perfume of whose labors makes fragrant to-day the flowers of Catholic faith in the hearts and homes of the beautiful Southland.

TWO PREACHERS.

A GREAT man preached to brilliant throngs,
Where incense rose in cathedrals dim;
His voice was as sweet as well-loved songs,
And men were wild in their praise of him.
But never a burdened heart had wept
Its tale of woe at the Preacher's feet;
O'er the light of his glory shadows crept,
For he knew that his work was incomplete.

But the world knew naught of a man who preached
In an humble church, to an humble few;
He had no power save the love that reached
From his own great heart to the hearts he knew.
And many a toil-worn hand he pressed,
That groped to him from the darkest woe;
Ah! many a wayward one he blessed,
And he knew the peace that the faithful know.

The first man preached that his words might live
When his bones were white 'neath the churchyard sod;
The other gave what he had to give
To the *living* men, and he preached for God.

LUCY GERTRUDE KELLEY.

DR. MIVART'S LAST UTTERANCE.

BY REV. GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.



THOUGH it is a good general rule which is laid down in the common maxim, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*"; and though this rule applies with special force to making a criticism which cannot be answered by the party criticised, still it is plain that the misunderstandings which are likely to arise from the last article of the late Dr. St. George Mivart, published in the April number of the *North American Review*, are of too grave a character to be passed by with indifference by those who have the honor of the Catholic Church at heart, or even by any one who wishes to preserve in the minds of men a belief in Divine revelation as an actual and practical ground of certainty in matters of religion.

But it is not with any desire or intention to accuse the able and eminent author of the article of having had any malignant spirit of opposition, even against the Roman Church, that an answer to it need be made. Still less is it necessary, in answering it, to suppose that he himself wished to destroy confidence in Divine revelation. It is better to assume that he did not fully realize the consequences which would necessarily follow from the adoption of his principles.

It is, however, quite clear that these principles would logically have the effect of destroying not only the faith of Catholics, but also all Christian faith, properly so called. For faith is an assent to authoritative teaching; a belief, that is, in the statements made regarding some matter, by some authority on the competence and sincerity of which we can depend. Faith is not the result of a mere harmonizing of opinions; an intellectual convergence, so to speak, on matters which the intellect of man, aided by his other natural powers, is sufficient to thoroughly discuss.

FALSE IDEAS OF FAITH.

This latter seems to have been the idea which Dr. Mivart had of it. His plan, apparently proposed seriously as the proper means of arriving at a satisfactory system of religious

truth, is that the "Roman theologians" should give up the idea of an infallible Church altogether, and proceed, in all the matters with which they have to deal, on the method followed by investigators in natural science; that they should be willing to admit, that in past conclusions, arrived at and stated, however solemnly and definitely, some error may have been made. "To my mind," he says, "it was clear that unless the infallibility of the Church could be seriously disclaimed, and the possibility of error in passed conciliar decrees allowed, the needed evolution of dogma was impossible."

This plan is in natural science a highly reasonable one, and it is the one actually followed. For though it is true that after a theory, like that of gravitation, for instance, has stood many and searching tests, and has accounted, so far as it has been tested, for all the phenomena which it is expected to account for, it may be laid down as an established truth, and have a peg put through it, as it were, indicating that it needs, at any rate, no substantial revision; still it is always admitted that there is a possibility that some facts may be produced requiring some modification in it. To the crude objections made by the unlearned no attention is paid; still, that some really well founded objections may be brought forward, can never be regarded as utterly out of the question.

So even in the case of so well established a theory as gravitation, it is not claimed that science has said absolutely its last word. But this is, after all, rather an exception among actual scientific theories. It is not usual to find so great a leap made in science as that which fell to the lot of Sir Isaac Newton. As a rule we find, rather than anything like this, a series of approximations to the actual and final truth. To use the fashionable word of the present day, used by Dr. Mivart in the passage quoted above, there is usually a gradual "evolution" of scientific theories from imperfect and more or less erroneous statements to more perfect and complete ones; we pass, by a sort of convergence, as has been said, from discordant views to others more and more concordant.

This process is necessary and normal where the intellect is working to co-ordinate or systematize facts not as yet completely studied or investigated, such as those which form the subject matter of physical science. And something like it obtains even in matters of pure reason, like those of mathematics. In this science, indeed, mistakes or erroneous statements hardly lie in the order of regular development; but we con-

tinually learn that formulas, which seem at first to be final expressions of general principles, are reducible to formulas or principles still more general, of which they are but special cases.

The same may also be said of theology, considered in that part which is accessible to our natural reasoning powers. We can not only by our reason arrive at a knowledge of the existence of God, but also we can know a great deal about what are commonly called His attributes. Some of this knowledge comes to us by abstract reasoning alone, and is not unlike that which we have of the science of mathematics, just spoken of; with regard to others we may be materially helped by the observation of His works in the natural order. The whole domain of natural theology lies, we may say, in the general field of natural science, and may have an evolution on the same lines by which natural science in general is advanced. Practically, however, this is principally accomplished, as in the case of mathematical science, by *a priori* reasoning; and nowhere has this been as completely realized as in the Catholic Church.

PROFESSOR HOFFMAN'S ERRORS.

The great mistake, however, of our modern speculators on religious questions is the assumption that all our knowledge of theology is to be acquired in this way. This is well exemplified in another article in this same number of the *North American*, by Professor Hoffman, of Union College. "Great thinkers," he says, "from Thales, Plato, and Moses, have had their theologies—their explanations of the origin and nature of the universe, as they understood it, and many of these explanations have been of extraordinary merit; but even St. Paul himself could never have been certain that his explanation was more than a probably true one."

The Apostles' Creed, Professor Hoffman goes on to say, contains the sum and substance of three systems of theology, those of Sts. Peter, Paul, and John respectively. It is, in his view, an expression of the combined opinion of these three "thinkers," and deriving what weight and authority it has from the eminence of these great men as thinkers on religious subjects.

The authority of our Lord Himself, as he states afterward, rests on a similar basis in his mind. He says that even His teachings "should be accepted or rejected on the ground of

their inherent reasonableness." He admits, however, that "the probabilities that He spoke the truth are so high that they can never be made any higher." As he does not, evidently, admit the Divinity of Jesus—for if he did, it would be absurd to speak of probabilities—this can only mean that He was such a supereminently great thinker that we may be sure, practically at any rate, that we never can or shall find any one superior to him; that he is among theologians—only in even a much higher degree—what Sir Isaac Newton is popularly considered as being among mathematical astronomers.

But still, on this theory, His teaching, like that of any great mind, is, as we have seen that Professor Hoffman distinctly states, not above our criticism. It is therefore to be combined, giving it of course a very special weight, with that of others; to be treated really in the same way as that of a very eminent man in some department of science is treated; being discussed together with that of his inferiors, who may, after all, be able to supply defects in it, or at any rate to put it into better shape. And so by the comparison of the views of all these great minds, subjected to the examination of others coming subsequently, and of a gradually expanding and continually better informed general human intelligence, the noble science of theology is gradually to be formed as other sciences are.

THE ELEMENT OF REVELATION SUPERADDED TO RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

Now, as has been said, it is, in our opinion, a great mistake to hold that it is in this way that all our knowledge of religion is to be obtained. And not only in our individual opinion is this so, but in that of all Catholics; and not only in the opinion of all Catholics, but in that of the immense majority of all that have ever called themselves Christians; and not only in the opinion of this immense number of Christians, but in that of all adherents of any definite form of religion since the world began. Indeed, the conviction of mankind has always been that something more than the mere natural knowledge of God, of His ways and His works, attainable by great thinkers, is needed to "satisfy"—to quote again from Professor Hoffman—"the demands of the intellect and the cravings of the heart." And it is very safe to say that if the teachings of Christ and His Apostles were generally believed to be simply the conclusions of great thinkers, they would instantly cease to

satisfy such demands and cravings, in those who now are, as far as is possible in this world, satisfied with them. No; what man longs for is *certainty*, such as no great thinker or collection of thinkers can give in these matters; and also a greater amount of positive information than such can possibly arrive at, or even convince themselves that they have attained. They themselves will not be satisfied with their results; no one can seriously hold that Thales, or Plato, or any similar thinker was; and as to St. Paul, to imagine or represent him as simply the maker of a theology with which he was satisfied, is to make a merely imaginary figure of him, and to neglect his own words; which are not, "I have worked out what is to me a satisfactory theory," but something absolutely different; namely, "I *know* in whom I have *believed*."

It is well to look at facts as they are, and not substitute mere theories for them. No one who reads the writings of St. Paul or of the other Apostles, or the accounts of their words and actions which have come down to us, can fail to see that they did not consider themselves to be propounding theological conclusions at which they had arrived by thought or study, but that they fully believed themselves to be the witnesses and recipients of a stupendous supernatural revelation made by God Himself, and that they were proclaiming this revelation to the world.

The same, *mutatis mutandis*, may of course be applied to our Lord Jesus Christ Himself. But it is not necessary to develop this more fully.

REVELATION AND THE MEANS OF CERTITUDE.

I have indeed gone a little out of the way of the main issue in noticing so fully the statements of Professor Hoffman; but I have done so because Dr. Mivart himself evidently goes on the notion which Professor Hoffman brings out more clearly and explicitly. I have said that this notion or theory is a great mistake, and it must be granted that it is so, according to the opinion and common sense of the great mass of mankind. And what is more to the purpose, it is most obviously opposed to the whole conception of the Catholic Church, and to the claims which it, and indeed every organized Christian Church, has always made. The claim and belief of Christians has always been that God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, has made a distinct supernatural revelation, informing us in it of truths which reason by itself could never

arrive at; and that furthermore, having determined to make this revelation to us, He has, in accordance with what must certainly seem to be required by His infinite wisdom, given us in some way the means of knowing what that revelation is. The usual Protestant theory is that it is comprised in a book which, in His providence, He has caused to be prepared for us; the Catholic, that He has committed it to the custody of an organized body of teachers, to whom, in case of doubt arising about its contents, He has promised the assistance necessary to obtain infallibly its true sense. The Catholic Church, however, also holds that the book which Protestants venerate and accept as the Word of God is really and truly such, and that the Christian revelation is, in large measure, contained in it; but that it is not by itself absolutely sufficient, and that its sense is not always clear without interpretation, and that it was not intended to be so, since its interpretation was provided for in the teaching Church itself.

I do not now propose to show the inadequacy of the Protestant theory above mentioned, or the sufficiency of the Catholic one; but merely to emphasize the fact that Christians have always considered that their religion rested on a really supernatural revelation, and that the true meaning and contents of this revelation were attainable somehow or somewhere. To cut loose from this idea, and regard the teachings of Christ and His Apostles as a more or less fallible contribution to a general religious science being developed by mankind, is to cease to be distinctively a Christian at all. This Professor Hoffman probably apprehends and intends.

But Dr. Mivart does not seem to have seen it so clearly. In a certain sense, he seems to have held what may be called an exaggerated Catholic theory, in giving the formation of Catholic and Christian dogma to the Church, without laying on it any obligation to hold to the truth of the written word of God, as found in Holy Scripture. But though giving to the "Roman theologians" (by which it must be supposed he means the authorities of the Roman Church, and especially of course the Holy Father himself) the official duty of teaching, and the right and ability to teach Christian doctrine, he insists that they shall, to use a common illustration, saw off, on the side toward the tree, the very branch on which they are sitting. He says: "The most imperative task for Roman theologians to-day is to modify the meaning of the dogma of the Church's infallibility, so as to render possible the admission by them

that the Councils of Florence, Trent, and the Vatican" (why these particular ones?) "have erred, and that the Pope's Encyclical is to be put on one side as of absolutely no account whatever."

"To modify the meaning"; it is indeed strange that a man accustomed to habits of thought could use such words. Certainly it is a strange modification of the meaning of a statement to utterly deny and retract the only conceivable meaning which it can have. For he does not seem to claim that there are any reasons in the conditions or character of the Councils or of the Encyclical named, making them different from others, but only that it may happen that now and then the Church (though regularly and habitually defining with infallibility) makes a blunder or mistake in its dogmatic definitions. But if so, its infallibility simply no longer exists. There remains only a strong probability that it may be right, just as there is a strong probability that any learned man may be right in the matters of his specialty; but as you never can tell when the slip is going to occur, you are simply thrown back on general principles in your search for truth; or rather, in point of fact, on your own individual judgment; you are tossed on a sea of doubt or mere probability, without rudder or compass; without even the one guiding star of Holy Scripture, which Protestants have as a rule depended on, but which is so far from helping Dr. Mivart, that it makes his special difficulty. But he did not quite realize the predicament. It seemed to him that there was still a pretty good guide. But it is to be feared that really it was nothing more than his own opinion that was to serve in this capacity. The only real or practical outcome of his advice is this: "Give up the Church's infallibility, and trust instead to my guidance and that of other learned and enlightened men, who will set you right when the Church happens to fall into error; and then the evolution of Christian dogma will indeed proceed on safe and successful lines."

To come down now a little more to particulars. Dr. Mivart's real grievances seem to have been the placing of some of his writings on the Index, and the Encyclical "*Providentissimus Deus*."

THE MEANING OF THE INDEX.

Now as to the first matter. It is no doubt a trial to human nature to have one's writings on any subject noted by the authority of the Church as dangerous for Catholic perusal,

without having the particular points stated which are objectionable, or reasons given why they are so. And it is no doubt a proceeding not on the lines of the modern state in dealing with offences committed against its authority. We expect a definite charge to be made, if we are accused of an offence, and a chance given us to prove that we are not guilty of the offence alleged. But it should be remembered that the condemnation by the Index of a writing does not necessarily imply any charge of guilt against the writer, so that the cases really are not parallel. Nor does it mean that everything which the writer has said in his work is contrary to sound doctrine; still less that everything which he objects to in it is a part of Catholic dogma. And unless something is specifically stated, it does not absolutely imply that any particular proposition in it is false, though there is of course a probability that some one is. But it does mean that the book or writing is likely to do harm, and probably more harm than good, and that therefore the author, though his intentions may have been perfectly good, should sacrifice his own pride and *amour propre* for the sake of the faithful at large. We ought to acknowledge that the public good should prevail over our own private convenience, and remember that we are not accused of any formal offence, and that the Church cannot always stop to argue with us, and to show just what is the matter. If we are prohibited from publishing anything which we are not as yet prohibited from holding, we should be content to refrain from what might seem to us to be good, though not obligatory, on account of the evil which the proper authority tells us will now result from it; but if it does appear that something which we have believed to be the truth absolutely or probably can never be admitted to be in harmony with Catholic dogma, we must either be glad of the information—for we should always prize truth above our own reputation for ability—or we must cut loose from the only means by which, as I have endeavored to show, and as all Catholics believe, truth in these matters can be definitely obtained.

THE PAPAL LETTER ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Now with regard to the Encyclical, "*Providentissimus Deus*," which Dr. Mivart notes as "terrible," it really seems as if he could hardly have read it with due attention. He only quotes one sentence of it, as follows. Speaking of the sacred authors, the Holy Father says:

"By supernatural power, God so moved and impelled them to write—He was so present to them—that the things which He ordered, and those only, they first rightly understood, and then willed faithfully to write down, and finally expressed in apt words and with infallible truth."

Now, where precisely in this, taken in connection with other parts of the encyclical, Dr. Mivart, as a scientific man, found insuperable difficulty, it is not very easy to see. As to the right understanding on the part of the authors, that is an important point as to the manner of inspiration, showing its difference from the way in which a general council, none of the members of which has perhaps a complete understanding of the matter which it defines, may yet be preserved from error in its statement of this matter, just as, for the matter of that, any theologian whose works have been approved by the Church has actually been so preserved, though not by virtue of any infallible promise. But, as far as we are concerned, the mere manner of the inspiration makes no difference. For that the authors should have understood the matters rightly, or expressed them in apt words, by no means implies that the right understanding of them is that which the authors *seem* to us to have had, or that those apt words are the most apt for every purpose—as, for instance, for that of scientific statement. The only real difficulties are those which might be concerned with the interpretation of their writings, or with regard to the extent of the field to which their right understanding and correct statement applied.

Now, as to the matter of interpretation, the Holy Father by no means departs from the previous practice of the Church in allowing interpretations differing from the literal sense. He not only says that such interpretations, as made by the Fathers, may and should be followed, but he goes on to tell us that the expositor of Sacred Scripture "must not consider that it is forbidden, when just cause exists, to push inquiry and exposition beyond what the Fathers have done; provided he carefully observes the rule so wisely laid down by St. Augustine, not to depart from the literal and obvious sense, except only where reason makes it untenable or necessity requires."

THE BIBLE AND SCIENCE.

And with regard to the particular matter of natural or physical science, it would appear that there was no cause for Dr. Mivart's alarm. The following words from the encyclical are

deserving of more careful consideration than, it is to be feared, he gave them :

"There can never, indeed, be any real discrepancy between the theologian and the physicist, as long as each confines himself within his own lines, and both are careful, as St. Augustine warns us, 'not to make rash assertions, or to assert what is not known as known.' If dissension should arise between them, here is a rule also laid down by St. Augustine for the theologian : 'Whatever they can really demonstrate to be true of physical nature, we must show to be capable of reconciliation with our Scriptures ; and whatever they assert in their treatises which is contrary to these Scriptures of ours, that is to Catholic faith, we must either prove it as well as we can to be entirely false, or at all events we must, without the smallest hesitation, believe it to be so.' To understand how just is the rule here formulated, we must remember, first, that the sacred writers, or to speak more accurately, the Holy Ghost, 'Who spoke by them, did not intend to teach men these things (that is to say, the essential nature of the things of the visible universe), things in no way profitable unto salvation (St. Augustine).' Hence they did not seek to penetrate the secrets of nature, but rather described and dealt with things in more or less figurative language, or in terms which were commonly used at the time, and which in many instances are in daily use at this day, even by the most eminent men of science. Ordinary speech primarily and properly describes what comes under the senses ; and somewhat in the same way the sacred writers—as the Angelic Doctor also reminds us—'went by what sensibly appeared,' or put down what God, speaking to men, signified, in the way men could understand and were accustomed to."

EXTENT OF INSPIRATION.

But it is probably the second of the two difficulties above named which was the greater one to Dr. Mivart ; that is, the extent of the field covered by the inspiration of the sacred writers. He had believed that the Church would allow that their inspiration only extended to matters of faith and morals ; so that everything found in them which had no direct application to matters coming under these heads could be considered as purely human, and as liable to error as any other writing by these authors acting merely in and by their natural capacity, or by others of the same amount of natural ability and information. This theory would, of course, leave the reader of

Sacred Scripture a great deal freer in forming his opinions on other matters, specially the facts of history or biography treated in its pages, than the Catholic one given by the Holy Father. But still it must have been evident that such a theory was in opposition to the general current of Christian tradition, not only in the Catholic Church, but also outside of it; and, furthermore, that it would reduce the inspiration of the sacred writers practically to the same level as that of the authoritative documents issued by popes and councils. Security from error in definite pronouncements on matters immediately concerning religion is all that is needed in these latter, as they are not the channels of a new revelation, but simply decisions on what is already revealed. But the Sacred Scripture has always been held to contain the revelation itself; its human authors were individually selected and specially commissioned by the Divine Author of the revelation for that purpose; it has therefore always seemed to the common sense or opinion of the Church, both in the Old and the New Dispensation, that having a very special office to discharge, they should have a special help for their work, and be inspired in the whole of it by Him who inspired them to it.

MIVART'S MENTAL STATE.

However, it is plain, as we have seen, that Dr. Mivart is not ready to grant to the authorities of the Church even the degree of Divine direction and guidance which the Catholic faith requires, and which it is easy to show—as indeed all experience does show—is necessary if the Church is to have any definite creed at all; it is therefore not to be wondered at that he was not only troubled and disappointed at the higher degree of Divine guidance assigned in the encyclical to the sacred writers, but absolutely refused to admit it.

The simple fact of the matter is that he really refused to allow to the Church any divinely appointed sphere of action at all. Though apparently considering that the whole matter lay in the hands of the "Roman theologians" unrestricted by Scripture, previous decisions of the Church or anything else; and thus maintaining a kind of exaggerated Catholicity, as has been said; he really wished them to be simply co-laborers with himself and others whom he would consider as fit for the work, in what he would call a scientific evolution of dogma; that is the construction of a system of dogma in which revelation was as much cast aside as it would be by the ordinary worker in phy-

sical science. He had absolutely lost the Catholic and Christian idea altogether, and ceased to be a Catholic, or even a Christian at all.

It is curious to note how far his anger at having his theory interfered with carried him. He not only refuses to notice the freedom of interpretation specially reserved for the scientist as well as the theologian, (for, as the Holy Father expressly says, if the scientist can really demonstrate anything, it must be shown to be capable of reconciliation with the Scriptures; that is, some suitable interpretation of the latter will and must surely be found;) but he goes out of his way to make difficulties which science certainly does not make. What he means, for instance, by its being historically untrue that animals were brought to Adam to be named, is difficult to see.

Or, to take another example, it would seem that, in his opinion, science has investigated quite thoroughly the whole question of the angels, and can confidently assert what is contrary to their nature, and what in accordance with it. What, we may well ask, has physical science, in any present, or as far as we can see any possible future development of it, to do with such matters as these?

That there are difficulties to our understanding in both the natural and the supernatural world, and in the relations between the two, no one will deny. But it is to be feared that the difficulties found by Dr. Mivart were rather subjective than objective. The difficulty really was not so much in seeing how both revelation and natural science could be free from error, but in admitting that there might be some error in himself.





A MEMORY FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

From an infantry squad, near the
newly-turned sod,

Come crashing three volleys of
white ;

And their echoing reels, as a clear
bugle peals,—

“Lonely soul—weary soldier—
Good-night !”

Then the trumpet tones rise in a mist, till the eyes—
Like the violets glistening there
With the tear-drops that fall on the flowery pall—
Are drooping in tremulous prayer :

And the clarion loud, and the eddying cloud,
Roll through Reverie's world far away—
In the hurrying throng, and the wild trumpet song,
At the call for the Judgment array.

FRANCIS B. DOHERTY.

THE ELECTIVE SYSTEM OF STUDIES.*

BY REV. JAMES A. BURNS, C.S.C. (*Notre Dame University*).

I.



It is not easy to determine exactly the extent to which the principle of election of studies has been adopted in American colleges, but there can be no doubt that, in one form or another, it obtains in by far the greater number. Out of a list of 422 colleges, in the last annual report of the Commissioner of Education, I find that 322, or 76 per cent., have an elective system. The number of Catholic colleges in the list is 40, and all but three of these have the system of a single, uniform curriculum. If we omit the 40 Catholic colleges, for the sake of comparison, we find that 84 per cent. of all the rest permit election of studies. Moreover, of the 60 non-Catholic colleges that adhere to the single, uniform system, more than one-half are situated in States where education is notoriously backward, many of them being institutions for the education of the colored race, and in efficiency little better than high-schools. We may conclude, then, that the great majority of non-Catholic colleges, and practically all the more reputable ones among them, have accepted and embodied in their curricula the principle of election of studies.

But the elective system is not confined to the college. The past decade has witnessed its extension even to the high-school. The tendency in this direction has steadily grown from year to year, and, if we may judge from events, it is likely to continue to grow in the future. It is a significant sign of the times that the principals of the high-schools of Chicago, at a recent meeting, unanimously adopted a resolution advocating election of studies; and that the National Educational Association, last summer, formally declared for "the necessity and the wisdom of the principle of election in secondary schools."

The famous Report of the Committee of Ten is probably

* A paper read at the meeting of the Association of Catholic Colleges, Chicago, April 18, 1900.

responsible for this movement in the high-schools, though it is impossible to tell just what influence may have been exercised by transatlantic educational systems to which we look up with reverence. France and Germany recognize the elective principle in their secondary school programmes, which include the ground usually covered by both our high-schools and colleges. In Great Britain it is recognized in the leading collegiate institutions, even conservative Oxford, but does not seem to have gained a firm foothold as yet in the public high-schools. In the *lycées* of France there are two parallel courses of study—one in the classics, and the other in modern languages and science; in the German *gymnasium* system there are the same, with a third course which is in the nature of a compromise between the other two. All of these courses carry the pupil up to about his eighteenth year, and it is remarkable that this differentiation of educational methods begins at the very beginning of the pupil's secondary instruction, and at the very early age of nine years.

To attempt to account for the dominance of the elective principle in modern collegiate education by the cry of "fad," would be to shut one's eyes to the facts. It is a great mistake to assume that the elective system is of recent origin. As a matter of fact, the *realschulen* of Germany date back to the middle of the eighteenth century, and have grown to present form and power side by side with the classical *gymnasias*. The elective idea took root at Harvard as early as 1825. At the time of President Eliot's inauguration, in 1869, about one-half of the work of the three upper classes had been made elective. The elective system, such as it exists to-day, is the result of a process of growth from a very small beginning, and at most American colleges its growth has been in the face of the most strenuous and persistent opposition. It is a striking proof of the strength of the elective movement, and of the power of the conservative forces within it, that while it is rare to-day to find a non-Catholic educator of prominence who is not an advocate of election of studies, it is not less rare to find one who favors its extreme development as exhibited at Harvard, if we except the faculty of Harvard itself.

II.

Notwithstanding their wide divergence of form and perplexing diversity of detail, I think we can comprise the main characteristics of all elective college systems under three lead-

ing types. The first is what may be called the Group System, and consists of two or more parallel courses of study leading to the same baccalaureate degree or to equivalent degrees. This is the prevailing system at Notre Dame, and as I am more familiar with its working there, my remarks upon this point shall have special reference to Notre Dame. Each group, as a rule, comprises three kinds of studies: studies common to all the groups, studies proper to each group, and studies that are elective. At Notre Dame, if we omit technical courses, there are five groups of studies that are recognized as leading to equivalent degrees: the Latin-Greek, Latin-English, History, Economics, General Science, and Biology. The studies common to all are Christian doctrine, philosophy, and English. In the Classical, or Latin-Greek group, the studies proper are Latin, Greek, and history; while in all but its senior year there is one elective. In the General Science group the studies proper are the natural and physical sciences, with mathematics; in the third year of this group the work is largely, and in the last year it is almost entirely elective. The Group System is the prevailing form of the elective system in American colleges to-day; and it is plain that, while offering more or less latitude of choice, depending chiefly on the number of the groups, it effectively secures coherency in any plan of studies that the student may elect.

Secondly, there is what I may call the Princeton Elective System, consisting of a single course of studies leading to the degree of A. B., the studies of the first two years being mainly prescribed, and those of the last two elective. At Princeton the studies of the first two years do not differ very materially from those of the first two years in Catholic colleges. During the last two years the range of electives is very wide, consisting of 47 courses in the third year, and 111 in the fourth; yet these are so skilfully arranged, with reference to class hours, that only about 15 courses are ordinarily open to the student in any one session of the junior or senior years. The chief point of interest, however, lies in the character of the electives themselves. As ordinarily permitted, the electives of the last two years may be regarded as simply extensions of subjects already seen. Under this system, therefore, if strictly adhered to, it would be difficult for the student, in any combination of studies, to fail in preserving a certain coherency of choice; but in practice, both at Princeton and elsewhere, considerable latitude seems to be allowed in the election of studies that

have little or no connection with the earlier work of the course. The Princeton System prevails at most of the State universities, in the course leading to the degree of A. B. It is generally accompanied, however, by a number of other courses, more or less prescribed, leading to equivalent degrees.

Thirdly, there is the Harvard System, representing the extreme development of the principle of election of studies. The Harvard System, theoretically at least, is very simple: 18 full courses of instruction are required for the Bachelor's degree, and 16 of these are elective. The student must make choice of four full electives each year, and there are 400 or so to choose from. In view of the statement in the catalogue, that "Any plan of study, deliberately made and adhered to, is more profitable than studies chosen from year to year, without plan, under the influence of temporary preferences," it is natural to inquire, What are the means relied on at Harvard for securing this necessary unity? President Eliot has given us the answer himself. "A well-instructed youth of eighteen," he says, "can select for himself a better course of study than any college faculty, or any wise man who does not know him and his ancestors and his previous life, can possibly select for him."* In other words, the responsibilities of the situation are to be thrown upon the student himself. Still, there are some safeguards. The number of courses regularly open to freshmen is reduced to about thirty, and each freshman is required to submit his choice of studies, for approval, to a member of the faculty who acts as his adviser. English is prescribed for each of the first three years, though this prescription, I believe, is soon to be abolished. There is a system of class honors which ought to make for concentration of work, but the number of candidates for honors seems to be relatively small. In the year 1897-98 only 19 gained second year honors, and as many more finals, though the number of honorable mentions amounted to 152.

Under the almost absolute freedom of studies now permitted at Harvard, it would be necessary, before passing judgment upon the Harvard System, to examine in detail the electives of the students for the whole four years of the course; and this it is not possible to do at present. In a general way, however, we can ascertain the drift of the electives, and it is important for us to note their special trend. The following table is based on the published report of the

* *Educational Reform*, p. 132.

Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences for the last scholastic year, and exhibits in order the twelve studies most popular that year with the regular candidates for the degree of A. B.* It appears, then, that in the year 1898-9 there were, in

History, . . .	1,205	choices.	Government, . .	462	choices.
English, . . .	1,135	"	Chemistry, . .	338	"
Economics, . .	916	"	Geology, . . .	298	"
French, . . .	611	"	Greek, . . .	278	"
German, . . .	583	"	Latin, . . .	276	"
Philosophy, . .	540	"	Mathematics, . .	200	"

The number of regular collegiate students the same year was 1,683.

It will be observed that three of the four staples of Catholic collegiate education are at the very bottom of the list; and that economics, French and German, which have scarcely found a footing with us as yet, are well up towards the top. History, with its cognates, economics and government, received 2,583 choices, or about 33 per cent. of the total number made. The position of Latin and Greek, at almost the bottom of the list, is especially remarkable. The combined total of choices in these amount to no more than 7 per cent. of the whole. It appears that only about one-fourth of the students take Latin and Greek. The greater number of choices in Greek than Latin is easily explained. A largely attended course of lectures on the life of the ancient classical peoples is given in alternate years to students of Latin and Greek, and the superior popularity of Greek during the year in question was due to this course. It is remarkable that more than one-half of all the choices in Greek made by seniors and juniors appertained to two courses, one of which advertises stereopticon illustration, and the other, the rather peculiar recommendation that it requires no knowledge of Greek. In view of the fact that not less than 90 per cent. of the candidates for the freshman class have studied both Latin and Greek in the preparatory schools, it is strange that so small a proportion continues these studies in college. After spending three or four years in the high-school, in mastering the elements of the classics, to break off

* At Harvard each student is required to choose 4 full elective courses each year, or 8 half-courses, and the basis upon which I have sought to estimate the relative popularity of studies is the number of actual electives chosen in any study during the year. The term "choice," therefore, as used in this table, means one full elective course chosen by a student, or its equivalent of two half courses.

the study just about the time the higher educative influence of classical literature ought to begin, must involve an enormous waste of intellectual effort, and reflect back a baneful influence upon the spirit of high-school work. The scant respect paid the ancient classics by the average high-school pupil, after entering Harvard College, is a grave impeachment, to my mind, of the soundness of President Eliot's contention—upon which the Harvard System is built—that "It is only the individual youth who can select that course of study which will most profit him." *

III.

This rapid and necessarily imperfect sketch of representative types of the elective system brings me to the main topic of my paper—the desirability of that system in Catholic colleges, or, the respective merit of the elective, as compared with the single prescribed system at present prevailing with us. The question is broad and complicated, and, in the limited space at my disposal, I can do no more than elucidate its main features, or at least bring them within the arena of wholesome discussion. It would be absurd to deny that each of these systems has its points of excellence; and the one-sided claims so often set up may be largely conceded, I think, without affecting very much the sum total of the respective merit of either. I am firmly persuaded that the discussion, as usually carried on, fails to bring out sufficiently the vital point of the difference between the two systems. The questions of the respective merit of the classics and various other branches; of respective student scholarship and character; of lecture and tutorial systems, and so on, are highly important, it is true, but after all they are only ancillary. They amount to no more than the question of means, and the question of means must ever, in the nature of things, be subordinate to that of end. What is the good of disputing about the means to be used if we are totally and hopelessly at variance respecting the end to be reached? I should like to impress upon the members of this conference that the vital question to-day between these two systems is the question of end or ideal.

It was a fundamental change of conviction respecting the idea of college training that gave birth to the elective system. The growth of knowledge, the multiplication of arts and sciences, the increasing differentiation of intellectual life, was

* *Educational Reform*, p. 135.

reflected back upon the college, and resulted in an increasing differentiation of youthful minds. The influences of heredity and early environment reproduced themselves in special aptitudes in the mind of the boy. In an intellectual way, it was only the operation of a familiar law of animal and vegetable life—the law of the tendency of species towards the perpetuation of the type. Accordingly, among educators the belief grew up that the function of the college ought to include, not only the training of the general powers of the mind but the unfolding, fostering, and perfecting of special individual capacities as well. A new ideal of college training arose in this way, and it was from this ideal that the new or elective system sprang. The educational unit became the college student, instead of the college class, and the old ideal—the ideal of the “rounded and harmonious mental development” of all—gave place to the new ideal of the development of the individual capacities, tastes, and powers of each.

In my opinion the question of the respective merit of the two systems resolves itself into the simpler question of the merit of these two ideals. With the view now of throwing some light upon this problem, and of provoking fruitful thought and discussion, I suggest for consideration the following facts:

1. It is undeniable that special mental aptitudes occur in youth, even from the very beginning of the college course. It is equally true, no doubt, that all boys have minds that are essentially the same; but I think it is within every teacher's experience that certain boys possess or develop extraordinary taste or ability along special lines.

2. It is to the interest of society, as well as to the interest of the student himself, that such aptitudes should be fostered and developed, for upon their development must depend, very largely, the further progress of knowledge and civilization.

3. The cultivation of special aptitudes of the kind, if right and desirable at all, should not be neglected in the college. The college cannot shift the responsibility onto the university, on the ground that the latter is the proper place for specialization. The reason is, that only a very small proportion of college graduates ever go to universities; and, moreover, the university courses themselves presuppose, on the part of the college student, some degree of concentration of studies. I have been informed, on very trustworthy authority, that no graduate of a college in which the uniform curriculum obtains

may hope for admittance to most of the courses in Johns Hopkins University, without an extra year or so of preparation; and this, not from prejudice, or any desire of discrimination, but simply from the student's unfitness for the highly specialized work of the university, through lack of necessary preliminary concentration.

4. In determining the ideal, the life-purpose of the student must be taken into consideration. This is a practical age, and the college of to-day must not only turn out cultured gentlemen, but must enable a young man to fit himself, if need be, for some useful career in life. Since the great majority of college graduates never go to a university or professional school, it is plain that, in their case at least, the college must do this work, if it is to be done at all. With the onward march of civilization, and the increasing diversity of intellectual occupations, the demands upon the college in this way will be also likely to increase. It is to the merit of the elective system that it lends itself readily to any special preparation of the kind that may be desired.

5. The values commonly assigned to educational subjects are not fixed and invariable, but may and do vary with the nature of the mind that is to be educated. Given, for instance, a boy with a strong taste for letters. Some educators say: You must develop all the powers of his mind harmoniously; and, accordingly, they give him the classics and English for expression, history for reflection, the sciences for observation, mathematics for ratiocination, and so on. The question is, however, might not such a boy find better and more easily assimilated food for the same faculties in matters more cognate and congenial? Might he not find better exercise for his reason in Goethe and Descartes, or Dante, than in differential calculus and mechanics? * Might not the study of the growth and formation of a language—the study of Anglo-Saxon, for example—prove a better training in observation for him than chemical analysis and higher physics? It is a matter of educational values—values in the estimation of which, it seems to me, we cannot safely, in the present state of our knowledge, lose sight of the personal equation.

In view of these facts I should give an affirmative answer to the question, "Is election of studies in the curricula of our colleges desirable?"

* Most of our leading Catholic colleges require of all students calculus, analytical geometry, and mechanics, besides chemistry and physics.

IV.

The adoption of the elective principle would involve absolutely no change, necessarily, in that which constitutes the distinctive and essential prerogative of Catholic education—the Christian atmosphere. It would involve no abandonment of the principle of unity of studies, which Catholic educators have rightly clung to so tenaciously; for by either the “Group” or the “Princeton” elective system, as I have shown, whatever the details of practical operation, the essentials of unity may be preserved. It would mean little practical difficulty in the way of increase of teaching staff or expense, inasmuch as many of our colleges already have advanced classes in the sciences and mathematics. Add to these the modern languages and philosophy, and you have at once a good outline for a course in general science. Indeed, it was shown in a paper read before this conference last year that not far from one-half as much time is given at present to mathematics and science, in a large number of Catholic colleges, as is given in leading non-Catholic colleges to all the studies of the general science course.

The adoption of the elective principle will relieve our colleges from the pressure of a curriculum which is already overcrowded, and to which a steadily increasing number of new subjects, such as modern languages, the political and social sciences, are clamoring for admittance. It will tend to raise the standard of scholarship, both in professors and pupils, by making possible enthusiasm for congenial work. “A crowded curriculum,” it has been well said, “is a curriculum of superficialities, where men are for ever occupied with alphabets and multiplication tables.”* It will go far, I believe, towards checking the terrible drain of our best blood and brains to non-Catholic institutions. It was shown very clearly in the conference of last year that this tendency is in the nature of a drift—a strong and steady drift from the public high-schools, where most Catholic lads get their preparatory training, into the non-Catholic colleges and State universities. Can we reasonably hope to be able to check this drift, until we remove from our colleges the barrier of broader demands with narrower opportunities? The adoption of the principle of election of studies will bring our college system into harmony with those of the most enlightened and progressive nations of

* Palmer, *Andover Review*, 5, 396.

the old world, as well as with the best and most conservative non-Catholic educational opinion here at home. The policy of "splendid isolation" is fraught with grave embarrassments and dangers.

Catholic educators have kept alive the spirit of the ancient culture in an age in which the ruthless excesses of modern tendencies threatened its extinction. The world will yet be grateful for the service. In an educational way, it may be said, they have done what the old religious copyists did in the days of barbarism. But to-day the work is done. The lesson has had its effect. There are no stronger advocates of classical culture now than the descendants of the men who would have destroyed it. To continue to cling to the old system, in face of the new conditions, would be just as unreasonable, in my opinion, as for the men of olden time to have continued to copy after the invention of printing.

SURSUM CORDA.



HEART of hearts! the chalice of love's fire,
Bound round with thorns and sealèd with thy doom;
O wonderful and perfect Heart! toward whom
Our weakling hearts should willingly aspire;
O heavenly Heart, at thy most dear desire
Dead Lazarus, praising, cleft the tomb!
And with him, regent in death's room,
All day the chanting hosts of heavenly choir
Praised Thee, whose tender love did run so strong.
O sole thing sweetest in this life of pain!
Help us, for thy love's sake, to free
Our hearts of hateful tyranny. Among
Thy saints to raise our hearts to Thine, most fair,
And bless us now and for eternity.

HELEN M. SWEENEY.

A PLAN IN THE HISTORY OF NATURE.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.



WE believe we may say without fear of contradiction that there is no study so interesting as the study of Nature. Yet it may not always be conducive to happiness. Unless we have faith in a good and omnipotent Being who is overseeing creation, the contemplation of the world we live in makes rather for sadness than for joy. Our finite senses do not anywhere find peace and repose; nothing seems to be fixed; everything is changing, moving on toward a goal which is hidden from us. But if we are cheered by the light of faith the study of nature becomes a delight. And may we not believe that the Almighty did not intend that the things which he created should be, as it were, stereotyped—that they should stand still and remain just what they were at the beginning? Nor do we believe it was his will that Man—the noblest work of his hands—should, as he waxed in knowledge, take always the same view of nature as he took in his innocent, childlike days. Certainly, so far as we can see into the distant past, there has been growth and struggle and development going on during millions of years. And may it not enter into God's plan that this growth and struggle and development should continue during millions of years to come? The great Architect wrought his own handiwork gradually, little by little, in six periods of time, instead of in the twinkling of an eye. And where could we find a better exemplar than this of the unfolding and the changing which the student of nature recognizes in whatever direction he turns?

And now let us consider briefly how different man's view of nature is to-day from the view which he took in days gone by. The Greeks—than whom no people ever had so much genius—believed that the earth was flat and that the sea flowed all round it; and this they believed until Aristotle, several centuries before the Christian era, told them that the earth was round. But even Aristotle was not able to convince everybody of the truth of what he said, and centuries afterwards many of the Fathers of the church—while they did not reject the

sphericity of the earth—treated the question as one that was open to free discussion.* But if Aristotle taught correctly that our earth is round, another learned man, Claudius Ptolemy, an Egyptian, A. D. 100, was mistaken when he taught that the world stood still in the centre of the sun, planets, and stars.† He founded what is called the Ptolemaic system of astronomy; and we must admit that his system explained a good deal, for the effect is the same whether you turn round a ball, or a ball turns round you. And for more than a thousand years after Ptolemy it was believed that our earth was the centre of the universe. But in the first half of the fifteenth century Nicholas Copernicus, a canon of the church of Frauenburg, in Prussia, wrote a book entitled *De revolutionibus orbium*, in which he maintained that the earth revolved round the sun once every year; and Copernicus may be called the founder of modern astronomy. But people were so certain that the old-time teaching of Ptolemy was correct, that for many years Copernicus was afraid to publish his book, and it was not till more than sixty years after his death that another astronomer took up the study of the Copernican theory and soon became convinced of its truth. Yet Galileo knew how very difficult it would be to prove that it was the earth which moved round the sun and not the sun round the earth. Happily, just at this time a Dutch spectacle-maker invented an instrument which made things that were far off appear close by, and Galileo at once set to work and made for himself a telescope. It magnified an object only eight times. But with it he discovered four of Jupiter's moons; he saw them moving round the giant planet, and this discovery added strength to the theory of Copernicus. Then from Jupiter Galileo turned his little telescope on the tiny planet Venus, and he observed her making the whole journey round the sun, and not round our earth as Ptolemy had taught that she did. He likewise made other discoveries which proved that Copernicus was right when he said that our earth is not the centre of the universe. But these discoveries contradicted the literal sense of certain passages of the Bible, and it was for this reason that a theological censure was pronounced upon Galileo. To quote from a late number of the *London Tablet* (March 31, p. 483): "The Roman congregation which condemned Galileo was certainly under the impression

* Very Rev. A. F. Hewit, *THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE*, August, 1891, p. 681.

† Aristarchus, a Greek astronomer, three centuries before the Christian era, had discovered that the sun was fixed and that the earth travelled round it.

that the Copernican theory was contrary to the teaching of the Church." But, as Father Hewit tells us, "The case of Galileo is the one signal instance of the condemnation of a true scientific theory by ecclesiastical authority."*

By this time, as we see, the scientific knowledge of man had so far increased as to allow him to believe that the earth was not flat but round. He was also able now to believe that the earth revolved round the sun and not the sun round the earth. Still, nobody had yet gone so far as to declare that it was a very old world; probably not more than six thousand years could have elapsed since the creation. But to-day nobody doubts that the earth is millions of years old. We know, too, from fossil remains that not very far from the north pole, where at present we find nothing but ice, there was once a genial climate and a luxuriant vegetation. Nor are we any longer asked to believe in a universal Deluge, which drowned the whole human race except Noe and his family.† But marked as these changes are in our understanding of God's handiwork, the belief that he had created animals and plants pretty much as they exist in our time was generally held by learned men until quite recent years. But now, as our century is closing, no naturalist believes this. The doctrine of the development of organic life is to-day universally accepted by students of nature, and, to quote Bishop Hedley, of Newport, England: "But, first of all, it should be well borne in mind that the foremost Catholic men of science of the day not only hold a theory of evolution but consider that there can be no doubt on the matter."‡ They one and all perceive how reasonable a doctrine the doctrine of organic evolution is. The Creator at the beginning wisely endowed plants and animals with the power to adapt themselves to their environment; to change with changing conditions of life; to respond to extrinsic factors acting on them. And only think what changes in climate, in food, in the distribution of land and water, have taken place even during the comparatively brief time that has elapsed since the opening of what is known as the Tertiary age, or, let us say, during the past two million years! Not a little of the evidence which has brought about this very general acceptance of the doctrine of development has been furnished by geology and palæontology. But the new science of embryology

* THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, August, 1891, p. 682.

† "La localisation du Déluge et les péripéties de la question."—*Revue Thomiste*, September, 1898.

‡ *Dublin Review*, October, 1898, p. 246.

has also contributed very strong evidence. To quote again from Bishop Hedley: "The facts of embryology are undoubtedly striking and suggest evolution." *

In a few words, embryology is the study of the various stages of development of living beings until they reach the adult type. At a certain stage of development it is impossible (except by its size) to distinguish the embryo of a fish from the embryo of a reptile, a bird, or a mammal. But by and by the fish diverges upon a road of its own. Then when the reptile has grown somewhat bigger it, too, branches off, leaving only the bird and the mammal remaining of the same form. Then presently the bird's embryo takes on the aspect of a bird. And finally the mammal's embryo, after passing through the fish-like, the reptilian, and the bird-like stages, takes on the shape of a mammal. Another striking fact is that in the embryo of the reptile, of the bird, and of the mammal we discover on the sides of the neck openings whose structure resembles the gill-arches of a fish. The gill-arches persist through the force of heredity; they point to ancestral conditions: to a water-breathing ancestry.† But we must admit that in order to duly appreciate the weight of embryological evidence one needs to be a trained biologist.

Having now briefly reviewed a few of the secrets which man has been allowed by the Creator to wring from nature, what marvellous revelations may not the ages to come have in store for us? Man is surely growing in intelligence. Yet he is only beginning to understand himself. It seems only yesterday that he was burning and hanging lunatics, believing that they were witches and demoniacs. Our near-by forefathers were children in regard to many scientific matters. But the day may not be far off when the mind will no longer be almost a *terra incognita* to science. We believe that we shall obtain a clear insight into the physiology and psychology of sleep, and a deeper study of heredity may give our descendants a more correct view of the limitations of the Will.

We may also be able one day to explain why when we throw a stone into the air it falls back to the earth. By closely observing, too, the contraction of the sun's disc it may even be possible in some future age to tell about how long the sun will continue to supply heat; how long it will be before the sun dies. To conclude, we say again that we believe it was the Crea-

* *Dublin Review*, October, 1898, p. 254.

† The gill-arches minus gills persist through life and are known as aortic arches.

tor's plan that the work of his hands should be ever slowly changing and developing. The world in which man is placed is not to-day what it was at the beginning. Nor is it to-day what it will be in the future. Think what wonderful changes man may witness, what undreamed-of discoveries man may make in the next ten thousand years! It is not improbable that man has passed through one glacial epoch; he may live to see another. We therefore repeat, that the study of nature would afford us very little joy if we did not believe that in the midst of so much that is changing and fleeting there is an Infinite Being who is guiding all things for our good and who Himself does not change.

PAINTED!

I.



SAW a rose to-day, red as a bride's soft cheek,
 And bearing like a high-born dame its blushing
 beauty;
 But through its veins burst not the tide of life,
 Nor flung its scented kisses to the air.
 It languished not when the warm breath of love
 Fell o'er it, nor withered at the mockery of time.
 A painted rose, sapless as the heart of falsehood!

II.

Again, to-day, I saw a man of knightly presence
 Move in the cultured rhythm of his ways:
 A smile was on his lips; a smile that lured;
 The outward grace of manhood sat upon his brow,
 And yet forsooth a painted man! Nor love, nor truth,
 Nor honor flowed in his dry veins, nor honest blood:
 His heart a desecrated hearthstone, black with sin and ashes!

WILLIAM P. CANTWELL.

THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN IN HIGHER EDUCATION.

BY THOMAS P. KERNAN.



ANOTHER collegiate year is drawing to a close, and again Catholics are forced to admit the melancholy fact that there are many Catholic students attending non-Catholic universities, and that there are many others preparing to enter their freshman classes in September. Can anything be done to diminish at least the number of Catholic boys at Protestant institutions of learning and to turn them towards our own colleges and universities?

It is doubtless true that some Catholics send their sons to certain non-Catholic colleges, notably to Harvard and Yale, for the reason that these colleges may be termed popular colleges, and that a majority of their students come from families who move in the best society. If by this phrase "best society" we mean people of education and refinement, the desire on the part of Catholic parents that their sons should move in the "best society" is laudable and excusable. I am no theologian, but I presume it is not even a venial sin for parents to move in a good social sphere and to desire that their children should do likewise. On the other hand, if Catholic parents themselves do not move in the most cultured society, it is presumably not a mortal sin for them to desire that their children should rise in the world socially. Some decry this desire on the part of parents as mere snobbishness. Whether it is or not, the desire seems to be found among the sentiments of most American parents, Protestant and Catholic alike, and parental feelings, right or wrong, reasonable or unreasonable, must be taken into some account in discussing educational subjects.

As Almighty God holds parents responsible for the bringing-up of their children, he doubtless gives them, in his loving providence, a knowledge of what kind of education is best for their offspring. That parents are oftentimes too indulgent to their children, and are influenced by worldly advantages in selecting schools and colleges for them, is, unfortunately, only too true. But we must take parents as they are. With all their faults they are still parents, and the natural judges of

how their children ought to be brought up. Good parents usually have correct views implanted in their nature by the Creator and nourished by Divine Grace, on the subject of the training and education of their own children.

Believing in the responsibility of parents to Almighty God for the bringing-up and education of their children, I favor the idea that Catholic schools and college authorities should give fathers a voice in the management of these institutions. In the opinion of many it would be a positive advantage to all Catholic schools and colleges if there were a few Catholic laymen among their trustees or directors.

There are many practical questions arising as to the government of a school or college, in which the opinion of a learned layman, an able lawyer, an experienced physician, a successful banker, or a practical business man would be valuable. Why, then, it may be respectfully asked, do not our Catholic schools and college authorities enlarge their consultation rooms and admit a few Catholic gentlemen on their boards of trustees? Protestant schools and colleges for both sexes are administered largely by laymen, and their financial success is undoubtedly greatly due to the business methods of the laymen, and to their general superiority in this respect to clergymen. Professors and scholars are often very poor business men, and it is likely that the finances of a college and possibly their domestic arrangements tending to the health and comfort of the students, would be materially benefited by the advice of practical men of the world.

Catholic laymen are often told nowadays from the pulpit and lecture platform that they should co-operate more with the clergy in good works of a social and educational nature. But how can they, if their advice is never asked and they are given no place on the governing boards of institutions? Such Catholic institutions as have Catholic laymen among their directors and trustees—as, for instance, the Catholic Protectory, New York City—have received valuable assistance from the lay trustees. Is it not reasonable to suppose that all Catholic institutions, including schools and colleges, would be equally benefited by giving laymen an active voice in their management? In all cities there are a number of Catholic laymen of piety and brains, and oftentimes of wealth. And their piety and brains, whether accompanied with wealth or not, would be of service to the church if employed in educational problems.

Francis Kernan, as one of the regents of the State of New

York, obtained for Catholic parochial schools in New York State a number of rights and privileges from the Board of Regents. And the fact that he was an able lawyer probably enabled him to obtain concessions for our parochial schools that no clergyman could have obtained. At another time, when a senator at Washington, Mr. Kernan was instrumental in having the government of the District of Columbia remit a large amount of taxes unjustly assessed upon Georgetown College. These facts are here referred to as a proof that Catholic laymen can be of great use to Catholic schools and colleges.

Were several Catholic laymen admitted on all the governing boards of Catholic schools and colleges, priests and laymen would be able to co-operate far more effectively in the good work of Catholic education. There would grow up, moreover, more intimate and helpful relations between the presidents and faculties of colleges and their alumni. A still further advantage might be the loosening of the purse-strings of wealthy Catholics and greater inclination on their part to endow institutions of learning. It is human nature to endow more generously when one has some voice, directly or indirectly, in the spending of the endowment.

If every Catholic school and college in the United States at their next commencement were to honor several of their distinguished alumni by placing them among their directors, or trustees, Catholic laymen would certainly appreciate the honor, and, possibly, great good might result to these institutions.

Where schools and colleges are controlled by religious orders of men, the objection may be made that the constitution and rules of these orders do not allow of their admitting laymen on their governing boards. If such is the case, might not an amendment be made to their constitutions to meet the case?

The Catholic University, the highest of our Catholic institutions of learning, has several laymen among its trustees. Why might not all our colleges? Catholic churches have laymen among their trustees; why should not institutions of learning?

Some would argue that it would be beneficial to convent schools to have several ladies or gentlemen on their governing boards. Our noble orders of teaching sisters would hardly be inclined, it is to be feared, to look with favor upon such an innovation; yet it would appear reasonable that the advice of

a devout Catholic father or mother could help even holy nuns in the practical and financial details of running a school.

It should be remembered that if laymen were placed among the trustees of Catholic colleges, and ladies or gentlemen among the directors of convent schools, that they would always be in the minority, and that the clergy or sisters, as the case might be, could always overrule their opinions. If no good resulted from the suggested innovation, no harm would necessarily follow.

The Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, in founding their new college for women at Washington, known as Trinity College, are following a broad and liberal plan. Some twenty-one ladies have been asked to form an "Auxiliary Board of Regents of Trinity College," and, according to the constitution, they "have associated themselves together for the purpose of assisting and equipping Trinity College, Washington." These lady regents have appointed vice-regents in different cities, and undoubtedly this influential body of ladies will interest others in Trinity College and in many ways advance its interests. Perhaps a somewhat similar "auxiliary board" composed of the alumni of a Catholic college would accomplish equally great results for their Alma Mater.

To return to my first question: What will cause Catholic young men to seek an education in Catholic colleges instead of Protestant colleges?

It has been suggested that a Catholic college, founded near the grounds of the Catholic University at Washington, and conducted on liberal, modern methods, would do it. Could any one of our learned religious orders of men undertake the task, it would be peculiarly well suited for the work. If no religious order would undertake founding a new college, were the Catholic laymen of the country to subscribe four or five hundred thousand dollars they could found a new college, and Catholic laymen of learning and experience in teaching could be found to fill the various chairs. A similar college controlled by laymen exists in Belgium and is doing successful educational work.

Catholic colleges in the United States, and good ones, are plentiful; but to attract the class of Catholic young men who go to Harvard and Yale, what we need is a popular, fashionable Catholic college. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and some other Protestant institutions may justly be described as high-grade, fashionable universities. Would there be any moral

harm in Catholics having one or two fashionable, high-toned colleges? St. Paul speaks of being all things to all men. Is it not allowable to be fashionable—innocently fashionable—to gain souls and keep them in the church? Here the opinion of a theologian would be of service. It is mentioned in the life of St. Francis Xavier, and in that of some other saints, that at times they dressed fashionably, and according to the custom of high-caste natives of India and China, the more readily to convert them to the faith. In Europe, in Rome itself, the centre of Catholicity, fashionable schools and colleges for the exclusive patronage of the nobility have long since been founded. Consequently it would seem in no way wrong that fashionable, expensive schools and colleges should exist in the United States for the education of the sons of wealthy Catholics.

Not only are fashionable—I can think of no better word—colleges needed in our country, but fashionable—*i.e.*, expensive—high-toned, exclusive boarding-schools and day-schools for boys and girls respectively, would meet with a liberal Catholic patronage nowadays in the United States. The number of wealthy, cultivated Catholic families is large; and many children in these families are attending non-Catholic private day-schools and boarding-schools.

It would seem that if enterprising Catholics were to establish fashionable schools for young boys and girls they would find them a paying investment, and would help, at the same time, to keep the children of wealthy Catholics in the church. The profession of teaching is a noble and fairly lucrative one. Why do not Catholic ladies and gentlemen who are fitted for it adopt it more generally as a means of livelihood? Probably because outside of the public schools there is little or no field for Catholic lay teachers. Protestant gentlemen establish and conduct all manner of schools as a money-making business. Why should not Catholics follow their example? In all our large cities there are Protestant private, select schools, partly supported by Catholic patronage.

The work being done by the self-sacrificing efforts of pastor and people throughout the country for the Catholic education of the poor in parochial schools is sublime; but let us not forget that the church has a mission to the rich as well as to the poor, and that perhaps the former stand in greater need of Catholic education than do the latter.

Utica, N. Y.

VOL. LXXI.—25

CHAIR OF PHILOSOPHY IN TRINITY COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



THE endowment of a chair of Philosophy for women is a measure the utility of which cannot be overestimated. Of course it is recognized that women may successfully compete with men in all the departments of knowledge. Provision for the higher education of women is made in the learned institutions of the world; but, unfortunately, it seems that Catholics are too much swayed by the notion expressed by careless Frenchmen, that religion is enough for women, and that human learning only deteriorates them. The Frenchmen who say this are men who pay religion the compliment of avoidance.

Whether or not the study of those subjects which used to be regarded as solid learning, as distinguished from the elegant pursuits formerly described as accomplishments of culture, is an advantage to women, it is now clear that opinion is in favor of opening to them the whole field of knowledge. It would be idle indeed to refer to the influence exercised by women in classical antiquity, what inspiration Greek and Roman statesmen drew from counsels by their own hearths. We pass over their valuable sympathy and support in every age of the church, and in many a momentous crisis. It is enough that this day of ours demands that woman shall be man's helpmeet in its own sense.

THE DEMAND FOR HIGHER EDUCATION AMONG WOMEN.

The idea of establishing a chair of philosophy in Trinity College has the emphatic approval of the Archbishop of New York. This stamps its claim on the support of the laity of the archdiocese. We hope that a fund shall be raised worthy of the spirit of the munificent endowments of the Ages of Faith. We think just the year before Henry VIII.'s accession his grandmother completed her endowment of Christ's College, Cambridge. This woman, who was herself learned, possessed a virile talent for rule and administration. The government of

her vast estates might serve as a model for that of kingdoms; her judgment in the celebrated arbitration case of the city of Cambridge and the University of Cambridge is an instance of the application of legal and equitable principles which would reflect credit on the most instructed lawyer. She was profoundly pious, she had a heart open as day to melting charity.

To raise the fund for the proposed chair a committee of ladies has been appointed by the Archbishop. We need only say of the committee that it is composed of pious and cultivated women, and that this work of theirs is not a twentieth century fancy. It is a work of religion, like the work of ladies of long ago, their own Catholic predecessors, who promoted that learning which is the handmaid of religion. Their principle is the Catholic one, that the wider and deeper the study of human things the better the comprehension of divine. Reverence for the revelation of God is not diminished by the appreciation of its necessity, but the more genuine the learning the clearer is the perception of that necessity. Insoluble things come into the light, the philosophy of despair is exorcised by the philosophy of Christian science. In the history of Revelation the perplexed spirit finds the wisdom in which it may rest. All that can be known here is known; they are not phenomena fleeting as vapors that we see—they are realities; our possession is not like foam on the sea; it is a knowledge that goes to where no fathom-line can sink.

PHILOSOPHY ILLUMINATING SCIENCE.

Take a casual instance of the different influences of Catholic thought looking at the Scriptures, and the system of criticism which is a denial, at least a rejection, of philosophic rules. In this latter an inexplicable immorality is the motive of a compilation involving insuperable difficulties and for no conceivable purpose. Knowledge far transcending the measure of an age, and labor in comparison with which the making of encyclopædias like the *Britannica* would be the employment of a few leisure hours, are assumed to convince us that one or two men in the fifth or the sixth century before our Lord evolved a sole Deity from Babylonian and Assyrian gods and from the thousand gods of Egypt, and described a desert life they had never seen, just as if reports from scientific travellers were communicated by electricity while they were compiling their grotesque and monstrous fictions. On the other hand, the sound philosophy which accepts the reasonable, and which,

illuminated by grace, realizes that the reasonable is the true, is with us when we think with astonishment of the bowing down of the Divine Mind to the instruction of his creatures in those things difficult to know yet necessary to be known, impossible to know yet necessary to be known. We see his hand not as tracing mysterious letters on a wall, but in all the universe and touching every point of our lives. We are here speaking of God's intercourse with the soul in what may be called the ordinary effect of his dealings as we are told of them in his revelation. There are exceptional instances of his mercy where the knowledge of his revelation has not reached; with these we are not concerned just now—we are thinking of what may be called the universal laws of supernatural guidance and control which the whole race must know. Now, of these divine and consoling facts we maintain, in spite of any criticism, that the sacred Scriptures teach a mind formed in a balanced and judicious school of thought.

We live in a time of great difficulty. Learned bodies are trying to defraud people in all conditions of life of their Christian inheritance. It was not as when, some three or four centuries ago, God's truth was obscured by angry and rebellious men; these men left a part of the truth, and in this fragmentary Christianity pious souls who came after them found a shelter. But in the name of science God is driven from creation or converted into a blind force. For the certainty of his promises we are offered the ignis fatuus of an emotional susceptibility or a dead wall covered with empty formulas. Literature, with the pleasures of a refined taste, the languor of sensuous sounds, corresponds to the religious side of life; microbes, electricity, the spectrum, to its laborious side. For morality, the reflection in the brook, the mirage of the desert, nay, the trappings of mock majesty in an asylum for the insane. Something plausible may be said for altruism as the explanation not merely of interest in others but as the spring of all external morality. The madman who thinks himself king is logical in looking for observance from warder and visitor that approach him. If every assumption of the altruist is conceded, he may justly infer that there is no interior, fundamental, and universal morality, coming from God and leading back to him. If it be the case that certain men know more about the evolution of life than God, that, like Frankenstein, they can so arrange chemical and physical forces as to produce life—and they speak very much as if this were in their power—

they are entitled, like the *sans-culotte*, to declare that God is abolished.

But God has still a place in the world he made. Men and women lead hard lives consecrated to others for his sake. In the hospitals of European cities, not far from abodes where blasphemy is the language, where acts are done as in Nineveh—that great city over which for a moment hung dread of the justice of God—Sisters of Charity or devoted men undergo what, except for the very might He infuses into them, would be a torture of the senses and of the mind beyond the doom of tyrants. These are facts of every-day knowledge which no theories of a false philosophy can account for; but women as well as men, in the sight of the world, must know something of the explanation of these things; and for a true explanation the occupant of such a chair as we have spoken of can be relied upon, that teacher can be trusted to send forth minds to instruct a society which one almost fears bears the marks and tokens of impending judgment.

CONSCIENCE AND ITS DETRACTORS.

This is no beating of the air in what we write; conscience is a disquieting faculty, and to him who knows that there is more in life than the eidolon of Herodotus' Egyptian banquet that faculty will not permit him to regard the present except as a preparation for what is to come when death opens the door of infinite possibilities. A sound philosophy tells us that this preparation must be worthy of the destiny which lies beyond; and in this it is very much like a convertible term for good sense—and so a contrast to the words, words, words of the master-builders of the temples of illusion in which we are called to worship by the scientific metaphor-makers of to-day.

We are convinced there is a tribunal within. We accept its judgments. There is not one who denies the fact of conscience—not one who denies the fact of the external world for that matter, though he may find it impossible to answer satisfactorily certain objections—but we are informed that what we call conscience is not an inseparable and fundamental attribute of human nature. One or two of those thinkers who deal in plausibilities as if these were philosophical principles have said that the dictates of conscience are "weather"; one is under a cloud, as it were. This view has been seriously discussed, and disciples have taken it up who doubtless, when they reach the status of biological sociologists—which appears to be the an-

thropoid stage in nineteenth-century learning—will spread it as the most original and profound contribution of university professors to psychology, and not the cynicism of a French marquis. Aberrations so trivial and yet so melancholy, so airy and yet so subversive of man's nature and responsibilities, can only be relegated to their proper place when a genuine mastery of the principles on which knowledge depends is diffused far and wide. Such a notion of conscience might be an encouragement to Clodius after his night's debauch; we can understand Aristophanes explaining the moods of the morning just as the old mediæval couplet accounts for the devil's conversion to religion; but a solemn professor talking such twaddle in the name of Spencer and under the inspiration of Huxley takes the breath away.

They explain, it may be an inherited result of certain qualities accentuated in their bearing on each other with regard to the "environment," just as fidelity is developed in a dog, attachment in a horse.* It may be a differentiation of the instinct of self-preservation surviving in types of superior intelligence and power until at length it stood forth—isolated and intensified by reciprocal admiration—as a new faculty. Hamlet's cloud underwent several transformations—Polonius could not recognize the latest,—we cannot see conscience either in a product of domestic training or in a developed instinct. The instinct of self-preservation, indeed! It is the fact that conscience has written itself in every language as the sovereign and the judge of duty, honor, loyalty, friendship, self-denial. At its voice inert men have risen to the supreme heroism of flinging life away for a principle, a tradition, a sentiment; and high-souled men have watched for the hour when they might seal their devotion with their blood. He who gives his life or fortune for a cause—and the world has flowed around and past thousands and thousands of the kind—is set up in the pantheon of humanity, and in marble or bronze rules men's souls as though he had a sceptre in his hand. Where is the instinct of self-preservation there? where the canine or equine fidelity bought by caresses and by fear?

SOUND PHILOSOPHY RECOGNIZES CONSCIENCE.

Yes, this thing, this conscience, is in the very marrow of man's life, sways his thoughts and ennobles his language. It

* Romanes' sense of shame is the most far-fetched stretch in canine morality. It is conscience, according to him, just as it acts in man.

is the real penetrating, all-pervading force which, passing from the individual, vivifies society. It is the Promethean fire which knit mankind in the twilight of time, marshalled it as it climbed wearily upward to the dawn, lights it on its way now, and will only set amid the elements of the dissolving world. And now and again the soulless men admit so much of this when they wander into the recognition of moral truths, their metaphors avow the supremacy of conscience over the field of right, even when the same is not merely commensurate with legal justice. But lest this should be taken as proof that the faculty was conferred by God, it is made into a Stoic reflex of the social conscience, a practising for the public posturing, a Pecksniffian cheating of itself into a belief that its hypocrisy is the real virtue.

A sound system of thinking will guard against such a degrading philosophy. The moral healthiness it secures will not assimilate shams, pretences, follies, any more than the religious sense will favor the corruption, fraud, or wickedness to which these lead. Under the guidance of a philosophy illuminated in its contact with the unseen by the revelation of God, the mind must shrink as from extinction from the animalizing of the soul. It will not worship the material things that pass like shadows over a field, even though they are pleasant to the senses; or power which oppresses conscience, even though arrayed in terrors. Even though no angel came, its ardor would go forth to the youths in the furnace; it would prefer death for God's truth to all the kingdoms shown by the prince of this world.

A SOUND PHILOSOPHY DESIRABLE FOR WOMEN.

In such a philosophy women must be trained. There is no narrowness in limiting our desires to truth. Error is not science; but, circumstanced as we are, we must take account of it to guard against its sophisms, to preserve others against them, and incidentally even that the erroneous teachers themselves should be aware that we reject them, not from want of knowing them, but because we have weighed them. We are unlike the Protestant sects, which at one time looked upon human science as an obstacle to the attainment of the knowledge of divine things; we are unlike the last development of Protestant thought, which limits knowledge to the attainments of reason. If a divine Being tells us what we cannot know by unaided reason, the knowledge so acquired is a part of our

possession as certain as the truths of mathematics, though of a different order. The forming of the mind for the appreciation of truth and its defence is the business of philosophy; now, women have the duty of moulding the mind while yet impressionable, and surely they must have the requisite culture to discharge the duty. Correct ideas, and the power to impart them, are the influence to direct the developing intelligence of the child. These ideas and this power are the gift of formal logic. The art and science is far more than high grammar; it is the statement of the correct processes of thought. Whatever is the subject-matter on which the mind is engaged, it must employ itself according to logical laws, if we are to obtain a result to be relied upon. Now, this study, so important, stands at the threshold of the philosophical course which is the frame and standard of scientific knowledge.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SYSTEMS.

This brings us to the contact of the ancient and the modern systems. And first, what is now called the scientific method is nothing new. It is a considerable draft on the credulity of men possessing historical knowledge and intuition to ask them to believe that experimental inquiry began with certain suggestions of the more recent of the two Bacons. Take, for instance, mental philosophy. Processes of thought were as keenly examined by Aristotle as by Locke; the schoolmen had acquired, from their familiarity with the genesis and nature of ideas, a truer estimate of the limits of knowledge than Mill, though he stands at the head of modern empiricism. It is too readily assumed that the leaps and bounds by which natural science has advanced within memory is due to the adoption of a method unknown to the ancients.

It is more than conceivable that important discoveries in experimental physics were made by men whose names and works were written on water, owing to the difficulty of preserving records and the want of means of communicating the results of observation and experiment. What we know about them comes in the contemptuous references to alchemy, but for all that there must have been delicate and careful experiments in what were in reality chemical combinations and tests. The abuse of a pursuit in seeking the unobtainable is a presumption that there had been discoveries of so striking a character as to afford unlimited promise.

However, every one now professes to be something of a

savant. The history of the world as told in its rocks is supposed to be a library open to all classes, and so told as to destroy the Mosaic narrative of its creation. Of course geology does nothing of the kind; but to possess the character of mind to know it does not, and that with the calmness of perfect certainty and the clearness of intellectual conviction, is the endowment of a truly philosophical spirit. Based on religion, such a spirit makes man (or woman, as we add with Hamlet) that wonderfully gifted creature, so imperial in sway over all in earth and sea, whom David saw; so brilliant, so apprehensive, so like a god, whom Shakspeare saw; a very different being from the scoffer, the intellectual Silenus, the refined highwayman who is the product of a godless science.

A BEACON LIGHT IN SCRIPTURAL INTERPRETATION.

A recent and ingenious writer* alluded to the long line which the friends of religion have to defend against assailants. We think there is no need for uneasiness if the shape of true cultivation be given to the mind, or rather that cast which is the perfecting of its natural tendency to truth. Why, ten thousand of the objections from science and criticism are irrelevant, even if the suggestions implied in one per cent. of them be true. Take the initial flouts familiar to us from childhood, that of the six days of twenty-four hours confronted by the vast cycles in which the events recorded must have taken place; and that of God, like a farmer, walking in the garden in the cool of the evening. These things do well financially in popular lectures and catching magazine articles. One need not notice the insolent ribaldry of this comparison; it is English, like the objection of Lady Mary Montagu, we think, to life in the garden before the Fall—she did not like sour apples, and there was no milliner or dress maker.† As for the conflict between the testimony of the strata and the cosmogony of Genesis, it has nothing to do with the truth of the divine narrative. Ages ago the question of the literal sense of passages in Holy Writ was a commonplace of instruction, and we are strongly of opinion that the passages in question, as well as those entering into the mysteries of being, of God's relations with man, the origin of evil, and the contrasted fortunes of wicked and righteous, were freely debated in the schools, by men guarded from aberrations, however, by the solid setting of a sound philosophy in which their thoughts revolved.

* *Clerical Studies.*

† We have translated her words into decent English.

The most luminous intelligences that have risen among men discovered nothing repugnant in the narrative. The genius of Augustine, magnificent beyond example in the wealth of its endowments, with the eye of an eagle to look unwinking at the sun, an insight like inspiration to pass unharmed from the boundary line of human knowledge into speculative regions, difficult and awful as the mountain of Dante,—the genius of Augustine saw nothing absurd in what we may call the song of the creation. Why, it is Nature herself celebrating the festival of her birth, it is as the gladness of the stars when they first sang, it is the deep calling to the deep to join in the chorus of their thanks. None of these great men could see anything incongruous in God's hanging worlds like lamps in the depths of the infinite to light the dwelling-place of the object of his bounty. To-day, any one of them, if told of the discoveries of science, would repeat their well-known principle—there can be no repugnance between the truth of science and the revealed word. If there be the appearance of conflict, we have not yet caught the true interpretation of the divine word. Like to the effect of the handwriting on the wall to Baltassar and his nobles, in some respect, is the first chapter of Genesis to us.* We see there is something awful, a manifestation of power and holiness and majesty without limit, but we need an interpreter to unfold the meaning of the writing. This is the point of view, this the mental attitude we want for the women of the coming time. They must stand along the long line of defence, shoulder to shoulder with the men; they must be what men cannot be: the delegated scribes of God writing on the mind of childhood the beautiful thoughts that disclose His care, almost infinite, because exercised in all our belongings, absolutely eternal because commensurate with Himself.

Man and his destiny are searched for in the life of animal and plant, in the activities of the brain and the phenomena of society. Catholics must know all that can be known about such phenomena; rightly understood, they are only a more recent edition of the psalm "*Coeli enarrant gloriam Dei.*" How blind men are in the pride of learning when it echoes the desperate defiance of Satan—

"Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven"!

* We cannot too much regret the well-meaning attempts at reconciliation which imported novelties into the texts. As might be expected, even shallow, *i.e.*, purely critical, minds would expose them.

Our critics cannot see what Longinus saw, heathen though he was, the sublimity of the passage: "Let there be light, and there was light"; cannot see what is evident to the sane mind, that the text stands alone as the expression of a physical fact as remote from sense as a spiritual operation, and could no more have occurred to an uninspired fabricator than the morality of loving enemies could have sprung up spontaneously in a purely human heart. We must know all these men say, even though it be to pity the folly of those kings of thought. Even when rightly considered, their aberrations, blasphemies, sneers, mocks, and flouts will have their value as testifying to the truth of religion. Rome martyred millions and planted the Church.

All this we can understand when fortified with good principles, such as we have called the scientific formulæ of common sense. Strong in the tower of a system built up by the greatest intellects in the history of the race, working on the experience of the race—one age bringing its blocks, another bringing its own, and so on; a system to which Greece gave its beauty of form, Rome its massive force, the elder civilizations many of their secrets, India its promise, Holy Church her light and leading—strong in the armor of a defence such as this system confers, the harmony of divine and human knowledge will be an abiding certainty amid the phantoms, fears, confusions of a world rushing from the grasp; but to feel this harmony is wisdom.

A NEW FIELD FOR THE CONVENT GRADUATE IN THE SOCIAL SETTLEMENT.

BY A. A. MCGINLEY.



VERY one is deeply concerned as to what will eventuate from that period of conventual seclusion through which so many of our young Catholic women are still put to fit them for their future. Every one speculates about it at one time or another; many are hopeful in their predictions as to its ultimate good; many more are but gently critical. This latter class turn acutely cynical, and at times positively querulous when, on the edge of the heats of summer, comes the discomforting stir of the commencement season heralding the exodus of the beribboned, fluttering bevy of girl graduates, like a flock of birds in migration, to summer hotels and sea-side resorts. And later on the querulousness settles down into a chronic, disgruntled kind of mere toleration at the sight of the brilliant, ambitious graduate, who challenged the world so bravely from the commencement platform, changed into the amateur holding or seeking a place among fortune's favorites.

It is generally after the experiences of the first summer are over that the real concern as to the fate of the convent graduate sets in acutely in the minds of parent and priest. For some years the nun was her confidant and guardian as well as her strong wall of defence against the whole vexing problem of life raging without the barriers of high convent walls. Beyond these walls the concern of the nun-teacher for the fledgling just gone from her sheltering care is not supposed to go, except to follow on the white wings of quiet prayer. But does it not go very often—albeit only in solicitous thought—back and forth in the journeyings of the young traveller, who already has descended from the heights and is tracking her way over the low-lying pathways of common, every-day existence? In the pauses of prayer and meditation, far away in the dim convent chapel, the heart of the nun contracts suddenly with that vague, dim fear and shrinking from the surging of the great, burly currents of the world outside into which has been cast, like a flower on a turgid stream, a soul no more rugged than her own to withstand the tides of adversity, though it may be with as holy a courage in facing them. But what can the nun do

now but pray? And this she does with all her heart, for prayer is mighty.

Yet cannot the nun be practical as well as pious? keen-eyed in recognizing avenues aside from the "Pathway Dangerous" as well as apprehensive and fearful of every little deflection from the straight and narrow road? It is this all but maternal solicitude of the true nun-teacher which shall bring her up to a good and thorough comprehension of that spirit of right-minded Christian Socialism which is to be, in its more perfect development, the salvation of our modern civilization. Such a comprehension would be entirely necessary before it would be possible for the nun to recognize the strong personal relation the doctrines of Social Science have to her personally in her office as teacher, and to enable her to see how it has within itself the possibilities of bringing to full fruition those principles of Christian virtue which she spends her life in planting in the hearts of her pupils.

What are these principles? It would be invidious to give in this instance, and in addressing this public, the only real and true definition of them which is actually in the catechism: Love thy neighbor as thyself; because who teaches this Christian principle more constantly than the nun? And who makes greater profession of literally living up to it than she? More than a definition of the principle is needed here. The whole problem in reality hangs upon the finding out of practical ways and means by which this much-taught and well-believed principle of the Christian system may be made a fact instead of a theory. Social Science has evolved these practical ways and means, and is already busy throughout our present civilization in putting them to actual test.

The engine for doing this is the Social Settlement. That in turn, as has been shown, may be described by establishing a comparison between the convent system and the Settlement system on the practical side. One might make the comparison even more boldly than this, and more concisely, by saying that the Settlement is a secularized convent, using convent methods of teaching order, cleanliness, hygiene, health, domestic economy, and harmonious living, besides the higher ideals of life on the artistic side through art, the natural sciences, and the cultivation of fine manners.

We know well who are the beneficiaries of this phase of the convent life, or at least to whom they are specially directed. The convent graduate acquires a wealth of culture and accomplishments during the time she spends under the convent

influence that leaves an impress upon her character for life. But who gets the benefit of the cultivation of these same ideals within the household of the Social Settlement? Stand at the door of one of these houses in a city slum and watch them as they troop in and out of the ever-open door from early morning till late at night: the poor and despised, the unfortunate and the misguided; the untaught exile seeking to know the ins and outs of this new, strange civilization by which he is to get better, cleaner, easier ways of living than he could get in his native land; and in contrast to him, and far more needy than he, the victim of the abuses of that same civilization. Here come the tiny toddlers who have been coaxed from the dirt and discomfort of squalid homes to spend an hour or so under the care of the trained kindergarten teacher; and following close after them are the tired, overburdened mothers seeking relief for a little while from the drudgery of life, and to find out ways to make it easier, sweeter, and more worth while. In their wake come the free-hearted school children to read or to study or to play for a little while under the direction of the social worker, who becomes to each one of these children of the slums playmate, teacher, guide, or friend, according as the needs of the moment prompt. These young women at the Settlement exercise an influence and leave an impression upon the child mind and heart which are unknown or unprecedented in almost any other relation between adult and child. It can have the most powerful and far-reaching effect upon the young intelligence, for the simple reason that for the time being the social worker effaces every barrier between herself and the child and meets it entirely upon its own level. This, together with the fact that these young women have come voluntarily out of the higher walks of life to tread for awhile the humble ways with these little ones, bringing with them, too, every gift of nature or of fortune with which they are endowed to serve the pleasure or the uplifting of the less fortunate, makes a last appeal to humanity which is wholly irresistible.

That all this is really done, and done with sincerity, is testified to by the actual evidence of one's senses in the investigation of the methods of the Social Settlement. In the first paper on this topic, published in the May issue of this magazine, full personal testimony of this side of their work is given. The suggestions all this presents for a new field for the convent graduate are almost too patent to need any further pointing here. It is quite clear that the convent-trained girl

should be the best possible kind of Social worker, both for her own advantage and for those she works for. She will give them the benefit of that fine training and culture which she has been acquiring in years of seclusion and study, and they will afford her the means of the practical application of it all to its proper uses, which are nothing more or less than turning the theories of Christian teaching into actual practice.

Let it not startle either herself or the sceptical world to affirm that the convent is itself, in the character of its working system and in its whole condition of life on the purely natural side, an actual school of Christian Socialism of the very highest order. Or, to establish a comparison from the other point of view: the school of Christian Socialism in the world is the household of the Social Settlement, which in all its system of living, on the practical side, is almost an exact copy of the household conditions of the convent.

A number of women live a common life together under one roof, bound either voluntarily or by pledges into close association in a regular household or family, with a common aim or ideal, and with a common system of living in attaining it; all striving together in mutual friendship and perfect harmony under the direction of a duly authorized head. The similarity of these conditions on the wholly natural side is very strong; and the surroundings or environment of their respective households, in their resemblance to each other, make this even more real.

The arrangements of a Social Settlement and its household appurtenances might indeed, as we can see, have been copied from a convent household. And even more than this, the religious and artistic touches in the living-rooms of the convent do not differentiate it so much as one might imagine from the Settlement household, as many of the latter, even entirely non-sectarian ones, have proved by test the value of a household atmosphere created by having constantly before the mind representations in pictures and in imagery of the highest Christian ideals. The walls of some of the Settlement houses are literally lined with pictures of the Madonna, as the Blessed Mother is called by them, in every form or aspect familiar to both the simple and the artistic mind. Indeed, the ethics of the Settlement hang upon the principle that the silent influence of right surroundings is the mainspring, after all is said and done, of all sound and lasting teaching in the moral order. What else than this does the convent claim in arguing for the value of its influence, through its atmosphere

or environment, over the individual? The convent is an exponent—the most powerful one in the world—of the forcefulness of surroundings in affecting human life. The convent, however, claims more than this. It claims the highest motive possible for the human soul as the end and purpose of all its Christian ethics. This is the supreme difference on the face of it between a social community in the world and one in the cloister. One is for the higher life and the other is for the highest. The latter, however, can raise the former many degrees nearer itself in the scale of comparison by propagating among the members of its own household a thorough understanding of the aim and methods of Catholic Social Science, and by embodying within its teaching system a clear exposition of the principles of this science.

When the Social Settlement becomes a widespread and general institution; when each parish shall have its Settlement House established as an ordinary parish adjunct like the Sunday-school or day-school, a field of work will be opened for Catholic women that shall afford them, through employment in its working system, not only moral or spiritual recompense but also a means of livelihood as substantial as any they may find in the professions. It will not, either, become in a short time a pre-empted field, for the standard of excellence in the Social Settlement is a very high one. It is more than mere training and natural ability; it is actual character that is required, and of the very finest shades. The Social Settlement without such a standard of excellence could only prove an engine for mischief, and even for evil, rather than for the highest good. Let the convent graduate carry to the work every single one of those high ideals imbued within her spirit during her convent career, and not part with them sadly and reluctantly one by one, as she has too often been inclined to do at the first rough challenge of the world as she steps into it as a client for its fortunes.

Herein is suggested a field of work for the convent graduate which may lead her, by the most natural and legitimate avenues, into whatever place she is to fill in the world. If her vocation is to the cloister, the view of life she will get through her experience in the Settlement will deepen and strengthen her love for God and humanity to a degree that no mere theoretical training could do. If she is to choose a life in the world, either in marriage or in a profession, the practical knowledge of the world and its ways acquired by learning Social Settlement methods will be of life-long value to her.

Through the Social Settlement life shall become legitimized for these young spirits whose backward glance is too often turned towards the well-remembered cloister haunts of girlhood, in half regret that their lives, too, were not cast in such pleasant places—a regret that brings with it at times a keen discontent, and often a too strong doubt that life in the world can in any form be wholly and perfectly after Christ's own heart. The Christian ideal of full and perfect manhood and womanhood, modelled on the pattern of Christ's own human life and His holy Mother's, is secretly bereft of many of its high claims as the perfect type of life by the subtle mischief wrought upon these half-formed judgments in throwing the high lights only upon the convent ideal of life and leaving the world life in the shade.

From the convent point of view only this is but logical, natural, and consistent. But let us strive for a fairer and better adjustment of view on all sides. Let us plead strongly, and if need be at times vehemently, for the claims of the Christian ideal in the world. The poor sad world needs it. Moreover, it claims it as tribute for the uncloistered saints here and there in its hidden places, perhaps right in the turmoil of the mart within the populous city; in the counting-house, or at the loom; plying their trade in the crowded workshops, standing wearily on duty at their post, serving the palates of the epicure or suiting the fancies of fashion's slaves. The world claims tribute to the saints among these, and for the little children who purify the atmosphere of its polluted streets by their very presence there. It is not a lost humanity indeed which throngs its gates, nor is it strayed from Christ because it runs here and there, it would seem in heedless fashion, after the manifold joys and interests of human life. Indeed, the healing of the world is in its nameless saints, and not always—

Cloistered saints, that bid the world
Remember they forget, . . .
Whose abnegating robes accost the glance
Of lost humanity. . . .
Not they who stand apart—
Are thy swift followers alone,
Sweet Christ! Unveiled, untoursured, they there be
Who hold their mired brothers to their heart,
Even for love of Thee."

MISERICORDIA DOMINI.

BY DR. NICHOLAS BJERRING.



THROUGH the grace of God and the intercession of the blessed and immaculate Virgin I was received in December, 1898, into the Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church.

The uncertainty and contradictions of the doctrines of Protestantism left me in bewilderment and awakened within me a burning desire to become a member of that church which alone speaks with authority, because she alone is instituted by our Saviour, and she alone is able to elevate a rational creature to union with God through the mediation of the Son of God.

In prayer I have dwelt upon the matter, and after making a blessed retreat I now bow down before the only true Church, the refuge for those who are weary of the world and want to go home to the bosom of their Father. That church revolution of the sixteenth century which generally goes under the name of Protestantism is the first and the true, if not the only, source of all the misery which afterwards has fallen upon us.

The principle of this Protestantism consists chiefly in not being Catholic, and its practice chiefly in contradicting the Roman Church in all matters of faith and morals. This hankering after innovation goes on doubting, attacking, repudiating one truth after the other. But the result can be nothing but utter confusion. The books of the New Testament formulated no complete creed of doctrines, and thus Protestantism becomes a body without any head.

To-day all that is still left of deeper religious interest among the Protestants is bending towards the Catholic Church. Thus we see the noblest characters, the strongest spirits, men and women, turning their eyes towards the old church. They have come to feel that in every human soul there is a void which not the whole creation would be able to fill. God alone can do that.

And they have furthermore come to feel that the only means of coming into perfect union with God is the Catholic Church, that ship built by himself and steered by himself through the vicissitudes of time to the everlasting harbor; the wilder the wind and the waves, the steadier the rudder and the surer the vessel. We see devout souls returning to the Catholic Church as the only historical church, the only true representative

of Christianity, though it often does cost them great sacrifices. Some come only after long meditations and severe struggles; others in a rush, as if led by an inner light suddenly lit in their souls. Some are driven by an irresistible conviction of the absolute necessity of church authority, and the consistency and harmony of the Catholic dogma; others are lured forward by an impression of the majesty of the Catholic service and its power over the heart. Others, again, come like the dying tramp, who in a Catholic hospital asked to be baptized. "Why do you want to be baptized?" inquired the priest. "Because I want to die in the same religion as that sister with the big white bonnet, who has been nursing me." A little more power of reasoning and that man would have answered: "Because I want to die looking like the best I have seen in life."

The mainspring in all these conversions is a deep conviction of the truth of the Catholic Church and her inerrancy as a pathfinder to salvation. With many this conviction is the result of severe historical researches; with others, the flower of a healthier, richer, finer cultivation of their instincts, impressions, feelings, and experiences. Having wandered about in the sands of the desert, hungry and thirsty or overfed with that which is of no good, they discover in the fundamental principle of Catholicism, the authority of the church, the star that shows them the way to the spiritual Jerusalem and the visible sign of that rich find in their conversions. I too once belonged to that part of humanity which is writhing in the dust under the iron heel of Satan. Then a Catholic priest came to my rescue and lifted me on my feet with my eyes towards heaven. Therefore I thank the grace of God that, after a stormy crossing of the wild waste, at last I have been brought to my real home. God deigned to save a poor sinner and bring rest to a sore, storm-tossed soul. Through the study of mystical theology, through meditation and contemplation, my faith has got strength, and a longing after deep inner union with Christ has become the ardent endeavor of my life. More and more strongly I long for the celestial heights, more and more strongly I long to sink into the infinite, everlasting Deity. And I know that mysticism is no sickly delusion, but a department of theological science.

The infallibility of the pope, when he speaks *ex cathedra*, has become dear to me in all its depth, in its whole significance, and in its absolute necessity. There are things which must be felt before they can be understood; among them the infallibility of the apostolic throne. Not that I have seen the thing, as one sees a man or a building; but I know and I

understand what is going on, when the pope makes up his mind and gives his decision. Neither the pope nor the bishops are by nature infallible, but behind them there stands something else, something higher, forming their decisions in such a way that, as it must become evident to the whole world, hell itself cannot prevail against that rock on which the church is founded. When once the pope reigns over the whole world, it will be a blessing to the human race.

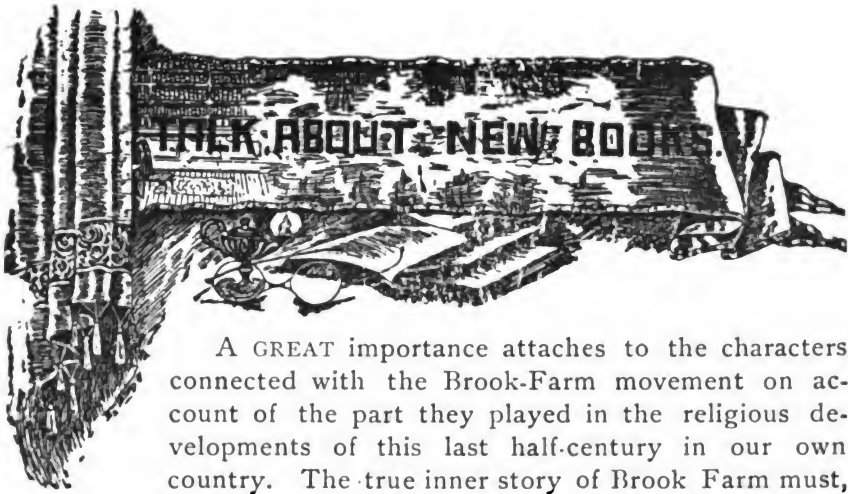
With her dogmas the Catholic Church surrounds and penetrates the whole life of man from the cradle to the grave, and even beyond that. Her sacraments accompany the faithful one throughout his whole course, meet him at every turning point, console him in his hardships and bereavements, and land him safely, by holy confession, through all his troubles. Even before death's door the church does not stop. Her prayers for the dead have still access to the throne of the eternal Judge. Indeed, the Catholic Church does not simply labor for the education of mankind, as a preparation for salvation; she is herself the living current through which God's grace flows into human life.

Therefore I wish to point out to other souls who have strayed away, in order that they may return to this inexhaustible fountain of life and light, the only true way to salvation, which is in the Catholic Church. And therefore I say to you, dear souls, who are still outside the pale: Here in the Church of God may be found the Ark of Salvation. Here are the signs of the dwelling-place of the Spirit of God. Where the genuine old songs are intoned and where the Holy Virgin has an altar beside that of her divine Son, there is your refuge, there is your home. And care nothing about those outsiders, those indifferentists, who can only scowl and scoff at every one who has the courage and power to cross their narrow boundaries.

A Protestant who becomes a Catholic simply returns to the bosom of the church; he is a lost sheep, who finds the shepherd again; a lost son, who finds the paternal roof again; nothing more.

Our entire United States will some day become Catholic. Our time will not see the rising of that morning star, but Catholicism is in the air, and it is wonderful to see how it spreads in all directions.

Lord God, have mercy upon us and forgive us our transgressions. Pour down thy Holy Spirit upon us, that we may all bow down before thee and acknowledge thy Holy Catholic Church as the only true church!



A GREAT importance attaches to the characters connected with the Brook-Farm movement on account of the part they played in the religious developments of this last half-century in our own country. The true inner story of Brook Farm must, to a great extent, ever remain unwritten, for the reason that those to whom its purpose was most meaningful have kept their experiences and sentiments sacred to themselves. Nevertheless, a most enjoyable volume* has been produced by the effort to impart information concerning the details of the community-life and its influence on the various personalities included within its bounds. It is not too much to say that the present volume may well demand consideration at the hands of every student of our own religious, political, or literary development within the last generation or two.

For ourselves, of course, the most interesting chapters are those devoted to Father Hecker and Doctor Brownson. Here the author shows himself honest and sympathetic. It is not to be wondered at that the writer was unable thoroughly to understand the person who, in Brook Farm's days, appeared to be merely "a young man of gentle and affectionate manner, with an air of singular refinement and self-reliance." The true meaning of Father Hecker's life is, of course, to be found in the long history which succeeded those early days of restless search for spiritual truth. Mr. Swift has understood about as much as could be grasped by any critic whose view-point of his subject was that of merely natural culture. But, mystic and Transcendentalist in a higher and truer sense than any of "the New England School," Isaac Hecker soon passed out of the lives of his early associates and was lost to them in the shadows encircling the holy mountain of Christian sanctity. For what was highest and best in those with whom he had once united himself he ever retained deep sympathy, for he

* *Brook Farm*. By Lindsay Swift. New York: The Macmillan Company.

always contended that the Transcendentalists represented a typical product of our civilization, and he longed to see that native aspiration for natural perfection find true consummation and crowning in the church's teaching. It was to men and women of such sympathies that he ever felt himself most strongly drawn, and his apostleship has been the means of bringing peace and light and divine grace to not a few among them.

What is not told in the volume before us the quick-witted can infer—the far-reaching social law that caused the disastrous termination of the Brook-Farm experiment. The men and women associated in that movement were equipped with the most thorough outfit of unselfish devotion and natural virtue. Their failure to solve the problem of life has but one meaning: that the community-ideal they cherished is indeed in harmony with a deep-felt human want, but that the attainment of this ideal requires a supernatural environment, and is never perfectly realized but in that church which for many long centuries has been giving birth constantly to new communities, each of them successfully solving the dark mystery that to the last confronted the Brook-Farmers.

In extent of narrative, scope of action, and variety of interest Prince Kropotkin's *Memoirs of a Revolutionist** certainly is a remarkable production. It is the autobiography of a man born an aristocrat; in his boyhood a page to Emperor Alexander of Russia; later a scientist who discovers errors in some of Humboldt's geographical theories; a Russian officer in Siberia, an impecunious writer, a worker among the proletariat of Switzerland and London, and finally an imprisoned socialistic agitator, and an authority in nearly every department of practical economics. In all this there is much of human interest, much of adventure, much of suffering and trial. More than that, there is much of suggestive study into social conditions, and many a life-like picture, some of them extremely beautiful, of all kinds and conditions of life, from the peasant to the prince. With the author's extreme views on social reconstruction we need not express our difference. His endeavor to temper our view of Nihilism is but a feeble plea; and the sentiment which he adapts from Tolstoy is abhorrent to a higher than the artistic feeling: "A pair of boots is more important than all your Madonnas and all your refined talk about

* *Memoirs of a Revolutionist*. By Prince Kropotkin. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Shakspeare." And on the previous page he tells us quite enough about the Nihilist when he says: "In his philosophical conceptions he was a positivist, an agnostic, a Spencerian evolutionist, or a scientific materialist." It is sad that great love for humankind, hatred of social injustices, and horror at the undoubted hypocrisy and tyranny that still exist, should irritate men into thinking that nothing but the radical overturn of society, and either the destruction or the entire transformation of religion, will be the remedy of our present shortcomings.

In the present rather extraordinary revival of Miss Austen's works an essay* on herself and her works is of very timely appearance. It is not a very profound study of the novel in general or of Miss Austen's novels in particular. Very largely it is concerned with a comparative study of three great female novelists of England—the three greatest indeed, until the less simple but more dazzling brilliance of George Eliot placed them in a secondary position—Frances Burney, Miss Edgeworth, and Jane Austen. In this comparison Mr. Pollock, to his great credit as a critic, shows more consideration by far for the first two of this group than the majority of Austenites, as he calls them, usually display. With a very just discrimination he examines the influence exerted by Miss Burney on the author of *Pride and Prejudice*, and gives the earlier writer her share of praise. In this respect alone the book is indeed admirable as a critique of early English fiction. Miss Austen's style, charming in its simplicity, and her plots, built up chiefly about ordinary events and in a social sense ordinary characters too, are delicately and winningly appreciated.

Few books of its sort have richer literary suggestiveness, few are so temperate in their encomium, yet so steady in their enthusiasm, and few have a fairer promise of elevating the tone, both of romantic and of critical composition. Together with Austin Dobson's introductions to the Macmillan edition of Miss Austen, it is the best hand-book we possess for the study of a great English novelist, and of her almost equally great contemporaries.

Father Barnes belongs to University College, Oxford, and is a master of the university. The work† which we are noticing has been evidently a labor of love. The minute examination of

* *Jane Austen: Her Contemporaries and Herself. An Essay in Criticism.* By Walter Harries Pollock. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *St. Peter in Rome.* By Arthur Stapylton Barnes, Priest of the Diocese of Westminster. London: Swan, Sonnenschien & Co.

monuments, and of the pictures, drawings, and literature connected with them, has involved time and research, the result of which for the most part will obtain recognition at the hands of the very small circle known as students of archæology. In addition he has sifted a vast mass of matter coming under the title of traditions—probed the accounts, considered objections, balanced conflicting claims, and in no instance has left us in doubt as to his own opinion. With a foresight certain as sound scientific theory he moves to his goal; with a judgment sure-footed as that which practice and the natural gift afford to practical men in the avocations of life he conducts his reader through the labyrinth of views, facts, and the obscuring influence of change. It is not so much that St. Peter was the first Bishop of Rome as that he is the all-pervading, animating spirit of twenty centuries of her moral and religious life.

We see how distinctly and emphatically the pope is the successor of St. Peter—we see it in everything; even as we look at the open graves of his successors round his tomb we think, as the men who saw the excavations in 1626 thought, that he was like a ruler among the “bishops assisting at a synod or council.” All the popes who died in Rome up to the beginning of the third century, when the papal crypt of St. Callisto was made, were buried round St. Peter. We feel that he is in the true sense the soul of Rome; not as a great reformer is the spirit of his day in a country, but an undying influence passing through all vicissitudes. Imperial power, siege, sack, lawless barons, revolutionary factions, move past this sacred memory. Rome is the eternal city in truth, because linked to the Vicar of the Lord. The knowledge comes home to us that it is not so much Leo the Great that rules, or Gregory the Great, or the magnificent Hildebrand—as the foremost non-Catholic scholar of the age describes St. Gregory VII.—as it is Peter that rules. “Peter has spoken by the mouth of Leo,” cried out the Fathers of Chalcedon when the doctrinal letters of the Holy See were read; and we gather their spirit from that city of Rome on the surface of the earth and below its surface, earth cemented with the blood of martyrs, earth sustaining temples speaking of his rule, earth sustaining memorials of the triumph of his mission. The Colosseum and “the wondrous dome” alike speak of that mission and that rule.

We will not dwell on Father Barnes’s statement of the question as to whether St. Peter was ever in Rome. The fact that he suffered there had never been disputed until the sixteenth

century. The more careful of the Reformers left this issue to Calvin and the least informed. It is now left to missionaries from Exeter Hall, Irish Orangemen, and Dr. King. If there be a fact in the history of the past or in the domain of contemporary knowledge which a man can accept on evidence; if any man can be convinced that George Washington was the first President of the United States, that Napoleon Bonaparte was acknowledged as their emperor by the French people, that Mr. McKinley's official residence is the White House; if men have means of knowledge through testimony which can be relied upon, then the presence of St. Peter and his crucifixion at Rome are facts beyond dispute.

In condescending to notice this objection we would not dream of appealing to a Catholic authority. There are certain things you cannot make clearer by argument. There are certain minds that cannot be disabused of a notion. No amount of argument will so successfully prove that a day is a fine one as bringing the objector out into the sun and air. If this do not satisfy him you are at a loss, you must leave him to his own devices. If a man have a fixed but erroneous idea, say on a fact of history, the best way of dealing with him is to point out the different opinion of persons looking from his own point of view, brought up in his own way of thinking, and better informed than himself. He may not be convinced, but he is silenced. Fixed ideas that are erroneous are not by any means good things. Dr. Sangrado's wholesale slaughter of his patients could not convince him that his theory of blood-letting and purging as a universal remedy was bad. His confidence in himself secured that of the public. We have a recollection that only one patient recovered, and that his recovery was due to his being removed out of the doctor's reach before the treatment had been carried to its full extent. This exception established the soundness of the theory, the death of the rest only showed that they ought not to have died. We hear of *a priori* theories to-day in criticism and science as well founded and as tenaciously held as Sangrado's.

Speaking of the fact that St. Peter was in Rome, Whiston, the translator of Josephus, says indignantly: "The thing is so clear in Christian antiquity that it is a shame for a Protestant to confess that a Protestant ever denied it." The first Epistle of St. Peter is dated from Babylon. It strikes one as very curious that in ultra Protestant circles Rome has been always spoken of as Babylon, and yet that St. Peter could not have

seen in the same great city so many of the characteristics which these Protestants professed to find in it. The fact is, St. Peter had the best reason of precaution for disguising that capital so soon to be red with the blood of the saints under the name of the city which stands out in the Old Testament as the centre of wealth and corruption, power and authority. The Babylon of the Chaldees was no longer in history as a name significant of anything; the fortress called Babylon, which was in Egypt, had never been an influence in history. This is the interpretation put upon the word by Protestants like Lightfoot, Elicott, Farrar, Westcott, Gore; by Continental Rationalists such as Wieseler, Harnack, Hilgenfeld, Renan, Thiersch, and Ewald. The whole controversy is due to the arbitrary line taken by Calvin, that nothing was to be accepted concerning the church except what was to be found in the Bible; yet every child knows that even in this exclusiveness the Calvinists were no more consistent than the other Reformers.

However, for the public at large—not fettered by an iron-bound principle to which all knowledge of the growth of the church is to be referred—to the man of science especially, the monuments that testify to the growth of the institution speak with the certainty of demonstration. Professor Lanciani is one of the greatest living authorities on the antiquities of Rome. To persons outside the church his employment by the Italian government may be a guarantee that he is not unduly wedded to traditional opinions. But a man must speak the truth, and there is a conclusion forced upon him which he expresses in weighty words: “I write about the monuments of Rome from a strictly archæological point of view, avoiding questions which pertain, or are supposed to pertain, to religious controversy. For the archæologist the presence and execution of Sts. Peter and Paul in Rome are facts beyond a shadow of doubt by purely monumental evidence.”

We regret that we have not space for the Christian life which centred round the two Apostles, as Father Barnes reviews it from document and memorial in art; but under the emotions stirred within us by this book we kneel before the altar with the early converts in the houses of Pudens and Aquilla; we are in spirit with St. Peter when he reached Rome in 42 and suffered in 67; we share in the triumph when Constantine built the basilica over his tomb; we see the Church ad Vincula rising as the gift of Eudoxia; we read with passionate reverence the tablet placed by Damasus in the Platonica

ad Catacumbas; the very soul swells within us as church after church ascends in the years and centuries—offerings of the faithful, the tributes of all nations in memory of him to whom the Lord said, Feed my lambs, feed my sheep!

Mr. Halleck's work* is framed according to a good method, but is somewhat disappointing for reasons to be presently given. The idea is to show a principle of growth in the literature corresponding to the development of the language; as Mr. Halleck prefers to say, its evolution. We expect that at least the characteristic writers of each period would be brought before us. Almost at random we look at the Stuart era, but miss Cleveland from the number. Yet there was a power in his sarcasm which reflects feeling of a party kind as well entitled to commemoration as the controversial ideas which our author professes to find in the *Bible* of Wycliffe† and the *Vision of Piers Plowman*.

He is not always accurate in his etymologies. He lays down the principle that the English language is derived from the Anglo-Saxon, the French, and the Latin; and that only a small percentage of French and Latin words have found their way into it. It is not easy to decide about this percentage; we know it to range from twelve per cent. to over twenty in different hands. If we understand our author rightly, it is eleven per cent. or ten, taking Shakspeare and the Authorized Version of the Bible as standards. We are accustomed to hear this statement of this percentage with regard to Shakspeare; we have very grave doubts of its correctness, but even if correct it would only mean a choice between synonyms. The wealth of phraseology and many-sidedness justly claimed for the English language could only have come from the fusion of the foreign elements into the body of the language, and these elements should bear a large proportion to produce that effect. In his comedies Shakspeare has sixteen words from the Romance or Latin out of every hundred; it will be found he has nearly thirty to every hundred in the tragic and historic speeches. Still his English is more Anglo-Saxon than any other writer's.‡

Mr. Halleck's etymologies, as we said above, are not always correct. In fact he blunders awfully in a list of eleven words. He derives the entire eleven from the Latin under his sub-

* *History of English Literature*. By Reuben Post Halleck. New York: American Book Company.

† Wycliffe only translated the *New Testament*.

‡ There is an affectation for Anglo-Saxon words at present.

heading, "The Superiority of the Composite Tongue." Of these there are only two from the Latin, there is one from the Celtic, the other eight are from the French. His own dullest pupil should be flogged if he made some of the mistakes of his master. We think in his specimens of early English from the Scriptures, to illustrate the evolution of the language, he might as fairly have given a text or two from the old Anglo-Saxon as from Wycliffe's version. It is as easy to read Wycliffe almost as the authorized version; we cannot conceive why the text was given except as an instance of what he calls the rising "of the Reformation spirit." As a proof that the change from the old Saxon of St. Matthew to the English of Wycliffe's version marks something like an evolution upward or downward we shall quote a line from each:

Anglo-Saxon: "Warna the thāt thee hyt nœnegum men ne seege; ac gang æteow the tham sacerde," etc.

Wycliffe: "See, say thou to no man, but go, shew thee to prestis," etc.

Mr. Halleck, at page 89, tells us that "in 1401 the first Englishman was burned at the stake because of individual opinions on religious matters," and he says so in connection with Wycliffe's *Bible*—as if there had not been a version in the vulgar tongue centuries before—and on account of the effect produced among the masses of the people by Wycliffe's *Bible*, his other works, and owing to the bold diffusion of his views on the part of preachers and poets inspired by them. Mr. Halleck's admiration for the political and social opinions of Shelley is consistent indeed with the suggestion that there was no Bible for the people until Wycliffe's, that giving them one opened their minds to religious problems, but that this result was met by the stake, or, as he expresses it, by "the burning of heretics."

In these statements there is the partial truth impossible to combat unless by lengthy explanation. The Wycliffites promulgated opinions that fair men would now describe as communistic in the worst sense, or anarchical in the worst sense. The people were oppressed by a movement against free labor, and notably the Statute of Laborers; but the church had nothing to do with the land-owners' movement and enactments, and the other grounds of discontent. The couplet of the mad priest, known as Jack Straw—

"When Adam delled and Eve span
Who was then the gentleman?"

pretty fairly tells what the question was. We have not the space to discuss the counter-movement, but we deny that the spiritual courts had power to impose sentences affecting life or limb. Not until after the Reformation were men sentenced to be maimed or burned, hanged or beheaded, for religious opinions. We direct Mr. Halleck's attention to proceedings against Scotch Presbyterians by the Episcopalian Privy Council of their own country, to the acts of Puritan rulers in New England against their fellow-Protestants.

However, we pass from this to say he gives excellent extracts from the poets, but he does not seem to know in what their excellence consists. He appropriates Charles Knight's pronouncement on Shakspeare's influence over thought and language, and does not improve it in the process. With him the sneer of a quibbling contemporary disposes of Pope's merits. He hardly notices the ballad literature, which, in a work purporting to describe the development of English literature, is an omission without excuse. We have no hesitation in saying that the influence of the ballads on two great periods of imagination and feeling, the age of Shakspeare and the age of Scott, cannot be measured. In the ballads the thought and passion of their day were more distinctly expressed than the thought and passion of the present are in Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, or Swinburne. In the ballads they were real influences, caught from and expended in the scenes where they took life; they are the same as we find in Chaucer and Shakspeare under more varying conditions. On the other hand, the passion and the thought of this age are largely artificial and fantastical. Why, to a great extent what is called the poetic thought of to-day is the coloring of external nature in the lights and shades of over-refining words and moralities, drawn from subtleties of the intellect without foundation in experience; the passion of to-day is a vision of feeling and emotion born in the fancy without knowledge from the heart.

Of course we admire Tennyson, for in some way Nature speaks to him and he tells her message. We hear the water lapping on the crag, we see the river-bank, the meadow, and the climbing of the sea; but there is no man in his world; inhabitants there are, but the human is not their order. The nearest in poetic conception to our kind are the lotos-eaters, but they are shadows in the reality of the slumberous air and matchless landscape. How different the men of the sea, the

forest, the bent * of the old ballads! They were the sailors of Tudor days, the bowmen of Plantagenet days; men of all time, like those in the camp before Ilion, those in the Tabard Inn, those that walked the world with Shakspeare.

Mr. Halleck's method is good. If he puts in the limbo of illusions the social and political, the moral and religious views, through which he looks at the growth of the noble literature of England—views which he is too fond of expressing—why, he says "The Princess" has "contributed nothing to the solution of the woman question," as though one cared for platform iconoclastics amid the infinite fancies of that exquisite poem—we hope to give a different judgment on his next edition.

The Morrow of Life† is a book of more than ordinary worth. It consists of a series of studies, primarily devotional, yet illustrated by dogma and philosophy and a wealth of scriptural quotation, on subjects connected with death and the future life. Nowhere in this volume does the author show lack of original thought, of mastery of expression, or of seriousness and surety of conviction. A remarkable spirit of wisdom and piety is easily the dominant attraction of the work of the Abbé Bolo, yet scarcely less noticeable and pleasing is the strength and vigor of the style in which the thought is made manifest. Though not planned as a meditation-book, *The Morrow of Life* might well be called a book for meditation, for from almost its every page may be extracted striking and profound considerations—food for much spiritual rumination. It is strange that such topics as are here treated do not attract more attention among Christians. Not only is it characteristic of the true Christian to accept the death of his nearest and dearest with religious fortitude and an undismayed spirit, but it is one of his prime duties to console those who labor under the affliction that death brings. There is no need, nor is there any possibility, of minimizing the suffering that ensues upon the loss of one's beloved relatives and friends. The need is to be supplied with deep convictions of the truth of the Christian philosophy of suffering, to be able to sanctify grief rather than to attempt to make little of it. For this it is not enough that one be apt with a few trite phrases respecting death and the future life;

* The bowmen bickered along the bent
With their broad arrows keen.

† *The Morrow of Life*. By the Abbé Henry Bolo. Translated from the French. New York: Benziger Brothers.

such meagre food can never sustain the soul in the days of hunger and exhaustion that follow upon the loss of its beloved; there must be a firmer realization of the ordinary truths and a heartier appreciation of the value of religion in the time of trouble. Such conviction and appreciation can come only by reflection and meditation made in the hours of mental and spiritual equanimity.

It behooves the Catholic, then, to assimilate carefully the doctrines and the consolations of the church against the day of sorrow, to make death and the grave and the life beyond familiar to his mind. To assist one in doing this, to supply thoughts, to drive them home with forceful writing, to teach the sanctity of suffering and of death, to hold forth the beautiful, sure hope of the life beyond, has been the endeavor of the author of the present volume. He has succeeded admirably. Further than this he has ventured, for he has entered into the everlasting controversy concerning the number of the saved, and he has recorded his own mind and the mind of the church concerning the proper disposition of the body after death, showing that the much-advocated means of cremation is entirely uncatholic and unchristian.

To resume: *The Morrow of Life* affords an excellent treatment of thoughts that should be familiar to all; it is interesting, scholarly, and conceived and written in a spirit of piety.

"A new kind of civilization" (is this the reason *s*, instead of *z*, is used?) "has been preparing all through this nineteenth century, . . . so that the strong shall not oppress the weak, and the man who can command will consent to obey." Mr. Walter Besant thus encourages the perplexed humanitarian and accentuates Social Settlements in his latest (*The Alabaster Box*) as well as his initial book, *All Sorts and Condition of Men*, as the remedy. The background of this vignette is the City of the Settlement, any one of the squalid and degraded districts of London where the factory turns human beings into reluctant drudges instead of willing and eager artisans, where in the constant society of each other, without any interest but self-preservation, they indulge in crime as a pastime, and hatred and discontent as the only proper sentiments. If his picture of the slum is disheartening, the people who form the Settlement are the brightest and most hopeful in all Asturia. "We are looking for another and a far fairer (social) structure than your narrow temple which holds so few," says the angel of the

Settlement to her sceptic, who, soured and dismayed by a revelation of the ill-gotten accumulation of his wealth, encourages in himself the wrong state of mind. Instead of the hero and heroine, this sceptic just a man, and this particular angel preferably a woman, have discovered an attachment for each other by revealing their love for all men and women; instead of the superfluous young men brewing mischief in novels, here is the youth on fire with spiritual desires, an acrid dissolvent in the base element of the slum, and the healthy young man who teaches the reckless tough to respect even sport by paying to it the courtesy of training. So at least it seems to the reader surfeited with literature, dialectic and romantic, and when he finishes these clear and concise pages he is resolved to be the man who acts. This is a great deal for a book to do. So seek diligently *The Alabaster Box** and you will find a jewel hidden therein which is different for every single person. There are four full-page illustrations of the four most dramatic events of one week at the City of the Settlement.

Miss Yale's annual report of the Clarke School for the deaf at Northampton, Mass.,† announces the addition of the Gilmore gymnasium to the charming group of buildings which crowns Round Hill. Few places in Massachusetts have more distinguished associations than this spot, where Jenny Lind spent her honeymoon and George Bancroft taught school. The Clarke institution made wonderful demonstration of the power to teach lip-reading to the deaf at a time when the theory was commonly doubted, and its progress in scope and efficiency is a matter of congratulation.

The story of Blessed Jane‡ is one of those religious biographies of a holy person which seems to be entirely without that note of joy which reveals itself so constantly in reading the records of the saints, and which is so premonitory to the Christian heart of the great and glorious rewards that lie just beyond that thin partition between the spirit and the flesh which keeps the saint still suffering pain and sorrow and self-denial together with its earthly kin.

Hardly any human joy could have brightened the shadowed life of this afflicted daughter of a king, who was doomed to suffer from birth to death the horrid injustice of that reproach

* *The Alabaster Box*. By Sir Walter Besant. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

† Thirty-second Annual Report of the Clarke School for the Deaf. Northampton, Mass.

‡ *A Daughter of France*. Being records of Blessed Jane, foundress of the Order of the Annunciation. Curtailed from the French of Countess de Flavigny by Lady Martin. London: Burns & Oates.

which belongs, with the kindred baseness of kingly oppression and tyranny, to another age and generation than ours. Jane was born a girl instead of a boy, and upon this decree of Providence was depended the awful fate which was the undoing of her life on earth, though happily the building up of her eternal felicity hereafter. It made her the scorn and reproach of men, but it also made her a saint.

Two translations* from the inexhaustible store of French devotional life have recently been sent out to do their mission among the devout of our own land. A reflection must perforce come to one strongly at times, whether, to do this mission well and to make it of eternal account, it would not be salutary to infuse into the stream of such piety that is constantly being turned thitherward from these sources some strong flavor of a native inspirational kind, which would turn the bland insipidity of much of this pietistic literature, that has been written to meet altogether different circumstances and needs, into a really healthful stimulus to the religious life of the Church here.

Another book† from the zealous Franciscans, and a translation also, has been given a striking value by Cardinal Vaughan, that leader in the great army of social reformers in the church to-day, having dignified it with a very strong commendation in the preface he has written to it. He has said all he has to say for the Third Order of St. Francis in this preface by pointing out what a mission lies before it if it adapts itself to the needs of the time, through the important movement of social reform now in the van of all other movements in the church to-day. He makes a telling argument for its imperativeness in one or two brief estimates of its value and its mission, and he forcibly points out how much Catholics have drifted away from earlier and better ideals of this spirit of Christian socialism. He says: "In Catholic days, while distinctions of classes existed, as they always must exist in human society, there was a Catholic Brotherhood in which all were gathered together, rich and poor, learned and simple. It did not always exist as a brotherhood in name, but it was a brotherhood in effect. During the

* *The Perfect Religious*. Instructions of Monseigneur d'Orléans de La Motte, Bishop of Amiens.—*The Divine Consoler*. Little Visits to the Most Holy Sacrament. By J. M. Angéli, of the Lazarist Fathers. Translated from the French. New York: Benziger Bros.

† *The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis*. Translated from the French of the Very Rev. Father Peter Baptist, O.F.M. With a Preface by Cardinal Vaughan. London: Catholic Truth Society.

last three hundred years we have been returning, in England, to a condition of paganism that has developed into a positive hostility and hatred between classes; and we have thus been departing further and further from the Christian ideal of a Catholic Brotherhood. The separation of the poor from the rich, of the operative from the capitalist, of the ignorant from the learned, of the unrefined from the cultured, creating impassable barriers and fixing each class in an attitude of hostile and selfish aloofness, has worked against Christianity, whose divine mission it is to establish the spirit of a common Brotherhood, among all who are the brethren of Jesus Christ." The spirit of St. Francis, the cardinal thinks, is peculiarly adapted to the spirit of all this. He says emphatically: "The work of the CATHOLIC SOCIAL UNION is eminently a Franciscan work." But he includes within the scope of it, by the appeal he makes to the body of the faithful, every single Catholic who makes profession of being a true child of the church.

Seumas MacManus's humor as a story-teller is of such an irresistible sort that it is almost tantalizing; it would almost make one drop seriousness at a funeral and join in the good-natured, healthy fun that he can stir up by the wizard touch of the mischief-maker—mischief too in its very best mood, the kind that pokes a cheery joke under the very nose of the saddened and disgruntled, and holds it there with sprightly insistency till it elicits a smile from the sore-hearted or sore-headed; it perhaps more often slyly aims its cunning shafts at the latter than at the former.

In a graceful little preface to his newest book * Mr. MacManus, with an exquisitely ironical fling at this all-too-sober world, ventures an apology for supposing that there may still be some thirst among us for a draught from the "well-spring of merriment into which," he says, "he has dipped a sorry pail"; and he explains the cause of this weakness in himself by telling us, in that deprecatory sort of a way that the Irish character can assume without a hint of servility in it, that "in my Donegal civilization wins but slowly, and the curse (?) of optimism clings to our valleys with the pertinacity of the silver mists. He that considers even the shorn lamb has given the wayward Celtic soul the power of rising up, like Gulliver among the pigmies, and shaking to earth the little cares that would infest it."

* *The Bewitched Fiddle, and other Irish Tales.* By Seumas MacManus. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company.

Some one has well commented on this irrepressibility of the Irish humor by saying that nothing gives a truer estimate of the purity of the Irish race than the perpetuation of this sense of humor all through its course in modern civilization, in spite of those awful afflictions which have come upon it, marking its history as one of the saddest among the nations. It is indeed this ever-present blending of pathos and wit that constitutes the everlasting charm and attraction of the true Irish genius.

Father McMahon, like the sun whom he elects as his travelling companion in his book, *A Journey Around the World with the Sun*,* takes the reader well-nigh to the world's end and back again. His glance seems to have been nearly as comprehensive as that of the eye of day, taking in as it went a view of the topography, politics, religion, customs, and social life of the countries over which it passed. With such a method, Father McMahon presents a vitascopic as well as a kaleidoscopic series of pictures to the reader. He justly deemed it a work of supererogation to linger very long over descriptions of places made familiar by other travellers; he has a tactful way of making his visit to such much-lauded spots stand out conspicuously among others by telling some little pleasantry which occurred there.

Perhaps the most interesting incident of the journey was the visit to the Holy Land during Holy Week; Good Friday in Jerusalem is the theme of several very enjoyable pages. Father McMahon's familiarity with Holy Writ makes his accounts of these scenes particularly attractive; one feels he has taken the "wealth of the Indies" with him. He waxes eloquent over the Eternal City, thrilled by its religious as well as its artistic charm for the traveller. But Ireland seems to have been his Mecca after all. "When leaving home, an old woman said to me: 'You'll go to Ireland, Father.' 'Yes,' I said, 'but I'll go there last.' 'Why will you leave Ireland for the last?' said she. 'Don't we leave the nicest and sweetest things for the last?' said I." From the number of anecdotes told of his visits in other countries not so renowned for wit and humor as is the Emerald Isle, one must feel that Father McMahon was in his element on the soil which produces the most famous wags and raconteurs of the world. One of the happiest specimens of wit the book contains is one

* *A Journey Around the World with the Sun*. By Rev. William McMahon. Cleveland: Catholic Universe Publishing Co.

about the Devil's Glen. An Englishman said to an Irishman: "The devil appears to own a great deal of property in Ireland. I've been shown the Devil's Glen and the Devil's Bit, and several other places with his name attached." "True for you," said the Irishman; "but like many other landlords, the devil is an absentee and lives in England."

The book is attractively illustrated by pictures, different from the usual ones which present stereotyped views of famous places.

*The Heiress of Cronenstein** is one of those numerous German stories which are usually full of characters and trifling detail. The first chapter leads us to expect a good strong story, but the following ones do not realize expectations. The principal characters—an artist and an actress—would seem to call for many interesting developments, but this is where this story is weakest. The characters are not developed to their climaxes, hence the absence of a plot. The German setting makes it lugubrious and out of the range of our sympathy. American life and incident so fill our thoughts that it is superfluous to go to a German source for amusement or distraction. But it is not without interest, particularly in its pathetic ending, and might have much interest for the omnivorous novel reader.

The unhappy Stuarts have formed the theme of many a tale, grave and gay, and this is no exception.† A little page, Gay Roy, is the centre of interest. A servant, he becomes the friend and protector of his patroness, the beautiful Mary Beatrice, wife of James II. The life of the court is faithfully described and the sad import of these exciting times soon brought home to the child courtier. He was made the messenger on many occasions which have made history. Father Colombière is introduced as the promoter of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. A sequel is to be written to this book, which might prove very interesting to the interested reader.

How the little Irish boy turns his face and his thoughts to the new world under the influence of the rather mature reflection, "Westward the star of empire takes its way"; how he arrives on these shores with bright hopes and a clean face—to

* *The Heiress of Cronenstein*. By Countess Hahn-Hahn. From the German, by Mary H. Allies. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Duchess of York's Page*. By Mrs. William Maude. London: R. and T. Washbourne; New York: Benziger Brothers.

which last fact he owes his first employment in the new world, viz., a grocer's boy with many possibilities—and after a few gentle trials becomes a self-respecting citizen; how this is easily accomplished if said little boy is sober, honest, and industrious, seems to be the moral of this oft-told tale.*

To many it will seem strange that Professor Royce's latest volume† should bear its present title, as scarcely more than two or three pages are devoted directly to the subject of immortality. But the finer critics who perceive the intimate connection of individuality and immortality will greatly appreciate the finely-drawn scheme of justification for belief in life beyond the grave.

It is the varying conceptions of Reality that seem to differentiate the modern schools of thought; and this is but saying that their differences are grouped about their notions of God and man's relation to God. The Infinite Absolute, the Pure Being, is the ultimate reality if he exists at all, and the justification of belief in him is the most momentous task to which the philosopher may apply his efforts. Next to this comes the justification of belief in other lesser realities—individuals apart from God. The general process pursued by Professor Royce is a Kantian demonstration of the possession of immortality on the part of individuals—their immortality, like their individuality, being known by the "practical reason" alone.

The essay merits praise. It emphasizes those unreasoned "intimations," "misgivings," yearnings that are the ground of a vast deal of all our knowing. One cannot but be stirred and elevated by reflection on the beautifully sublime suggestions born of direct meditation on the Divine Nature and its partial self-expression in creatures. The dignity of human nature and the grandeur of human destiny are thus emphasized with startling vigor.

Doctor Pace's articles on St. Thomas's concept of immortality in the recent issues of the *Catholic University Bulletin* might be of value to those readers of the volume before us who would like to compare it with a luminous, forceful, and deep study of the same topic from a larger point of view.

In the *Notes of a Missionary Priest in the Rocky Mountains*‡

* *Michael O'Donnell; or, The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant.* By Mary E. Mannix. The Ave Maria Press.

† *The Conception of Immortality.* By Josiah Royce. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

‡ *Notes of a Missionary Priest in the Rocky Mountains.* By Rev. J. J. Gibbons. New York and San Francisco, Cal.: Christian Press Association Publishing Company.

Father Gibbons presents the public with a book delightful to those whom accounts of physical prowess and endurance interest, as well as to those whom records of spiritual effort and ministration edify, for the notes are sketches of the West in 1888, when the missionaries' battle was to be fought not only with intemperance, blasphemy, infidelity, and kindred vices usually rife in mining districts, but also with rigors of climate, with storms and avalanches often imminent, always disastrous, with harrowing encounters with wild beasts, and worst of all with pneumonia and other ills to which flesh is heir, to say nothing of the dire accidents frequently occurring in the mines, in the tunnel-making and laying of new railroads, accidents which necessitated the priests being physicians of the body as well as of the soul.

The scene of Father Gibbons's labors was the San Juan country of Southwestern Colorado, "bounded on the north by rugged ranges, on the south by New Mexico, on the east by the Gunnison district, and on the west by Utah's Blue Mountains; a mountainous country diversified by rolling uplands, smiling valleys, darkling glens, and rushing streams."

Father Gibbons recounts many interesting conversions, reforms of alcoholic victims, and dwells with special gratification on the return of many honest sons of toil to the church from which they had drifted. The book is attractively illustrated.

The author of *Jack Hildreth on the Nile** "makes the desert talk," as Kipling says, in a story boys will read with avidity; a story of several months' adventures in the land of the pyramids, the Pharaohs and great crocodiles.

We have so limited an amount of popular literature on the subject of Holy Mass that we doubly welcome the new reprint of the booklet by Cardinal Vaughan† while Bishop of Salford. The spirit of simple piety and practical faith that breathes through its pages will do much to inspire the Catholic reader with new zeal and devotion for this central act of Christian worship; while the non-Catholic will find in it a clear explanation of the strange reverence and love displayed by those who believe in the reality of the august Sacrifice.

A useful little volume‡ just brought out by Father

* *Jack Hildreth on the Nile*. Adapted from the original of C. May by Marion Ames Taggart. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass*. By Herbert Cardinal Vaughan. St. Louis: Herder.

‡ *The Church of Christ the Same For Ever*. By D. McErlane, S.J. St. Louis: Herder.

McErlane consists of a detailed commentary on the Scripture texts that record Christ's conferring of power upon his Apostles. The simple and unpretentious style of the author will make perusal of the volume a pleasant task for the inquiring reader, and his directness and lucidity will be of no small assistance to the convert-maker, who must rely on the printed word to do a great part of his work.

I.—O'CONNELL, HIS LIFE AND HIS WORK, IN FRENCH.*

This book is for the French reader, and M. Godré has very faithfully and gratefully performed his task, and presents "Daniel O'Connell and his Work" very accurately to the French public. The most savage reviewer becomes mollified as he reads, through the charming medium of the most polite language, the familiar story of Ireland as she is governed. The intelligent biographer—and who can excel the French in this mental trait?—begins logically with the recital of the penal laws as an introduction, because any famous Irishman, no matter what his means of livelihood, is eventually drawn into the affairs of his country; it is his private as well as his public concern. In 1776 the independence of the United States was declared, the cry of freedom was heard even in Ireland, so long despoiled of her civil and religious liberty. Her hopes began to take the form of a Relief Bill, which it was the chief life-purpose of Daniel O'Connell to bring to successful issue. With infinite care the French life gives the details of O'Connell's installation in London as a young barrister, and his letters to his uncle at this period are very calm and self contained,—he had not shown yet the flame of the "liberatrice." He soon penetrates into the House of Commons, sacred to its leading men, and hears Fox and Pitt, those famous ministers of this corrupt era in English politics. This crowded page of history is related in beautifully correct French and envelops the clumsy Anglo-Saxon in the graceful garment of French prose. Some of the letters quoted sound charming in the French tongue, as "Mignone," et "Mon cher cœur me voici de nouveau ici, Darynane, entouré de me bébés et pensant à leur mère (who was at Killarney for her health) mon trésor. Nell a bien gagné même depuis le jeu de temps que j'ai été absent Betsy et John sont délicieusement bien et excellents enfants." †

* *Daniel O'Connell: sa Vie, son Œuvre.* Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

† Correspondence of D. O'Connell.

All through his (Daniel O'Connell's) exacting public life the undercurrent of Christian fortitude and family affection is kept intact, which the French author takes pains to make clear to French sympathizers. The most interesting spectacle of a people struggling for their religious liberty by the means of popular agitation, which won for them from "nos terrible voisins" a tardy Relief Bill; the fiendish inventions of their enemy; "cette race terrible des Protestants d'Ulster," with the details of their secret society, The Peep o' Day Boys—"Garçons du point du jour"—the author conscientiously explains. As a child of the church O'Connell is introduced to the French and his strict observance of his religious duties is emphasized. All the sources of information have been thoroughly gleaned, even the beginnings of the present condition of Ireland—a sympathetic French offering to Irish history. The sentimental touch is not absent; the meeting of O'Connell with Louis Veuillot and Montalembert at Paris on his way to Rome. The epilogue takes a sad comfort in recounting the eulogies of foreign orators to the glories of the dead Liberator, and invites us to mourn at Glasnevin cemetery, in which he reposes under a round tower with the shamrocks all about, "le trèfle de Saint Patrick." In the preface occurs this epigram: "In history we owe nothing to England but justice and truth." It may well be the last word.

2.—THE SETONS OF SCOTLAND AND AMERICA.*

Any one acquainted with the romantic history of Scotland would be at once attracted by the title of this book,* and not the less so that it is the work of an American scion of that house whose clansmen called themselves, if we mistake not, "the saucy Setons," and whose punning slogan was "Set on, set on," as they put their spears in rest. Monsignor Seton possessed ample materials for the compilation in the bibliography of the family prepared by kinsmen of the name or of other names; such, for instance, as "*The History of the House of Seytoun to the year MDLIX.*, by Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, Knight, with the Continuation, by Alexander Viscount Kings-ton, to MDCLXXXVII., printed at Glasgow, MDCCCXXIX." This Maitland of Lethington was a Seton on the mother's side,

* *An Old Family, or the Setons of Scotland and America.* By Monsignor Seton. New York: Brentanos.

and very proud of the fact. Another book of the kind is a *History of the Family of Seton during Eight Centuries*, by George Seton, Advocate, M. A. Oxon., and so on. George seems a favorite name with the family, and was the name of the gallant and devoted lord so faithful to the fortunes of the unhappy Queen Mary. Indeed, this George Lord Seton's life would be a proof that chivalry in the best sense was a conception of conduct informed by the Catholic spirit, and not, as a recent writer states, sentiment substituted for religion and the morality sanctioned by it. Seton had everything to gain by joining the Lords of the Congregation; but fidelity to the church and loyalty to the queen compelled him to fling away his castles, manors, and life, for all these he risked, for the good cause.

That stainless purity of honor which is so often like pride in its manifestation caused this George of Seton to refuse an earldom which Mary offered at the time she was raising her half-brother, James Stuart, to that rank. He begged to be allowed to retain his lower rank as premier baron of Scotland, which, he said, he preferred to that of junior earl. He must have known that he would not have ceased to be premier baron by his elevation—there are some earls and so on, we all know about it, who are prouder of being Barons by Summons than earls and so on by patent of a later creation—so there may have been another reason. Did Mary guess what was in his mind when she wrote with a diamond ring upon a window of the great hall at Seton—

“Sunt comites, ducisque alii, sicut denique reges :
Setoni dominum sit satis esse mihi;

or was it merely a recollection from her French days of the *Sieur de Coucy*? The family is most ancient, and it almost seems as if it could make the Douglas boast: Men saw the Douglasses in the stream, never in the fountain; in the tree, never in the sapling. There was a Seton with Macbeth: “the Lord Seton,” as the “divine Williams”—Anglo-French for Shakspeare—has it. Sir Christopher Seton of Seton married Lady Christian Bruce, sister of Robert. In what Monsignor calls a quaint *Life of Robert Bruce*, published in the early part of the eighteenth century, this Sir Christopher is spoken of as

“The noble Seton, ever dear to fame,
A godlike Patriot, and a spotless name.”

King Robert the Bruce erected a little chapel on the spot where Sir Christopher was put to death by the English, that Mass might be said for the soul of this faithful friend and near connection. The first Scotch Seton appears in the reign of Alexander I. (1107-1124) as Saher de Say. Monsignor Seton states that "the Gael has furnished little to the Scottish peerage"; and this is probably correct, though of the nine names he gives as of Norman origin two are undoubtedly Gaelic—Campbell and Hamilton (Hamish)—and Gordon probably. Stewart as a name proves nothing, for it comes from the office Lord High Steward. Dapifer, possibly the original name of the family, a matter which seems to have escaped Monsignor Seton's memory, may have been Flemish, but not baronial. Even the first Seton may have been a Scoto-Celt. We cannot be sure of Lindsay, for the name is thought to have been taken from an incident in a place, the incident and the place the factors of the name. There are a thousand instances of this kind—*e.g.*, the Italian house Frangipani, from an incident; Plantagenet from a cognizance, and so forth. Where names were not taken from a man's lands they were generally derived from something an ancestor had done, or the man himself had done.

Why does not Monsignor Seton think Dougall was in reality the Christian name of the second de Say, or de Saytoun, son of Saher? Whether the Setons were pure Normans or, like the Bruces, blended Norman and Gael, they played an exceptionally honorable part in Scottish history. The family pride which animated their widely-diffused branches seems to be of the kind that will not permit men to fall far even when pressed by the worst circumstances and in the midst of the worst influences. We have an idea that George, above mentioned, supported himself in exile by driving a wagoner's cart; we say so with doubt, because if it were the case, a thing so creditable to the most chivalrous noble in Scotland would not have escaped his kinsman who tells so much; but among the adherents of Bruce who wrote to John XXII. at Avignon "that it was for liberty alone they fought," was Sir Alexander Seton. Monsignor Seton has in this work one of the most interesting books of family history we have seen, except, perhaps, *The Earls of Kildare* by the late Duke of Leinster.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE importance of the question of Education at this time of the year has urged us to make this an Educational number.

A reliable statistician* recently made the statement that while in 1850 there was one criminal to 3,500 of the population, in 1890 there is one to every 786. If this statement can be absolutely believed, and we think there is no reason to doubt its accuracy, a most alarming state of affairs presents itself.

We have the richest country, the most favored climate, the greatest energy, and make professions of the highest ideals, but the eager search for the golden fleece is supplanting in the heart of the people the spirit of religion, and the statistics of crime and vice are mounting up in an alarming way.

This condition of affairs may find a partial explanation in the growth of the urban population. Undoubtedly the large cities are hot-beds of vice, and reports show that by all odds the largest number of criminals hail from the cities; but we do not think that there is found in this fact an adequate explanation. The disappearance of the spirit of religion from the great currents of national life is due principally to the exclusion of it from the fountain sources. We have a plentiful supply of national life and energy in the school system of the country, but the hand that banished from the door of the school-house the spirit of religion has deprived the national life and energy of that element that alone will sweeten and perpetuate them.

If to-morrow some arrangement could be made whereby the child could be religiously trained to love God and revere the law, and if into every school-room of the country there could be imported the definite religious teaching as well as the full ethical influence which follows in the wake of positive religious teaching, it would take but a few years to transform the spirit of the times. There is no question where the Catholic Church stands on the matter. She has the courage of her convictions. But if the non-Catholic churches would put aside the dog-in-the-manger attitude that they have preserved in this matter of education, there would be immeasurably less talk about decaying religions and empty churches, and immeasurably more honesty, purity, liberality, and devotion to the higher ideals.

* H. M. Boise in *Prisoners and Pauperism*.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

FOR the first time there is to be a Summer-School conducted during July and August under the direction of Columbia University, New York City. A circular has been prepared giving details of the courses arranged by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. Very considerable progress has been made recently in providing for the professional training of teachers at Teachers' College of Columbia University. Under the name of College for the Training of Teachers it began its work in the fall of 1887 as one of the two departments of the Industrial Education Association, the other branch of the work of the association being concerned with the creation of public interest in manual training as an intellectual discipline. It was incorporated by the Regents as Teachers' College in 1889; it became affiliated with Columbia and Barnard in 1893, and finally, on March 22, 1898, it was made a part of the educational system of Columbia University, becoming its professional school for the study of education and the training of teachers. As such it takes co-ordinate rank with the schools of law, medicine, and applied science.

Now that the college has taken its place in a university system its scope includes not simply such purely professional subjects as the theoretical and practical training of teachers of elementary and secondary schools, of specialists, of principals and superintendents, but also the broader field of the investigation of educational foundations, the interpretation of educational ideals, the invention of educational methods, and the application of educational principles. At least these are the tasks to be accomplished by the school as they are outlined by Dr. James E. Russell, dean of the college, in the opening number of *The Teachers' College Record*, recently published. The sub-title of this new publication described it as a journal devoted to the practical problems of elementary and secondary education, and the professional training of teachers. Each number, according to the announcement, will treat of a specific problem in the work of the kindergarten, elementary school, high-school, or some department of Teachers' College. The experience of the college, to the extent that it is a typical professional school for teachers, should be valuable not only to its own students and graduates, but also to others engaged in similar work.

In the opening paper by Dr. Russell, on *The Function of the University in the Training of Teachers*, he makes a strong plea for the claims of education to university recognition. He gives due credit to the normal schools as having furnished the strongest teachers to the public schools. In the case of elementary school teachers economic conditions have set as the extreme limit of academic training the completion of a high-school course of study. Conversely, economic laws have also determined that teachers whose training is thus limited cannot hope to be leaders in education or take the higher places in the profession. And just as it is necessary to have a West Point for the systematic training of competent leaders in the army, so the training of the leaders in education must surpass that obtainable in the normal school—it is properly the function of the university. The Teachers' College is not a normal school; neither is it limited as a university department of pedagogy. It ranks as a professional school for

teachers, and as such maintains university standards. Competition has become so keen that the holder of the baccalaureate degree is finding it more and more to his advantage, in order to secure a place as a teacher in a secondary school, to have taken post-graduate work in his chosen specialty, or pedagogical training, and preferably both. The keenness of this competition, according to Dr. Russell, is the opportunity of the teachers' colleges. It is precisely this condition of affairs which makes possible for the first time in America a serious consideration of ideal methods of training leaders.

For the ideal preparation of such teachers Dr. Russell states that there are four qualities pre-eminently desired: General culture, professional knowledge, special knowledge, and skill in teaching. As requirements in general culture he adopts those laid down in the report of the Committee of Fifteen on Elementary Education, which recommended that teachers of elementary schools should have a secondary or high-school education, and that teachers of high-schools should have a collegiate education. Under professional knowledge he groups that of the psychology of the adolescent period and the nature of man as a social being, the history of education, and such technical subjects as school economy, school hygiene, and the organization, supervision, and management of schools. Without special knowledge of the subject to be taught the teacher becomes a slave to the text-book, and his work degenerates into a formal routine without life, spirit, or educative power. One may possess the qualifications of general culture, special and professional knowledge, and still lack the technical skill necessary to make him a successful teacher.

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A recent book from the pen of the Abbé Félix Klein is the *Life of Monsignor Dupont des Loges*. According to a review in the *Univers* he has sustained his reputation as a brilliant, sympathetic, and modern writer. These qualities are shown also in his lectures. Before a large gathering at the Catholic Club of the Luxembourg he lately discussed the subject of *An Ideal in Literature*. The Paris correspondent of the Liverpool *Catholic Times* states that the lecture demonstrated that the highest ideal in literature was that which combined the utmost beauty of form with the utmost perfection of subject-matter. According to him, the test as to how far this ideal was attained in works of literary art was the amount of intellectual and moral activity these works called forth in the greatest number of persons.

Selections from different poets were given, gracefully pointing the lecturer's arguments. Then a galaxy of writers was cited as representing literary art in its highest-expression, and as consequently appealing with the greatest force to the greater number of our faculties, moral and intellectual. In the galaxy Dante and Shakspeare had place; so had Paschal and Bossuet; and among the moderns, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and Père Gratry of the Oratory. The Abbé Klein, being essentially a modern, showed the qualities a modern writer should have in order to influence his fellows across the boundary lines of the frontier. According to him this writer should be universal in sympathy, knowledge, and power of expression.

The lecturer took his hearers with him in a voyage of imagination, giving them a brilliant bird's-eye view of the different countries of the globe. He then asked what sage who had been a student only could equal the sage who had been a traveller also, and who had studied men and countries from the life? Rising from human works of art to the Divine Artist, he showed God in the

beauty of his creation to be almost visible to human eyes, and calling forth in response to that beauty the exercise of our highest faculties of thought and feeling.

In conclusion the lecturer said: "The nearer the human artist approaches his Divine Model the nearer he is to attaining his ideal. He makes the best writer who, endowed with the finest powers of heart and mind, and being at the same time the best, wisest, and most loving of men, devotes his great gifts to the good of his fellow-men, inciting in these the greatest possible amount of goodness, light, and love. One alone by His language has attained this ideal, but He was not a man only. He was the Way which we must go, the Truth which we must know, and the Life that we must live. Glory to him who being God-Man is for that reason in æsthetics, so in morals, and, in fact, in every order of ideas and facts, the divine ideal of humanity."

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Writing from London, in the *New York Times*, William L. Alden calls attention to the conflicting opinions regarding Ruskin put forth in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine*. The *Blackwood* writer can find no good in Ruskin. He knew nothing of painting or architecture, and his theories of political economy were preposterous. He contradicts Ruskin out of his own mouth, and shows that he praised one day what he utterly condemned the next. The article is one of the genuine, old-time *Blackwood* slashers. It deals only in the superlatives of condemnation, and it will not admit that Ruskin wrote English.

The *Fortnightly Review* uses more moderate language, but its condemnation of Ruskin as a teacher is equally thorough. Ruskin was wrong from first to last, and his influence on art and literature was bad from beginning to end. Usually when a great, or at least a prominent man dies, there is a general tendency to speak kindly of him. In the case of Ruskin there seems to be none of this kindly feeling, at least so far as the two writers just mentioned are concerned. This is certainly strange, especially as Ruskin was blameless in his life, and a generous benefactor to scores of persons.

This unexpected expression of dislike for one who a few years ago was regarded almost as an infallible teacher in matters of art, must be due in part to the persistent way in which Ruskin bullied his readers. Take his chapter in *Mornings at Florence* on the Church of Santa Maria Novella. In that chapter he tells his readers that if they do not agree with him in every statement that he makes they are fools and blind. In like manner he bullies the reader of his Venetian books. There was a time when we submitted humbly to this sort of thing, believing that Ruskin was infallible, and that if we differed from him we were unfit to live. All the same we secretly chafed under it, and now that Ruskin's authority has vanished and the man himself has gone, it must be a relief to many people to read the bitter invective of the *Blackwood* writer and the calmer condemnation of the *Fortnightly Review*.

Nothing is easier than to prove that Ruskin contradicted himself, and was therefore an unsafe guide. He seemed to care nothing for consistency. Occasionally he admitted in his later writings that he had been mistaken in some of the things that he had written earlier in life. This was in nowise discreditable to him, but it is not of that sort of contradiction that the *Blackwood* writer complains. Ruskin many times deliberately said the very opposite of something that he had previously said, and never deigned to explain such contradic-

tions. Again, there is nothing easier than to select passages from Ruskin's writings which are, especially when taken apart from the context, simply absurd. But that such a method of summing up the man's long and busy life is just, probably no one believes.

Grant all that can be said against Ruskin, and there still remains enough to his credit to insure him a high and permanent place in English literature. Grant that his theories of art and of political economy were untenable, still his theories of what is true and noble in life cannot be contradicted. It is as an ethical teacher that he will live. As such he has helped thousands of men and women, and will help thousands more. As such the English-speaking world owes a debt to him that can hardly be overestimated.

* * *

We are pleased to learn that Miss Josephine Lewis, one of the earliest and most faithful friends of the work proposed by the Columbian Reading Union, has been winning deserved success as an artist in Buffalo. In a recent contribution published in the Buffalo *Commercial* she declares that there is a tendency to consider as art only that which goes into a gold frame. Americans have the greatest mechanical appliances ever devised. But in the opening up of a new country we have occasionally forgotten the wonders of the human hand. We send abroad for hand-made laces, carry home from old European abbeys bits of carving, and sometimes we wonder why these quaint old things hold our hearts so firmly. We think, then, that maybe the soul left an impress on these hand-wrought things, to which we respond with something like human affection. And so we love those adornments made for house or person in a manner quite impossible toward machine-made articles.

We are developing a school of American painters whose merits are unquestioned: our own Abbey, Sargeant, and Whistler winning fame, and England coaxing them from us! But in the minor arts we have copied the old masters. Why have we developed no characteristic American lace? no personality in wood-carving? Because for many years popular schools were devoted to mental and not manual training. So when our boys and girls took their places in the world, the fingers failed to give them the pleasure that trained hands give to their owners. Our fairy tales of the dark ages lose their vitality when we step into the old world and see the beauty left from the old-time crafts. The labor unions were not then banded together to fight for their rights, but were labor guilds wherein the master workmen were honored and beloved, and the men encouraged and respected. The guilds were the pride of the nation, the rules governing them full of affection and artistic impulse. Men worked because they found joy in the labor of their hands. Who can walk through the old streets of Rouen to-day, on a sudden turn to find himself facing the cathedral towers, uprising like masses of snowy lace, and not feel that the hands and hearts that spent themselves in building up the beauty, did it with love in their labor?

All peoples do not speak one language, so let the painter have his brushes, the illustrator his pens, but let us not be blind to the beauty wrought by the worker on leather, or in wood, in metals and in stone, with linen and with wool. They also have a high place, and let us honor them and their creators for the joy they give to us. The next great step that Americans will make will be to develop untrained fingers and eyes; the brains are not lacking. When we understand the artist-artisans, and they, finding an appreciative public, are en-

couraged to give us their best effort, the shadow of the labor agitations will diminish. Handwork will be in demand, and our people will surpass the lace-makers of France and the wood-carvers of Switzerland.

* * *

The McBride Readers have been placed on the authorized list prepared for the Parish Schools of New York City. Books were chosen with reference only to their educational value. No partiality was intended for any publisher. For exceptional merit the Rev. M. J. Considine, Superintendent of Schools in the Archdiocese of New York, wrote a well-merited tribute of praise in favor of the study of arithmetic prepared by Mr. John H. Walsh, associate Superintendent in Brooklyn, and *The Young Citizen*, by Mr. C. F. Dole, published by D. C. Heath & Co. A new edition of the *Teacher's Manual* is now for sale by the Cathedral Library Association, 123 East Fiftieth Street, New York City.

* * *

Mr. Kegan Paul, the English publisher, who has lately issued a book of *Memories*, is of the opinion that literature is not in itself a profession. He is sorry for the young author who has nothing to fall back upon. Wherein he disagrees with Sir Walter Besant, who thinks that one may make a very good living out of letters. Mr. Paul tells a droll story of a royal gentleman, presumably the Prince of Wales, asking several eminent professional men about their incomes. The surgeon said he made about £15,000 a year. The lawyer confessed to £25,000. Sir John Millais put his yearly earnings at possibly £35,000, and when the prince expressed surprise the artist went on, somewhat nettled: "Well, sir, as a matter of fact, last year I made £40,000, and might have made more had I not been taking holiday longer than usual in Scotland." Browning and Matthew Arnold were present. The former put his arm through Arnold's and Mr. Paul's and said, "We don't make that by literature, do we?" Tennyson, according to Mr. Paul, was a thorough man of business, and "our final parting at the end of one of our periods of agreement was that we as publishers and he as author took a different view of his pecuniary value."

* * *

Mr. Andrew Lang has described "The Man in the Street," the average, uninstructed, unlettered, uncritical individual for whom it is useless to write good books or to paint good pictures. He is not, as a matter of fact, a democratic type; he comes from no particular social stratum. He may be a prince or a duke; he may be a haberdasher's assistant, a curate, or a stockholder, or a journalist. Mr. Lang's simple statement has in it a little unspoken sermon. It reminds us all that a love of literature has nothing to do with classes. We put the blame for the growth of cheap journalism and trashy fiction on the shoulders of the lower classes, but the worst harm is done by those readers of all classes who have some education and might be expected to profit by it, if it were not that they have had the misfortune to be born without taste. Without perhaps being conscious of it, they often give a trashy book its chance where frankly ignorant people in the lower strata would not dream of supporting it. In short, neither democracy nor any other creation of men's minds will serve, no matter how developed, to set the balance right in the matter of literature.

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"cases were reported by the"
"physicians, and from several"
"towns. After careful investi-"
"gation it was found that all of"
"the victims had eaten cream"
"cakes purchased from a certain"
"baker in a town near Bos."
"ton. We promptly took"
"the matter up, and found,"
"by a careful analysis of"
"the so-called 'enameled'"
"kettle in which the cream"
"was cooked, that it con-"
"tained antimony, which"
"fully explained the whole"
"mystery."

"The production of articles"
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"facturers and dealers"
"cannot, unfortunately,"
"ly, be stopped or re-"
"stricted at present, or"
"until our State Legis-"
"latures can be induced"
"to pass such suitable"
"and stringent laws as"
"will effectually prevent"
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"must look out for them-"
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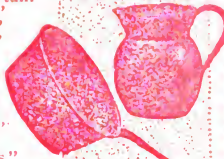
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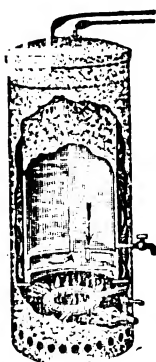
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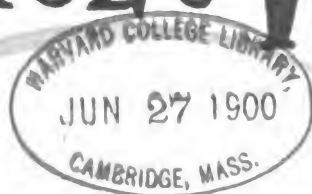
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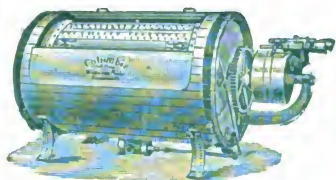
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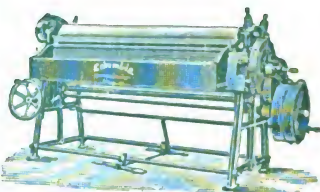
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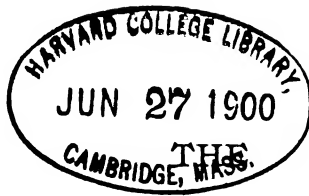
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(See page 513.)



CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXXI.

JULY, 1900.

No. 424.

THE PLACE OF THE BIBLE IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY DR. B. F. DE COSTA.

I.

THE BIBLE AND ITS INTERPRETER.



WHAT is the Bible?

In a little cave at Bethlehem, in the company of antique books and dim parchments, it was given to Saint Jerome to see the Bible as no other scholar of his or perhaps any age ever saw the Book; and thus a single volume expanded in supernatural splendor before his envisioned sight until he was able to give the Book its true name, "The Divine Library."

To-day this Library is worth more than all other libraries combined. Other books grow old, but this one is invested with perpetual youth. As in ancient days, its leaves are for the healing of the nations. Its power is greater to-day than in any previous age. Some of the grandest of the ancient libraries have perished, but the Divine Library holds its place in a world eager for novelty. It maintains its ascendancy by its original charm. No apology need be offered for one more discussion of a book of undying interest, so fresh and fair, every page touched with live coals from the Altar of God.

It is proposed, in three articles, to present three phases of the general subject, though no exhaustive treatment will be attempted. The first touches upon the subject of Inspiration,

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VOL. LXXI.—28

since it would be idle to avoid its consideration. What people need to be assured of to-day is, that the Bible is an inspired Book; for if it does not differ fundamentally from other books known in Oriental literature as sacred books, it can never meet the wants of the world or withstand its criticism.

Who is it that answers the question, Is the Bible inspired? I reply that the Catholic Church gives the answer. This answer is given by the only body capable of giving an answer. It is given in no uncertain tone, and the religious world cannot evade the issue, pressed home by the Catholic Church. The church has a spokesman. In his Encyclical, *Providentissimus Deus*, Leo XIII. makes known the mind of the church. While recognizing that unimportant verbal variations occur in the ancient manuscripts, the Holy Father teaches what all scholars know to be true, that the trifling differences do not affect the authoritative sense. He says:

"It is true, no doubt, that copyists have made mistakes in the text of the Bible; this question, when it arises, should be carefully considered on its merits, and the fact not too easily admitted, but only in those passages where the proof is clear. It may also happen that the sense of a passage remains ambiguous, and in this case good hermeneutical methods will greatly assist in clearing up the obscurity. But it is absolutely wrong and forbidden, either to narrow inspiration to certain parts only of Holy Scripture, or to admit that the Sacred Writer has erred."

This statement makes the position of the church perfectly clear, and should alone be sufficient for loyal Catholics; yet fuller declarations even are made, in which it is said that "it is impossible that God Himself, the Supreme Truth, can utter that which is not true," and that what God willed the sacred writers "expressed in apt words with infallible truth." It should be noted, that the Holy Father does say that the record is infallibly true when truly interpreted, but that it is infallible truth; and, therefore, in this connection we may safely and consistently employ his words when speaking of Holy Scripture. There is scant room for any quibbling, since the quibbler is disposed of in the following paragraph:

"There has arisen, to the great detriment of religion, an inept method, dignified by the name of the 'higher criticism,' which pretends to judge the origin, integrity, and authority of each Book from internal indications alone."

The Holy Father favors and provides for a thorough system of Bible study, embodying a true and sound criticism, but the type that he condemns is declared a "vaunted" criticism, that will throw no true light upon Holy Scripture, but simply eliminate all miracle and prophecy. The so-called Higher Critic tells the world that the object of Biblical criticism is to separate the wheat from the chaff, the mythical from the historical, claiming to find every kind of error in the Bible. The church, however, holds that, when properly understood, the Bible contains nothing erroneous. An effort has been made by enemies of a sound, conservative criticism to have it appear as though the Catholic Church were responsible for the introduction of the Higher Criticism, which aims to divest the Bible of truth and authority. Let us, therefore, glance at its origin.

Biblical criticism has never lacked an un-Apostolic succession of carping critics. In one form or another, adverse criticism has been in vogue ever since there was any Scripture to criticise. The Higher Critics think they find radical criticism in connection with the first alleged movement towards the creation of the Old Testament books. Higher Criticism, however, as a formal thing, began at the Reformation. Luther in his crude fashion attacked and rejected entire books.

Spinoza, the Jewish Pantheist, is also recognized in connection with the formal opening of hostile criticism, and he is absurdly eulogized by an advocate of this kind of criticism, as one of "the providential agents for calling the church to a fresh investigation of the sacred oracles." The church, however, has not responded to this providential call, unless a handful of hostile critics constitute the church, on the principle that the Three Tailors of Tooley Street constituted the people of England.

We are told that soon after Spinoza, whose criticism "was shrewd but conjectural," came Father Simon, a Catholic, representing that "the historical books as made up of the ancient writings of the prophets, who were public scribes, and wrote down the history in official documents on the spot, from the time of Moses onward, so that the Pentateuch, in its present shape, is not the work of Moses." Basing their attacks on Simon, several writers have attempted to make the Catholic Church responsible for the Higher Criticism, forgetting that they had already credited the movement to the Reformation; while Dr. Briggs himself states that the theory of Simon "was at once attacked and destroyed." But by whom? Simon is

generally regarded as the father of the present historical introduction to the Scriptures, but his critical theories have always been opposed by Catholic theologians. His *Histoire Critique du Vieux Testament* was put on the *Index*, February 9, 1683; while his New Testament took the same course in 1687 and 1700. The case of the author remained as it was in 1889. To bring forward Father Simon as a Catholic teacher on Holy Scriptures, and to hold the church responsible for his utterances, is simply absurd. The attempt to foist this theory upon the Catholic Church is simply scandalous, like the well-known charge that the Higher Criticism is set up in Catholic institutions. Yet how far Simon actually was, after all, from the Higher Criticism is indicated by the fact that its advocates reject his theories, which are based upon the antiquity of the Pentateuch and the historic character of its contents. The charge vaguely brought against unnamed "Roman Catholic divines" may be passed over as unworthy of notice.

The German, Eichhorn, who published his work on the Old Testament in 1780, is set down as the moving spirit in this false method of dealing with the Scriptures. The movement was distinctly German. Catholics have indeed entered upon critical studies, but they are thoroughly safeguarded, rendering serious apprehension for the honor of the Divine Word quite needless. Catholics, whatever they may think or teach about the composite character of the Pentateuch, or the authorship of particular books, find a limit in the Encyclical of Leo XIII., who declares the Bible to be the infallible Word of God, infallible because inspired, and, consequently, "infallible truth."

In this connection one rose up of whom Catholics would now fain say very little, for it has been well observed, that "when a savant passes ten years after he has ceased to think clearly, the world should forget all, except that he was great in his day." Yet to ignore the memory of St. George Mivart would not be undoing the evil that he has done and is still doing, especially where he is made to say that "educated Catholics no longer feel bound to regard the Bible in the old light"—that is, of the Councils—and that "no man of education now regards the Biblical account of the Fall as more than a myth"; while, as expressed in various ways, "No educated Catholic views the Bible as plenarily inspired." The Holy Father, therefore, together with the bishops and clergy and the large body of laity trained in colleges and universities, are not "educated." When the mind of a savant thus gives

way, one need not be surprised to find, in the melancholy in tellectual failure, the individual so entirely laying aside dignity and self-respect "as to compare Scripture narratives with the story of Jack and the Beanstalk." Yes, Mivart was once great. He fell from heaven like lightning. Yet in the midst of his aberration he was honest. He did not attempt to juggle with the Encyclical of 1893. He said it was "a bolt out of the blue," and he frankly admitted that its plain language was the voice of the church, declaring Scripture to be "infallible truth."

Still, no one should misunderstand the language of the Holy Father, when he interprets the Councils. One makes a serious mistake in supposing, because a writing is "infallible truth," that it has the power to burn its meaning into the brain and infallibly fix the meaning of the words in the mind. The infallible record does not lend itself to private judgment. That is pure Protestantism. The sun moves with absolute correctness, yet, by the sun, people in general cannot tell when it is twelve o'clock. An inspired writing appeared on the palace wall at Babylon, but Daniel alone knew what it meant. Men are not able by their unaided judgment to interpret the Bible, and God has provided an infallible authority to that end. It is unfortunate, indeed, that so many are unable to recognize the infallibility of Scripture without recognizing infallibility in themselves. The written word described as "infallible truth" has no power to impart infallibility to the mind.

The church has assumed the only safe and logical attitude that it is possible to hold in respect to Holy Scripture. Saint Jerome and Saint Augustine held that there could be no compromise. The decrees of the Councils on the Bible must stand, otherwise no decree can stand, and the infallibility of the church is shaken. The Rubicon was crossed at an early day. There can now be no retreat. Christianity must be defended on Bible lines. This means the defence of the Bible. This is all possible on the part of the Catholic Church. On the other hand, it should be noticed that the bodies representing the Protestant Reformation cannot defend it. These bodies are in the position of a general who does not know the character or extent of a system of fortification that he has to defend, and has no agreement or understanding with his officers. Protestantism has no plan of campaign. This is something that the good men in that movement need speedily to learn. There is no agreement among them with respect even to what the

Bible really is. They cannot agree about its inspiration or interpretation; and defensive attempts of one party are repudiated and ridiculed by the other. Often their attempts at defence become laughing-stocks among both infidels and themselves. In their hands the Bible is indefensible. But Catholics know what they have to do. The Bible in all its parts, the Old and New Testament, according to Florence, Trent, and the Vatican, is the inspired Word of God, and as such is to be regarded with the profoundest veneration and defended at any and all cost to the last. Knowing how to conduct the defence, the church does not leave the Bible to private judgment or throw it open to attack from the outside. The church has no responsibility for interpretations that she does not endorse, and avoids those interpretations that array Scripture against science. Individuals may err, but the church does not attempt to use the Bible to block science. The church invites no conflict between science and the Bible, knowing well that there can be no disagreement between true religion and true science, and that Nature and the Bible are at one. Where Protestantism disputes the Catholic Church refrains, knowing that time will reveal the truth, that difficulties will vanish, and that science will take her place as the handmaid of religion. There has been no change in the policy of the church. Mivart harped upon the case of Galileo in vain. The policy in the day of the Tuscan astronomer was the same as now, and therefore the church can do what the disunited and distracted denominations cannot do. The church can defend the inspired Bible, and still hold her place in the estimation of the educated intelligence of the world, appearing among thinking men equally the friend of reason and revelation. The position of the church is simply impregnable. The entire Catholic faith is invulnerable. Philosophy for more than two hundred years has been shaping itself with reference to Matter and its Extension in a way that renders the loftiest verity of the Faith philosophically acceptable. On the other hand, the Reformation bodies, beginning with the Anglican and Lutheran, are intellectually insolvent, presenting a tremendous case of the bankrupt, unable to meet the drafts of educated intelligence. The Reformation party has had unequalled opportunities in this land for no less than three hundred years, with the result that the bulk of the people have drawn away from all religious organization and from belief in the Bible, which is ridiculed in thousands of Protestant pulpits. On the other

hand, the place of the Bible in the Catholic Church is daily coming to be better understood and appreciated, and Catholics are learning to entertain clearer views of their duty. By a conservative handling of the Scriptures, the church can do and is doing what no other organization can accomplish. But all study and interpretation must be conducted in subordination to the words of the Holy Father. Whoever is loyal to the Head of the Church cannot go far astray. The church affords the Bible ample protection. It has reared a wall around the Scriptures more invulnerable than any built by Roman emperors around the Eternal City on the Tiber, that we may be warned with regard to the destructive nature of the Higher Criticism and appreciate the task the church has to perform in defending Inspiration. The brief reference already made to the utterances of the late unfortunate St. George Mivart indicate something of the character of the Higher Criticism, but for those who have no leisure to study the system it may be useful to point out a few of the results.

As regards the Old Testament, these men hold, as an improvement upon the earliest critics, that in the formation of the books there were groups of writers, Ephraimistic and Judaistic, and that they were followed by Deuteronomic and Priestly writers, who used early documents; and the latter seem, according to Dr. Briggs, the most original of the higher critics. The modern representatives of the school hold that they have made it evident that all the books of the Old Testament have passed through the hands of editors who did not hesitate to make the most radical changes in the original, to adapt them to their purpose. The work has been pushed with reference to fixing the dates of the books in their present form at the late period of the Restoration. The same is attempted with the New Testament, and we are told that there was a Mark's Gospel that has disappeared with the so-called Logia of Matthew, and that these formed the basis of the present Gospels; while the effort is being made to treat the Epistles in the same way. Already the critic claims the ability to give the real words of the Saviour in a better form than we now have them in the Gospels. Studies along this line belong to what might be called the Romance of theological literature, being in sympathy with the Don Quixotes who essayed apocryphal Gospels in the times before the Canon of Scripture was fixed. The Pentateuch is now set down as a forgery of a late date, perpetuated to support the claims of a

priesthood that had no existence in the times of the alleged Moses. This person never led the children of Israel out of Egypt. They have not yet got on so far as to deny that any such country as Egypt ever existed, but they are quite certain that there never was any Exodus. The people afterwards known as Hebrews and Jews were assembled by a leader on the border of Chanaan, when they invaded and captured the land; afterwards adopting, substantially, the religion of the people whom they conquered. When the time came that the Jews needed a respectable ancestor for their nation, they heard of a celebrated sheik who lived in Chanaan, and they dressed him up as "Abraham, Father of the Faithful." The Levite and the Law were invented in the same spirit, as royalty was found invading the rights and duties of the priesthood, assuming equality with the hierarchy. It was forgery naked and deliberate. The most shocking part of the theory teaches, that our Blessed Lord was ignorant of this vast fraud; that he did not know that Abraham, the Father of the Faithful, never existed; that the Priests and the Law were inventions; that the Books of Moses were not ancient books, but were written after the Jews returned from exile, and that all the stories about Abraham, Jonas, and Daniel were simply pious falsehoods. It was in sublime ignorance of these things, now kindly made known by the Higher Criticism, that He said, "I am the way and the truth," affirming himself to be "greater than Jonas," and saying, "Before Abraham was I am." To break the force of all this blasphemy, those who do not already openly deny the Divinity of Christ have invented a doctrine of "Kenosis," in accordance with which the Divine Saviour could at times drop into a state of ignorance, and, like any ordinary being, become the victim of fancy and fable. This may do for sceptics and incipient Socinians, but true Catholics can view it only with abhorrence. The Catholic Church claims to be a body that can never deceive nor be deceived; yet if the Higher Criticism is true, it has been a deceived and a deceiving body for some eighteen centuries, holding myth and fable as historic truth, and as the foundation of her evangelical system of teaching. It is idle to say that our Lord knew that these stories were forgeries, and yet allowed the world, for some reason not known to us, to accept them as truth. Pray, how does the advocate of "criticism" know that our Lord knew the stories of the Old Testament to be falsehoods? Better would it be for the critics to take their place with the infidel,

and deny the Divinity of Christ outright, and have done with it. That is what every advocate of the Higher Criticism will be forced to do at last, following in the steps of Eichhorn, Wellhausen, and their American imitators.

Having thus exhibited the main position of this class of destructive critics, one can readily imagine the havoc they attempt to work with both the Old and New Testaments. It is the case of Samson over again, the critic straining to pull down the pillars of the house. These down, they propose to build a new house, a "new Bible." The Creation, the Deluge, with Ruth and Jonas, are interesting creations of the imagination, but nothing more. The real truths of the ancient times are buried, like ancient Jerusalem, under the accumulated rubbish of the ages, and "the valleys of Biblical truth have been filled up with the *débris* of human dogmas, ecclesiastical institutions, liturgical formulas, priestly ceremonies, and casuistic practices." Therefore "historical criticism is digging through the mass of rubbish, searching for the rock bed of divine truth and for the massive foundations of the Divine Word, in order," we are told, "to recover the real Bible." Thus, "the real Bible" is what they pretend to be in search of, but how much better off will they be when they have found "the real Bible"? They will not be able to interpret the new book any better than the old one. Worst of all, they do not seem to be capable of appreciating the fact, that when they get the new Bible they will not have the "massive foundations" they desire. No Bible, new or old, will ever be able to take the place of the real "pillar and ground of truth," for the Church of the living God, as the Apostle declares, is the pillar and ground of truth.

But Catholics understand very well that it is not the infidel critic who may say what is Bible and what is not. That is the office of the church, which once for all fixed the Canon of Scripture, and stands to-day the interpreter and guardian of the sacred deposit. Catholics, therefore, need to study their attitude towards the Higher Criticism with much care, since, in the general doubt cast upon the entire Bible, there does not remain a single text unquestioned. The sayings of our Blessed Lord have not yet been identified and differentiated from the mass of error in which, it is claimed, they are imbedded. We are not even allowed to know, as yet, whether the words, "This is my body" and "this is my blood," belong to the genuine Logia of the Master, and consequently it is idle to

hold anything on the subject. On the Protestant principle, that the infallible Word is the supreme authority, there is not a single item of the Creed that can be demonstrated as essential. Fortunately for Catholics, the Bible did not create the Creed. The Creed existed and was believed, and was died for by martyrs, before the New Testament existed. Yet Catholics are called upon now as never before to honor and to believe the Bible as confirmatory of the teachings of the Church; and any system of criticism that throws in doubt the authenticity of the words which form the foundation of the great Sacrament, must be shunned by Catholics as simply endangering their souls.

The story of the Higher Criticism forms a ghastly recital. It proposes, independently of the church, to say what is and what is not holy Scripture. It leaves the soul without any kind of authority to lean upon, without ground for hope in this life or in the life to come. One, perhaps, may or may not think that a certain book is actually the work of a certain author. The real danger comes when a person denies that a particular book of the Canon, to use the language of Leo XIII., "has God for its author." Dante saw over the door of Hades an inscription which, translated, means: "Let him who hopes never enter here." In like manner it may be said: "Let him who hopes never enter the courts of Higher Criticism."

LOVE'S WISDOM.

IF justice doomed the souls of men to hell,
There were some hope of liberty;
But for the soul defiled in heaven to dwell,
Love knows were endless misery.

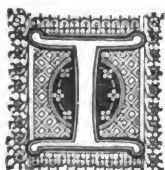
BERT MARTEL.



LACE-MAKERS OF BELGIUM.

ON LACE-MAKING IN BELGIUM.

BY E. F. JOHNSON-BROWNE, M.A.



IT happened once upon a time that a certain damsel, having a fine taste in precious things and a yearning for the lace of Brussels, bade farewell to her young man, who was about to depart for that city on a holiday. And in the bidding she begged that he would bring her back from thence a souvenir that should remind her of the happy days of her schooling.

"What should he bring her?" cried the young man, overjoyed at the idea of service.

But the daughter of the ages grew suddenly coy, and whispered, with beautiful shyness, "Oh, anything—any little thing that Brussels is famous for"; and thenceforward possessed her soul in patience awaiting his return.

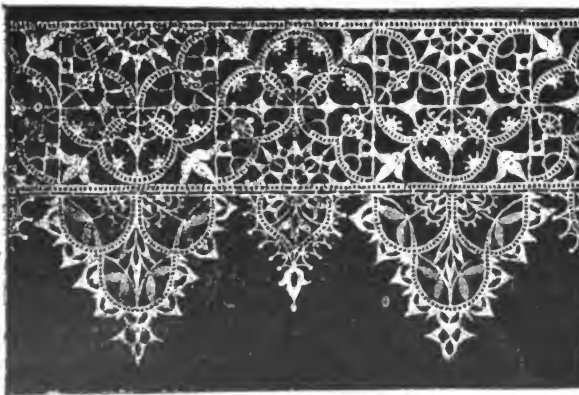
Now, the young man, being a very foolish youth and dull of comprehension, pondered deeply over the words of his mistress, not knowing whither they pointed; for he could think of nothing that the town was specially celebrated for, unless it

were that esculent vegetable known to the world as Brussels sprouts. So, in the end, it came about that the gift he brought home to his lady love was not, as she had hoped, a gift of Brussels lace, but a hamper of Brussels sprouts.

This, however, is not history, but is here introduced for no other purpose than as a sort of text whereon I may hang a little gossip about the lace-making industry of Belgium.

Lace is the most poetic of fabrics. Its praises have constantly been sung in verse. If architecture has been aptly called "Frozen Music," so lace may equally be called "Frozen Poetry." It is essentially feminine in its beginning and its end. Created by women, it is worn by women, and no other fabric whatsoever lends itself so graciously to the adornment of beauty.

Many women have used the brush, the burin, and the chisel, and some few have attained fame therewith. But, after all, one is tempted to ask whether it is not rather with the needle and the bobbin that they have most influenced the art of the world. In this domain woman reigns supreme, and few men dispute with her the use of these delicate instruments, which so naturally become her dainty fingers. For to woman alone is given the skill to raise the arts of embroidery and lace-making to the dignity of those of painting and sculpture.



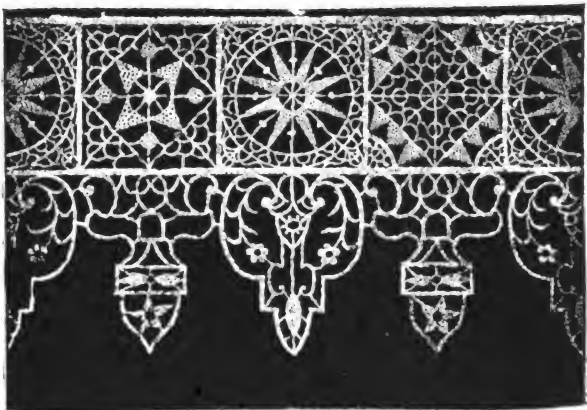
FLEMISH POINT.

In the beginning all lace was *real* lace—that is to say, made by hand. Afterwards came the imitations made by machinery, with which latter we have nothing to do, being to the real but as the crude and unsatisfying oleograph is to the original

work straight from the master's hand. In the old days each lace-maker wove her own fine fancies into the work of her hands, and every piece of lace was, in a way, the embodiment of her own personality. In the present day of hurry and rush patterns are duplicated many times, though occasionally, in the calm and hush of some quiet convent, an original idea is con-

ceived, and wrought with loving care and tender solicitude into a filmy tissue that becomes a thing of beauty to marvel at.

In the making of lace there are, as I suppose almost everybody knows—at any rate all ladies—two methods of working: lace made “à l’aiguille” and lace made “aux fuseaux”; that is to say, wrought by the needle; and that other which is made with the bobbin, on a cushion, commonly called pillow lace. With this latter we shall deal most, as it is the kind mostly made in Belgium. In the long summer afternoons you may pass through whole streets—side streets, of course, where there is little traffic—lined from end to end with lace-makers at



FLEMISH POINT.

their work; the occupants of each house seated just outside their doors, each with her pillow before her, plying her innumerable bobbins. As I am writing this I can look from my window down a whole street full of such workers, that the sunny warmth of the last few days has brought into view.

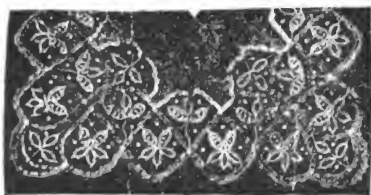
Watching their busy fingers, one's thoughts travel backwards, and the question obtrudes itself, “From what period does this industry date?” It is a question which has presented itself to many writers. Some have asserted that its origin is lost in the mist of antiquity. And one might well believe it to be so, bearing in mind some allusions made in certain Greek and Latin authors.

But, according to researches made of later years, it is hardly possible to doubt that before the fifteenth century lace was not. At any rate, no document has yet been found to prove its existence prior to that date.

It is true that in the East, the cradle of the arts, there was made before that time a certain delicate tissue of the nature of gauze or net, or perhaps muslin, which was used for veils, scarfs, and such like; but such tissue was far different from the fabric we now know as lace.

It is said that the monk Reginald, who assisted at the opening of the tomb of St. Cuthbert at Durham in the twelfth century, found on the shroud "a fringe of thread of a finger's length" depending from a band on which were represented certain birds and beasts and trees. But this appears to have been more of the nature of embroidery. And altogether it may be taken for a fact that it was not until the end of the fifteenth century that the real making of lace, as we know it, became a general industry.

From the examples which have come down to us from the past we see that the first efforts in this direction were more of the nature of embroidery on fine muslin. The design was first embroidered in various stitches on the cloth, and then certain intermediate spaces were cut away. This made the sort of lace which is now known as "points coupés."



HONITON POINT.

In time, as possible effects of beauty began to glimmer in the minds of the workers, these cut-away spaces began to grow larger and more frequent, until finally the embroidered muslin with its interstices began to assume the appearance of rough lace-work. There is a very fine and interesting example of this process,

dating from the sixteenth century, in the Bonaffé collection.

Presently a new method of working was introduced. Instead of cutting out the interspaces, a thicker cloth was used and threads of the material were *drawn*, leaving only those which were necessary to contain the embroidered design. This method is practised in Constantinople to the present day.

The drawing of the threads, however, required extreme care and patience and compelled the use of a stout cloth. So, since the human brain is ever active, and, like Oliver Twist, asking for more, some one soon conceived the idea of embroidering the flowers, birds, or whatever the design might be on portions of fine muslin, which gave the effect of a solid tracery upon a transparent tissue. And behold! the birth of lace.

The next step was reached by slow degrees. The transparent muslin upon which the design was worked was made more and more transparent; that is to say, the interspaces between the threads grew larger and larger, until the muslin

became net. Thenceforth it needed but time for the beautiful bud to become the perfect blossom.

Now, to follow the course which the art of lace-making pursued, one must study the costumes of persons depicted by contemporaneous painters.

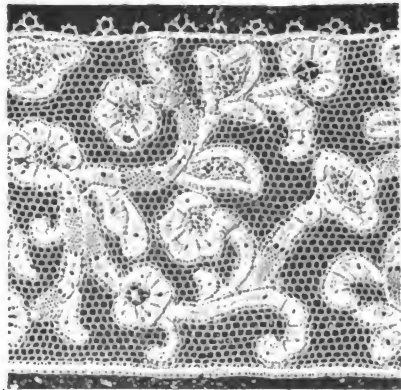
And here I must make a remark which will probably be somewhat startling to most readers. If you were to take by hazard a hundred educated people of both sexes, and ask them which sex exercised the greatest influence and gave the quickest impulse to the industry, ninety-nine of them would answer—the female. Well, they would be wrong! It is not to feminine taste that the exquisite work of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is due, but rather to the vanity of men. When the male creature resolved to display upon his person the richest stuffs that the looms of Flanders could provide; when the velvet of Genoa and the silk of Lyons, gold-embroidered and seeded with jewels, failed to satisfy him, he turned his attention to lace, and the profuse display he made of it set creative brains and skilful fingers to work with such good will that the first rough needle-work soon blossomed into the fairy-like works of art which excite our admiration at the present day.

Thus much for needle lace and its origin. We may return to the subject later on but the object of this article is rather to discuss the methods of pillow lace, an industry which in these days finds its principal home in Belgium.

Born in Italy, more especially in Venice, the art spread through various countries, appealing more or less to the art workers of various nationalities. It took a strong hold of the imaginations of the French. It took a stronger hold among the low-lying lands of Flanders—or shall we say Belgium?

A very pretty story is told of its birth, which has doubtless more or less of truth in it.

A young fisherman of the Adriatic was engaged to be married to the beauty of the Lagunes. She was as good as she was pretty and worked hard at her trade of net-making. One



OLD FLEMISH, OR VALENCIENNES.

day she presented her lover with a new net, the work of her own hands, which he straightway carried on board his vessel, and set out for the fishery. The first time that he cast, this famous net was a failure as regards fish, but instead thereof he brought up from the bottom a superb specimen of sea-wrack, petrified. It was so perfect and so beautiful in its ramifications that he presented it to his lady-love, as the first-fruits of her gift.

Soon after this war broke out, and the unhappy lover, torn from his *fiancée*, was sent with other sailor lads to serve his country in Eastern seas.

The girl, overwhelmed with grief at his departure, spent her time in contemplating the sea-wrack, which was her only love gift, whilst her fingers worked mechanically among the threads of her netting. By and by the thought came to her to imitate with her fingers the pattern of the petrified weed. And after many failures she at length succeeded, little by little, in reproducing the ramifications of the beloved model which was ever before her eyes.

The result was the first specimen of what is now known as "*la dentelle à piombini*."

Pillow lace has less resemblance to embroidery than needle lace. It approximates rather to the method of the loom and the shuttle. The threads for making pillow lace are attached to a pillow or cushion, round or square, and arranged in different ways according to the country. In Belgium it is the custom to use a square pillow. The threads, having one end fixed to this with pins, are wound upon bobbins of wood or ivory. These bobbins are lengthened at one end into a sort of handle, as in illustration on facing page, for the greater ease of manipulation. They are crossed and recrossed in various plaitings, simple and easy enough in themselves, since tiny children of eight or ten years old succeed in the work, but which demand, nevertheless, a vast dexterity of finger.

It is by crossing, twisting, and plaiting these threads that the worker makes the stitches, both of pattern and background, that form the tissue of pillow lace. And the rapidity with which these stitches are made is something wonderful to watch.

The lace-maker sits on a low stool, with the cushion before her, the back part resting on a movable stand and the front on her knee. Her fingers move in intricate weavings, much as the fingers of a pianist who is performing "fireworks" on

the piano, tossing the bobbins from one side to the other, gathering them and regathering, with a gentle clicking noise which is far from unpleasant in its rhythmical monotone. Every few moments the busy fingers stop for an instant to place one of the many guiding pins into another hole of the perforated pattern of polished cardboard which is fastened on the cushion, and over which the threads slide easily and deftly.



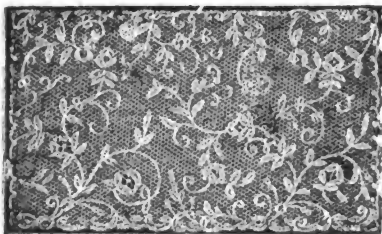
"HER FINGERS MOVE IN INTRICATE WEAVINGS."

For this kind of lace the design is prepared with a view to the fabric for which it is destined. It is not the same as for needle lace. Though the latter has more firmness, and is of higher rank, so to speak, one must bear in mind that pillow lace is more supple—a valuable quality—has a more seductive charm, and for certain purposes, such as for veils, fichus, etc., is far superior to the other, and lends itself far better for the adornment of the head and shoulders. The design, therefore, must conform itself to this end, as in the decorative arts each industrial work has its special utility, which must be borne in mind by the designer who aims at true harmony.

In Belgium pillow lace is mostly made in long bands, more or less broad, these bands being afterwards joined together by a stitch called "raccroc," which means to hook on again. This stitch is said to have been invented at Bayeux, in the last century, by a workwoman named Cahagnet, and by means of it much larger pieces of lace can be made on the pillow than was formerly the case. It consists in the making, on the

edge of each band, of a half stitch in place of a whole one. So, when the bands are brought together, it is an easy matter to couple the stitch with the needle. And the join, by this method, can be so made as to be completely indistinguishable, even when occurring in the net background.

I have already described the *fuseaux*, or bobbins, but it may be well to add that they are not always of the same size. Indeed, there is much variation in this matter, according to the custom of the country and the thickness of the thread they carry. In Belgium they are generally small and light, for the making of fine lace such as Valenciennes and Malines; while



BRUSSELS.

in Auvergne, where the lace made is thicker and stronger, the bobbins also are larger and heavier. It is, however, quite possible to make use of both kinds upon the same cushion, and a skilful workwoman will use at the same time, and on the same *métier*, several sizes of bobbins, according to the thickness of the thread employed in the various stitches.

Here it may be noticed, *en passant*, that the name "passements," given to early specimens of Belgium pillow lace, was so given because the industry was comprised in the corporation of "Passementiers," who alone had the right, as is mentioned in their statutes of April, 1663 (article 21), "*de faire toutes sortes de passements de dentelle sur l'oreiller, aux fuseaux, aux épingles, et à la main, d'or, d'argent, tant fin que faux, de soie, de fil blanc et de couleur.*" Thus passement and lace are precisely the same thing when speaking of pillow lace.

Italy, Milan, and Genoa were the places where the manufacture of this lace first fairly established itself; Venice remaining true to her old love, needle lace. But in a very short time the new art spread to Belgium, and took a firm hold on the imagination and affections of the Flemish people.

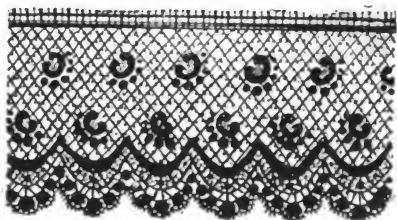
Towards the latter end of the sixteenth century there lived



BRUSSELS.

in Saxony a certain Barbara, the wife of Christopher Uttmann, a large owner of mines, who inhabited the château of Saint-Annaberg. This lady having much at heart the welfare of the miners' wives, introduced among them the art of making pillow lace. It is told as a legend that one evening an old woman, who had the reputation of being a witch, called upon her and predicted that in return for her devotion to the poor, and for teaching them this new industry, she should prosper in her children, and should lose none of them by war or pestilence, but that they should multiply till they became as numerous as the bobbins on her pillow. As a matter of fact the prediction was accomplished, for when Dame Barbara Uttmann died, in 1575, she left no less than sixty-five children and grandchildren.

About this time it was the custom in Spain and some parts of Italy to make use of silk, and threads of gold and silver, in the making of lace; or, to speak more correctly, of "guipures"—by which name is known the larger and heavier patterned lace. But in Belgium and Holland they used neither silk nor gold nor silver, but only the finest linen



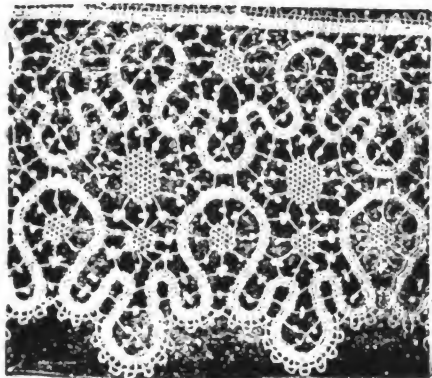
SILK GUIPURE.

thread, which in some cases cost as much as from eight thousand to ten thousand francs a pound—an almost inconceivable price. With such thread they manufactured the most beautiful linen, and with the same thread they made the fine lace, for the garniture of collars and cuffs, that we see in the Flemish portraits of the time. Little by little the designs differentiated themselves from those of other countries, influenced no doubt by the love of flowers, which was always a distinguishing trait of the Dutch and Flemish. Take the craze of tulip culture by way of example. Thus, by degrees, Flanders earned the reputation of being the principal centre in the world for the fabrication of pillow lace.

At first it was made in a narrow band upon the pillow. When a larger piece than a simple bordering was required, a "betwixt and between," or what is known technically as "bande et passement," was brought into use, or else the half stitch, the "raccroc."

This was the universal habit in the sixteenth century. But

in the seventeenth larger pieces were demanded, and then arose the question of the sub-division of work. In Italy, in France, and in Spain this was accomplished by dividing the *design* by horizontal bands which, when completed, were sewn together. In Belgium, however, another and infinitely better plan was conceived and employed. The design was cut into



GUIPURE À RÉSEAU.

portions, but instead of these portions being strips, the knife followed the outline of the flower or other ornamentation, as in needle lace. And the work was done in small separate portions, *each complete in itself*, and these were brought together by the background of net which was worked between.

Of course, it must be understood that in all the fine examples of genuine lace, the net-work which is called the background was not purchased ready made, but was worked into the fabric, even as the design itself was worked.

This ingenious mode, which allowed the work to be cut up and distributed in as many portions as was wished, caused, in a great measure, the vast success of the industry in Belgium. It was possible, by working each motive separately, to succeed more completely when the design was rich and complicated. In this way the Flemish "guipures" marked a great advance in bobbin work and had an enormous sale. The portraits of Louis XIV. by Mignaud furnish a proof that, up to the death of Mazarin, he wore continually neck-bands and collars of Flemish pillow lace. It was not till later, when under the influence of Colbert, that he became enamoured of "point de Venise" (needle lace) and attempted to have it reproduced in France.

During the seventeenth century they began in Belgium to make lace with the net background. The designs and the methods of working were precisely the same as for the "guipures de Flandres" spoken of above. Strangely enough, this lace, though made in the same fashion and in the same country, was sold under the name of "guipures de Flandres" when the background was worked in cross-stitch, and under that of "English lace" when the background was of net.

Many explanations have been given for this curious fact. Certainly lace was made in England at that time; but it is well known that England *sold* a great deal more than she *made*. Also, it is evident that England bought lace in Belgium which was resold in France as being of English make. One explanation of this is as follows:

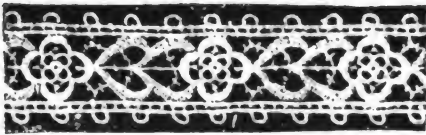
The English, such near neighbors of the Flemings, and having with them so many and important commercial dealings, were the first to appreciate this new departure in lace-making, and imported a vast quantity of it. But the enormous sums which were lavished on this article of pure luxury provoked, as in France, an enactment of sumptuary laws. In 1662 the English Parliament, startled at the large amounts paid to Flanders, passed an act prohibiting the importation of lace. The English manufacturers, frightened at losing the custom of the court of Charles II., then invited Flemish workwomen to come to England and organize the trade. But the attempt proved a failure. England could not produce thread of the necessary texture, and the lace made was therefore of inferior quality.

Disappointed in this endeavor, the merchants next adopted a more simple expedient. With the aid of aggregated capital they purchased all the lace of the first quality that could be found in the markets of Brussels, and then smuggled it into England, reselling it as "English point lace." An idea of the magnitude of this contraband commerce may be obtained when we read the account of a single seizure of a lace-smuggling vessel captured by the Marquis de Nesmond in 1678. The cargo was composed of 744,953 aunes (the aune being 27 inches) of lace, not counting handkerchiefs, collars, fichus, aprons, etc.

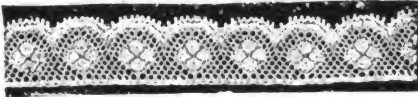
Another explanation, and perhaps a more logical one, is that the English were the first to invent the "*dentelle à réseaux*"; but being unable to find in England a sufficiency of workers, sent their orders to Belgium, where there was no lack of skilled hands, and were by this means enabled to meet all demands for "English point."

We see, then, that Belgium, seconded by English gold, began to supply the world with lace, giving to her productions a distinctive character which has never been lost. After the death of Louis XV. of France the manufacture of needle lace seems to have died away to give place to the Flemish pillow lace. We may say, then, that the eighteenth century witnessed

the zenith of the art of the bobbin, while the seventeenth must be looked upon as the apogee of the needle. At the end of the eighteenth century pillow lace began to assume a distinct idiosyncrasy, so to speak, of its own. Instead of being, as heretofore, a sort of copy of needle lace, patterns were designed specially appropriate to its nature. The series was commenced of the beautiful fabrics known as Valenciennes, Malines, English, Chantilly, Blonde, etc., each worked on its own lines and forming a separate type. This classification is, of course, incomplete. The limits of this article do not permit the de-



Venetian Point.



Valenciennes.



Malines.



Malines Fine.



Rose Point Gimpure.

scription of the numerous variety of types which are now produced. A short definition of those mentioned would, perhaps, be not out of place.

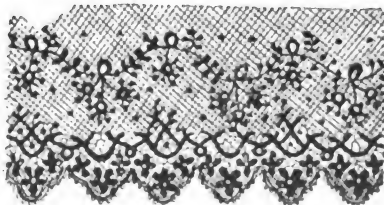
Let us begin with Valenciennes. This lace did not receive its definitive appellation until the eighteenth century. In the time of Colbert the centre of this industry was at Quesnoy. But the Flemish artists were always in the forefront, and to them must be attributed the many beautiful modifications which have from time to time been introduced into the original method. For example, the flowers of the design became by degrees less approximate to each other, the between spaces being at first filled up with small clusters, to which the name of snowfalls was given. After many experimental endeavors to

find the perfect background, the classic "réseau," or net, to which Valenciennes attached her name, became a square stitch very regular, of an extreme transparence, but very strong. In this lace both design and background are worked at the same time and with the same thread. No outlining cord accompanies the design, and this absence of relief much facilitates the working of it. Valenciennes bears the process of ironing better than any other kind, and perhaps it is for this precious quality that it is so much in request for the adornment of under linen. It takes its name from the town of Valenciennes, where much was formerly made, though none is made there nowadays. It is in Belgium that it is manufactured at the present time. Most of the convents for the education of the poor teach the art of making this much-sought fabric. Along the line which extends through Poperingho, Courtrai, and Gand the commerce of this sort of lace is most active, the finest being made at Ypres.

Malines is a very delicate lace, whereof the filling-in or background is a stitch finer and lighter than that of Valenciennes. Also the pattern itself is outlined and accentuated by a thread. It is the most supple of all lace. After many trials to find a suitable background, a small round stitch, very fine, has been adopted, which is certainly the prettiest of all the stitches made with the bobbin. The centre of the production of Malines lace has always been the country between the towns of Malines, Antwerp, and Louvain.

The lace of Lisle and Arras is of the same order, but much commoner; the thread employed being thicker, and the stitch less beautifully formed. The method of working, however, is the same.

Chantilly is not properly speaking a Belgian lace, but it is so well known that a word about it will not be out of place. At first it was nothing more than a copy, and a very poor copy, of the Malines and Valenciennes of that time. But later the town of Chantilly acquired a great reputation for its *specialité* of black lace. One sees in the old Chantilly, whether white or black, a great number of designs portraying vases and baskets of flowers, the same class of subject appearing frequently in the pottery ware of the same town.



BLACK APPLIQUÉ.

The material employed in its manufacture was a silk thread called "grenadine d'Alair." The twisted fibres of this lose in the twisting some of their shininess, and for this reason many people erroneously believe that the lace is made of black linen thread. The net of Chantilly is formed of a series of lozenges, crossed above and below with a horizontal thread. This lace is naturally not so effective for the purposes of the toilette as the white. It has not what the French would call the same "éclat joyeux." Yet it suits ladies of a certain age, especially in the matter of shawls and scarfs, and for the trimming of mantles, etc.

In Belgium black lace is made in the towns of Grammont and Enghien, but it is easily distinguished from that made in France, the workmanship being far less artistic.

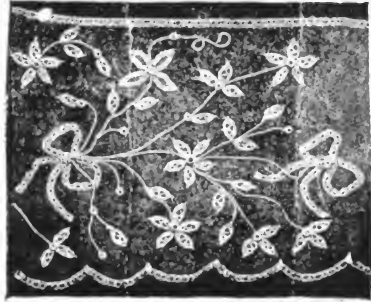
Blonde.—Certain classes of pillow lace, instead of taking their name from the town or country where they originated, are distinguished by the material whereof they are composed. Such is the blonde, a type which must not be entirely omitted. Blonde lace was at first made in silk of a pale straw color—the tint that is known as "écru"—and it takes its name from its color. In the making of it two different threads are used, one fine, for the net background, and one thicker, very little twisted, something like floss silk, for the flowers. The unfortunate Marie Antoinette had a special taste for this lace, the proof of this appearing on almost every page of the books of Mme. Eloffé, her modiste. The designs she affected were of somewhat thin quality, but we must note the fact that the period when she made use of this type of lace was towards the end of her reign, in the years of her trouble.

The blonde is oftenest made in the Spanish fashion; that is to say, with a large and heavy design, having much open space in the background, so that it stands out well; this being most effective for large draped pieces such as the mantilla.

Application.—When the net background became firmly established it was made, as we have seen, with fine stitches falling away from the pattern. But after awhile it was found to work more satisfactorily and cheaper to have the design made in detached pieces by one worker, and the background by another. The flowers were then "appliquées" upon the net. Hence to a certain quality of lace, made in this way, the name of "application," or "appliqué," has been given. This quickly developed itself in a surprising way; it was so easy to work, and so rapidly made; and as the finest of linen thread was used for the net, it was beautifully soft and supple. The

thread, too, of which it was made, being unbleached, gave to the lace a delicate cream color which was much prized ; so much so that when, after various washings, the lace became whitened, it was, and is, the custom to dip it in an infusion of tea or coffee to bring back the desired color.

A great deal of this lace was made in England, but a far greater quantity in Belgium, though, whether made in Belgium or in England, it was all sold under the name of "application d'Angleterre." A few connoisseurs, wishing to show that they were not taken in by this confusion, but were "up to the ropes," used to speak of so many "aunes of Flemish English"; but this ridiculous formula soon died out, and the



APPLIQUÉ.

lace is properly known under the simple name of "application d'Angleterre," or "English point." In proof of this we have a letter, written in 1638, by the Duc de Luynes, in which he says: "Aujourd'hui Mme. de Luynes s'est fait apporter les fournitures qu'elle avait choisies pour la reine et qui regardent les dames d'honneur. Elles consistent en couvre-pieds garnis de *point d'Angleterre* pour le grand lit, et en taies d'oreillers ornées de la même dentelle. Cette fourniture coûte *trente mille livres*, quoique Mme. de Luynes n'ait pas fait renouveler les plus beaux couvre-pieds de la reine."

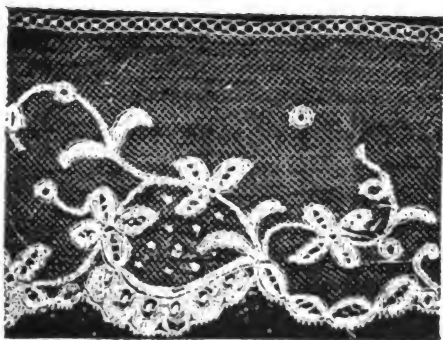
It seems to have been the custom for the bed furniture to be renewed each year, and for the lady of the bed-chamber to inherit the old, by way of perquisites. In spending only thirty thousand francs, then, Mme. de Luynes showed proof of more economy and discretion than some of her predecessors.

At length we come to the most modern production, the "application de Bruxelles." About 1830 the invention of machine-made "tulle" gave a new direction to the lace industry. And as the price of the lace is much diminished by the substitution of tulle for the true hand-made "*réseau*," or net, enormous quantities are made and sold of these applications de Bruxelles, a name which, rightly understood, means simply "application" upon "tulle de Bruxelles."

This simplification, and the consequent diminution of price, favor the production of much larger pieces, such as one would never have dared to conceive previously, owing to the enor-

mous cost of such fabrics; for example, the large shawls and bridal veils. Of course the tulle has but little of the charm of the real "réseau." Too often the stiffening employed in its manufacture destroys all its suppleness. And though the stiffening can in a great measure be taken out, nevertheless the fact remains that both design and tulle are made of *cotton*, which has none of the beauty of the true thread of the *lin*. Lucky, too, if the tulle is not charged with white lead, a dangerous and useless addition, as bad for the health of the lace-workers as for the preservation of the lace.

Among the many sorts of lace—one might almost say, families of lace—it is interesting to remark how all of each type vary among themselves and form the purest stock, much as the members of a large family vary in their resemblance to



BRUSSELS APPLIQUE.

themselves and their parents, and yet never so far overstep the boundaries as to be mistaken for members of another family. It is almost as if the makers of one type of lace were members of the same family, and saturated the work of their hands with their respective personalities.

Take Valenciennes as an example. It is made along the whole of the Belgian frontier. Well, in each village between Boillant and Ypres, then between Ypres and Courtrai, etc., a difference of execution is very perceptible. Yet all the different variations belong to the same family, and can hardly be mistaken for any other. This is very curious, and opens out a wide field for speculation to those who are inclined for analysis.

About machine-made lace I have nothing to say. God forbid that we should despise the extraordinary progress in mechanics that the present century has witnessed, of which we may be justly proud. But can any one believe that the machine will ever supersede the hand? For the sake of Art we must hope not. If the industry of lace-making were destroyed by the insistent rapacity of the machine, the loss to art would be irreparable. Let the machine be ever so intricate and capable, there is in the nature of its constitution a certain something which is antagonistic to artistic production. The most beauti-

ful designs may be executed, the work turned out may be so marvellous as to defy detection even when placed side by side with the original; but it is mechanism; it is not art. Art is never present when Truth is absent, or when mere calculation takes the place of inspiration. The human brain must guide the working hand, or the result will be valueless.

Of course there is the matter of cheapness to be considered. But as regards that I cannot do better than quote in conclusion the words used by M. Didron in his report on the decorative arts of the Exhibition of 1878: "*Le bon marché n'est jamais recommandable quand il s'agit d'objets qui ne sont pas de première nécessité: il abaisse le niveau artistique. La dentelle perdra la meilleure part de son intérêt, le jour où elle cessera d'être précieux at relativement rare.*"

PRAYER.

BY J. O. AUSTIN.



MAY I not trust, by gracious bonds of prayer,
Our souls are linked in such a wondrous wise,
That no poor plea of mine, alone, need rise
Before God's throne to sue for pardon there;
That to award me stripes He will forbear,
Moved by some spotless saint's redeeming sighs,
By little fingers clasped and love-deep eyes
And baby-lips imploring Him somewhere;
That in the midnight, even while I sleep,
The trembling worship of the starry sky
And murmured praises of the heaving deep
Accord with some dim cloister's vigil-cry
Of chanted orisons that upward sweep
To intercede with Him for such as I?

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN JAPAN.

FRANCIS PENMAN (*Japan*).

"The *Japan Advertiser* has it upon the best of authority that one of the American Mission Boards is next month to withdraw from Japan its only remaining representative, and is to leave its work henceforward entirely in the hands of the Japanese, who have become interested in it. 'The latter (says our contemporary) are to have the use of the buildings and property (of no inconsiderable value), and some pecuniary aid will continue to be granted them, but the work itself will be practically free from foreign guidance.'"



HIS extract shows clearly the failure of Protestant Christianity in this country, for it is failure and not large-hearted trust in the Japanese Protestant that has caused this retreat. There are at present independent Protestant churches in Japan, but, in the first place, their Christianity has become so vague that it can hardly be called Christianity at all; and in the second place, they are not making headway. A Japanese journalist, who relates his experiences in the columns of the *Kirisuto tokyo Shimbun*, says that he examined the roll of one of these churches some time ago and found that out of a total membership of 323 no less than 86 persons were marked absent. He was informed that out of the remainder 123 persons were Christian only in name, so that the work of the church had to be carried on by a little over 100 converts; and even out of these the average attendance at church meetings did not exceed 77. And the last report of the *Kumiai* (Independent Japanese churches—Protestant, of course) shows that the number of self-supporting churches has fallen from 40 to 34, and, if the truth must be told, there are not more than 24 or 25 of these that are self-supporting in reality.

Not only are the "Independent" churches thus going backward in point of numbers, they are, as I have just hinted, going woefully backward in regard to doctrine as well. I shall give a concrete example of what I mean. The Doshisha is a fine educational institution established by a Japanese Protestant who was, I believe, a sincere and able Christian. It was run for a number of years as a religious establishment in con-

nection with the American Mission Board, and of course the trustees were all Christians of good standing, and generally clergymen. For some time they *were* Christians, but changes—mental and otherwise—occur rapidly in Japan, and only last year they had progressed so far towards Agnosticism that a breach with the American Mission Board occurred. I visited personally some of the leaders of the movement, and they told me that they certainly did not believe in the divinity of Christ; in fact, I failed to discover any one point of Christian belief that they did believe in. And I do not blame them; for it was evident to me that they were logically right, and acted in good faith on the principle of private interpretation. Ten years ago Protestantism had a very good outlook in Japan, and many highly educated Japanese embraced it. But it took the “advanced thinkers” among the converts only a year or two to out-Spencer Spencer, and to-day the vernacular Protestantism of Japan is getting on as best it can without any burning or shining light whatsoever. The burning and shining lights—in other words, the leading native ecclesiastics—became all of them “philosophers,” and, while still professing to be Christians, attempted to call in German and other materialism to their aid. The English and American missionary bodies to which they belonged naturally objected. The American Episcopal Church of Japan fell foul of Dr. Sugiura, a Japanese minister (who has had, by the way, the advantage of an excellent American education), who denied the miraculous birth of Christ. Many of the leading Japanese clergymen resigned; and, in another direction, the organ of the Lutheran Church in Japan, a magazine which maintained that the Bible is a Revelation, was discontinued because “no suitable editor could be found who was prepared to defend such a theory.” The result of the whole affair was that a very bad impression indeed was made on the average educated, inquisitive, and unprejudiced Japanese. He could not help seeing, in the first place, that the Bible, with nobody to explain it authoritatively, was exactly in the same position as the ancient Shinto records, the *Kojiki* and the *Nihonki*. Such a Japanese, writing in one of the Tokyo magazines, spoke candidly as follows:

“Can it be said that our Christian philosophy has been any more successful than our preaching of morality? I trow not. After attempting to call in German materialism to the aid of Christianity with poor results, our philosophers fell

back on the ultra-idealism of Brahmanism and Buddhism, with the outcome that they have gradually explained away the personality of the Christian God, reducing him to a mere controlling force, or to a fixed law called *Temmei*. What possibility is there of building a system of morality on belief in the existency of such an entity as this? . . . If we ask what amount of real faith in Christianity there exists in this country, the answer must be discouraging. Christians dispute about opinions and discuss this doctrine and that, but beneath it all, it seems to me, there is little real belief. Christianity in coming to us has had the advantage of being associated with a system of civilization whose merits are acknowledged. It has been represented as part and parcel of that civilization, and hence has in the past received a certain amount of prestige that it is no longer likely to retain. The feeling of the nation in reference to the various elements composing what is called Western civilization has changed, and hence Christianity is no longer likely to be regarded as an inseparable part of that civilization. If things proceed thus, in thirty years Christianity in Japan will be effaced."

To this I may add the words of the most careful student of religious movements in this country:

"There are few churches in Japan," says this authority, "that are not invaded by heresy and scepticism, and it would seem that before many decades are past there will be materials enough in this country to satisfy the mind of a Mosheim, should the world produce another such patient chronicler of the endless vagaries of theological speculation."

The slow progress of Christianity of all kinds in the "Meiji" era is in striking and melancholy contrast indeed to the leaps and bounds by which Catholicity, as introduced by St. Francis Xavier, advanced towards the end of the sixteenth century. In the latter instance 150,000 Japanese converts were made and 200 churches erected within the space of thirty years, and the number of Christians afterwards reached 600,000—a number which considerably exceeds that of the Japanese (110,000 converts) who have joined all the Christian and so-called Christian denominations during the "Meiji" era. A Catholic is sometimes inclined to wonder why Catholicity, which made such amazing progress in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, can hardly hold its own with Protestantism in the nineteenth. The explanation of the phenomenon is, however, easy. The

multitude of sects that call themselves Christian, and that are all striving for the mastery in Japan, do infinite harm to one another, and in this way Catholicity suffers from, say, the mouthing of some illiterate gospel-monger who, acknowledged by no church, is one of those unauthorized "shepherds" whom the principle of private interpretation turns loose on the world. I have before me as I write the translation of an article on Christianity in Japan, which has appeared in the *Sekai-no-Nihon*, and which has been evidently written by a man who got his ideas of Christianity from faddists who placed smoking and fornication in the same category. The writer's sympathies are evidently altogether Christian, but, though intelligent, he does not apparently know what Christianity means. "Our Christianity," says he, "figures only in condemning certain practices such as smoking, drinking, improper intercourse with women, and such things!" And that is the idea of Christianity that an unusually intelligent Japanese has gained after Bible societies have been so long at work in the country. The fact is, that the loud, vulgar, uneducated, ostentatious Christianity, that is not Christianity at all, has caused the true form of Christianity to be to a large extent overlooked or forgotten by the people. The "Fukuin-Domei-kai" organized, for example, a series of meetings of Protestant Christians last year, and at one of these a speaker spent all his time talking of the connection between Christianity and the loss of empire. And he showed thereby that he knew to whom he was talking, for the great bulk of the Japanese Christians have only embraced Christianity because of a vague idea that it is connected with empire. At another meeting of the same kind a Mr. Matsumara Kaiseki said that unless the Japanese accepted Christianity they were, "as a nation," in danger of destruction. He did not speak to them of their individual souls, of humility, of charity, of their future being elsewhere than in this world. He tried, instead, to bully them into accepting Christianity by practically threatening them with defeat by Russia! Imagine St. Peter trying to convert the Romans by threatening them with the loss of their empire and the passing away of their power!

Among the Catholics I am happy to say that there has been no schism of this kind, and that they are working and advancing quietly and earnestly. The following are the latest statistics (they have not yet been published) on their position:

STATISTICS OF THE CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN JAPAN UP TO AUGUST 1, 1899.

Archbishop,	1	Pupils in boarding-schools for	
Bishops,	3	girls,	259
Missionaries (foreign),	108	Primary schools,	37
Priests (Japanese),	30	Pupils in primary schools	
Catechists for the pagans, . . .	130	(boys),	1,239
“ “ “ Christians,	150	Pupils in primary schools	
Marianite teachers (foreign), . .	36	(girls),	2,630
“ “ (Japanese),	2	Children in kindergarten, . .	50
“ novices	3	Orphanages,	17
Cistercian monks (foreign), . .	23	Inmates of orphanages, . . .	1,475
Sisters (teachers) foreign, . .	114	Industrial schools,	22
“ “ Japanese,	12	Pupils in industrial schools	
Novices,	29	(boys),	133
Sisters, leper nurses,	5	Pupils in industrial schools	
Stations and districts,	83	(girls),	234
Congregations,	251	Dispensaries,	14
Churches and chapels,	116	Leper hospitals,	2
Temporary chapels,	90	Inmates of leper hospitals, . .	109
Seminaries for clergy,	2	Hospital for aged,	1
Pupils in seminaries for clergy, .	10	Inmates of hospital for aged, .	35
“ “ “ “ laity,	40	Hospitals for the poor,	2
Student catechists,	8	Inmates of hospitals for the poor,	83
Colleges for boys,	2	<i>Baptisms.</i>	
Pupils in colleges for boys, . .	313	Adults baptized,	2,022
Boarding-schools for girls, . .	3	Infants “	1,600
Total number of Catholics, . . .		53,924	

The Rev. Mr. Loomis's report for the year 1898 gives the total number of Protestants in Japan at 40,981; there being 37 different Protestant sects, including the most *outré*.

Bishop Nicolai is very hopeful of the prospects of the Greek Church in Japan, and says that year by year 1,000 fresh names are added to the roll of his converts. Two years ago the number reached 953. The total number of adherents is now 24,944; the ordained ministers, 33; the evangelists, 39; the assistant evangelists, 55; the divinity students, 32. But, in spite of Bishop Nicolai's great qualities as a missionary, it is much to be feared that a religion which recognizes the Czar of Russia as its head has no chance of making any real headway in this country.

Whatever be the ultimate fate of Japan, from a religious point of view, there can be no doubt but that to the earnest and intelligent missionary it is the most interesting country in the world. Social reformers may prove to their own satisfac-

tion that New York and London need missionaries more than Tokyo, but that will not prevent Tokyo from remaining the attraction for many foreign missionary bodies for a long time to come. The Japanese have indeed exercised a strange fascination on missionaries ever since the time of St. Francis. "I am old and worn before my time," said that great saint, writing from Japan; "but I have one consolation, and that is to labor among a people that are really solicitous about their salvation."

The terrible persecutions which the Japanese Catholics underwent until recently, and the astounding fact that they survived them all, and that there are to-day in the neighborhood of Nagasaki numerous communities of native Christians, who have inherited the faith that was given to their fathers by Xavier, are strong proofs that the great Spanish Jesuit did not judge his converts wrong. Even Japanese Buddhists are not devoid of deep religious feelings, for when the great Hongwanji at Kioto was burned again and again, there was no difficulty in collecting ten million yen (\$5,000,000 gold) wherewith to erect a new building.

On the other hand, there is a considerable amount of self-sufficiency and complacency about the Japanese character which sometimes repels one, and oftener makes one laugh. Men who have had a hopelessly poor elementary education will think nothing of tackling botany, the Greek and Latin languages, physiology, architecture, practical engineering, and half a dozen subjects at once. I once met a young school-master who was writing at the same time histories of Greece and Rome, and who was in a hurry to finish them too, that he might have a chance of celebrating the natural charms of his country in deathless *English* verse. No ambitious Japanese of education would be content for one moment with the glory of Shakspeare alone; he must needs be Shakspeare, Darwin, Mommsen, and a few other celebrities all rolled into one—or else nothing. In the pre-Meiji days the young Japanese was kept to some extent in his place by the code of honor and morals known as "Bushido," but now there is nothing but materialism, and the Japanese character has in consequence deteriorated sadly. The greed for money which is so unpleasant a feature in modern Japan, and which has considerably decreased the annual influx of globe-trotters and tourists, is to be found in every rank of society—in the swindling innkeeper, who charges his foreign visitor fifty per cent. too much, as

well as in the business man in the mad fits of speculation that attack him. The Japanese school-boy, who has really so much—so very much—of promise in him, is becoming more and more demoralized, unruly, and, I fear, vicious every day. The Japanese youth who has been educated in America, England, or Germany comes home with a good education perhaps, but without the exquisite manners he left home with, and without having acquired the manners of the educated foreigner to supply that loss. The late Dr. Toyama, one of the greatest educationists in Japan and an M.A. of Michigan University, said recently, although not himself a Christian:

“We are conscious that the almost total extinction of the old spirit of chivalry is most detrimental to our highest interests and our progress. We cannot get on without a substitute for what has been effaced by the march of events (*i. e.*, the moral code already referred to). I have great hopes in Christianity as a creed that is suitable to the situation in which we find ourselves. Japan is at present in a very corrupt state; the merchant class are corrupt; the nobility are corrupt. We have no great reformer among us: no Xavier, no Savonarola, no Wesley, no Manning, no Newman.”

And I may here remark that it is a strange fact indeed that many of the leading thinkers in Japan—men like Marquis Ito, Mr. Fukuzawa, Dr. Kato, and Drs. Inone, Motora, and Nakajima—recognize the good Christianity would do the people, though they never seem to imagine that it would do themselves any good. The great publicist that I have just quoted seemed, for example, to tremble for years on the brink of Christianity, but he died the other day—died, and made no sign. His case is that of a large number of other distinguished men in Japan.

Apart from this, however, the Japanese deserve credit for their frankness in regard to religious matters. They do not possess that quality which is possessed to such a large extent by the average Anglo-Saxon mind—of letting their minds remain in a state of suspense in regard to religious matters. I have already shown how they followed the “free” principles of Protestants to their logical termination, and found them wanting. In all directions of religious activity they manifested the same frankness and honesty. One of the leaders of the Agnostic movement which carried so many out of the Protestant church in this country during the last few years assured me that numbers of his colleagues had told him that if they

would ever return to Christianity it would be to the Catholic form of it, so that they might have rest for their souls. I was speaking, however, of the honesty of the educated Japanese in discussing religion—an honesty which is refreshing after the grovelling sycophancy one finds in the average Indian convert, who, when asked what religion he is, replies, as a rule, "Same religion as master"! Dr. Takakusu, who is peculiarly qualified to express an opinion on religious topics, having undergone a special training at Oxford under Professor Max Müller and attained such proficiency that to him was committed the task of translating certain portions of the Buddhist scriptures into English, says, speaking of a branch of the Protestant Church as it appeared to him in Japan, that it is "more like a club than a church." Modern Japanese thinkers have hitherto paid next to no attention to Catholicity, because of their being attracted altogether by the theories and systems that were prevalent in the Protestant countries where they were educated.

What will be the final outcome of all this no one can tell. The Japanese "thinker" may become captivated by Catholicity, but before he does so he will have to shed a good deal of vanity and self-sufficiency. Or a movement may arise among the peasantry, who are the backbone of Japan—a movement which will Christianize the country. Only God can tell.

BEAUTY.

A HARBOR-LIGHT along the shore
Of Earth's abysmal vice,
To lead the wanderer within
The port of Paradise.

FATHER TOM'S WEDDING-GIFT.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.



ON a Saturday afternoon in the priest's house at Farview, a colliery town of eastern Pennsylvania, Nora Sullivan, the pastor's niece, sat in her room rereading a bundle of love-letters. On the writing-desk before her was a statuette of the Madonna of Lourdes, and resting against this image was a photograph of a young man, Walter Garvey, the mine-foreman of Number Six Shaft. As the girl read, now and then a smile of pleasure would deepen the flush in her brown cheeks, and once she bent down and shyly kissed the photograph. As she did so the petals of a red rose she had fastened in her hair fell about the feet of the Madonna. Then the girl held the portrait beside the little statue, and gazed long at both, while her lips moved as if she were praying.

Presently the spring-bell on the street door clanged, and a minute later the fat housekeeper came puffing up the stairs. Nora quickly locked the letters and the photograph in the desk.

"Miss Sullivan," said the housekeeper, "the Widdy Ryan is in th' office ablow, an' she sez she wants to see ye a minute. I dunno fwhat she's afther; thim Tips doesn't think anythin' o' 'botherin' their betthers." The housekeeper was a Mayo woman herself, and Tipperary folk were little more in her sight than "Fahr Downs," at the mention of whom she always crossed herself.

As Nora entered the office, Mrs. Ryan was giving a final smoothing pat to the unruly red hair above her thin, freckled face. The woman smiled fawningly, and began to speak in a high, unnatural voice that was intended for elegance befitting the presence of "the priest's niece."

"Miss Sullivan," said the visitor, "I kem in to ax ye to help a poor widdy woman; me son Mike an' Jimmie Ahern was dischahrged frum Number Six be the foreman, Misther Gahrvey." Her voice now grew earnest and natural. "Mike is the on'y wan I has in the wurruld to bring in a pinny to me, an' I'll stahrve—God betune huz an' harrum!—if he has'n't

the work. Won't ye, fur the love o' the Blessed Mother, ax Misther Gahrvey to give 'im back his job?"

Nora blushed at the mention of Garvey's name; she felt embarrassed when she thought of the possible motives for seeking her aid Mrs. Ryan might have.

"I'll talk to Father Sullivan about the case," said the girl hurriedly, "and I'm sure he'll speak to Mr. Garvey for you." Then she dismissed Mrs. Ryan.

During the afternoon old Father Tom Sullivan had been hearing confessions in the church. When he came in to his supper, after the Angelus bell rang, Nora told him of Mrs. Ryan's request; and as he was smoking on the porch before going back to the confessional, Walter Garvey happened to come along the street in a buggy. The priest called him in and asked him to take back Ryan.

"Why, father," said Garvey, "I can't do anything with that fellow. He and Ahern belong to those cutthroat 'Mollie Maguires.' Besides, I caught them smoking in an old breast that's often full of fire-damp."

"God save us!" cried Father Tom in horror. "Smokin' in an old breast where there's fire-damp; and the mine full of fahthers of families! Why did n't you break their nicks, the villains?"

"I nearly did," Garvey answered with a quiet smile. "At least, I jarred Ryan pretty severely. Ahern ran away as soon as he saw me."

The young foreman had tied his horse before the gate, and he came to sit on the porch with Father Tom, who dropped the Ryan question. Nora came out, and after a few minutes the priest left the young man with her and went back to the church to hear confessions again.

It had grown dark, and when Father Tom entered the confessional he lit a lamp and read Compline while a penitent waited patiently in each side compartment of the "box." When he closed his breviary and slid open the door over a lattice on the side of the middle box, there was a shuffling of feet without as the two lines of men and women moved up and knelt on the floor closer to the confessional.

A woman left the grill, and a slate-picker, "a cracker-boy," with coal-dust rings about his eyes, tried to sneak in ahead of his turn. The youngster was promptly seized by a crone who knelt, crouched on her heels, in the line, and she fiercely whispered:

"Yarra, have ye no manners a' tall, a' tall? Go back there fwhere ye belong, bað cess to ye, or I'll ate ye, ye young limb o' the divil! Ah thin, God forgive me fur talkin' this way, an' me in the church!"

The lad retired crestfallen, and the old woman was beginning her rosary again in sighing, half-audible Gaelic when Father Tom pushed aside the curtain before him and leaned out. He cried wrathfully:

"Will ye hold your tongues! Don't ye know where ye ahre?"

A deep, awed silence followed the priest's rebuke, and the whispering within the confessional began once more.

When the confessor next shifted to an alternate door and had given the customary blessing without looking at the penitent, a man's voice, troubled and cautious, came through the grating:

"Father, I want to talk about somethin' very impor'ant."

Father Tom looked through the lattice and he saw Ahern, that Garvey had spoken of. The miner's face was pallid, and the sweat hung in blobs on his forehead under a shock of hair stained yellow by the 'oil of a leaky hat-lamp. A shadow of the lattice-bars crossed under his scared, watery eyes, and half hid a blue tattooing of scars made by falling coal. He shivered continually, and kept moistening his lips and swallowing nervously.

"Ye have something important to tell me, have ye?" said Father Tom. "Well, Jimmie Ahern, I have something important to tell you, too: I hear you joined the Mollies lately, and sorra the bit o' absolution you'll get from me till you promise to leave them; an' that's flat."

Ahern's blunt nails scratched the wood as he grasped the lattice and whined in fear:

"I dassent leave them, father; an' I'm afeared they'll kill me anyhow."

"Kill ye! Arrah, why? What did ye do?" asked Father Tom.

"It ain't what I done—it's what I ain't got sand enough to do, they'll kill me fur. Ye see, sir, me an'—an'—well, this is tol' in confession an' ye can't give it away to nobody—me an' me butty was fired out o' our job be the foreman fur smokin' in an' ol' drift where the's fire-damp. When he kem on huz suddin I got away, but he jolted me butty on the jaw bad fur riskin' the lives o' the other min, he sez."

Ahern now whispering quickly and evenly :

"Me an' me buttty belongs to the Mollies, an' at the nixt meetin' after we got the sack we tol' our Body-Master how we was trun out. He an' the other fellehs sez to huz, 'The order's got to make a' nexample o' that foreman.' Thin they voted to shoot the foreman.

"We chucked dice to find who'd do the job, an' me an' me buttty got stuck. I think thim dice was loaded, but we could n't crawl out o' it."

Ahern paused a moment ; he crouched nearer the grating, and now, weeping like a scared child, he whispered :

"What'll I do? What'll I do? I'm afeared to kill 'im, an' I'm afeared not to kill 'im. Fur four nights now as soon as I close me eyes whin I'm sober I seen his head wid a big red hole in the forehead of it, till I'm half crazy. What'll I do, father?"

"That's an aisy question, you *omaduan*—ye'll do nothing a' tall! That's what ye'll do," cried Father Tom roughly. Then he added kindly :

"Thank God, Jimmie *avic*, ye stopped before it was too late."

"That's the wors' of it," said Ahern ; "me buttty ain't stoppin'. He's down the road this minute waitin' fur the man we was told to shoot. Mike—I may as well tell ye the hull business—Mike Ryan an' me was to shoot Walter Garvey. We seen 'im gettin' out o' his buggy an' goin' into yer house this evenin', an' Mike, he sez to me, 'We'll do 'im to-night. I'll go down,' sez he, 'to the bushes near his house, an' you go roun' be the back road behin' Number Six culm-dump, so we won't be seen together. We'll get 'im at the gate o' his yard, whin he's op'nin' it to let in his horse to the barn.'

"I sez to him, 'Mike, mebbe we'd get the wrong man in the dark.'

"'How kin we?' sez he. 'Who'd be puttin' a horse t'rough his gate to-night but himsel'? Don't we see him out himsel' with the horse?' Thin Mike started down the road an' lef' me.

"Whin I seen I was up against the thing I got scared white, an' I jus' had to talk to some one about it."

Father Tom was now alarmed. He said :

"Of course you'll give me leave to act outside the confessional to prevint this murder."

Ahern startled the priest by flatly refusing to give any such permission :

"Father, I dassent—they 'd folly me to hell to kill me if I did."

"But, Jimmie, Mr. Gahrvey an' I will see that you ahre protected. We'll pay your expinses if you want to go away from the town. You ahren't scoundhrel enough to let the man be murdered because you yourself 'd run a little risk, ahre ye?"

The miner repeated in abject terror:

"I can't an' I won't let ye give it away, father; they 'd cut the heart out o' me inside a week."

"Thin why did ye come to confession a' tall?" urged Father Tom argumentatively. "It 'll do ye no good; I can't give ye absolution if ye ahre to let this murder happen."

"It ain't absolootion I want," whispered Ahern, gasping. "I jus' had to talk to some one, an' this is the on'y way I could talk."

"Do you mean to say you 'll shut my mouth here, and let the man go to his death? *Arrah*, don't do that, Jimmie," pleaded the old priest.

All through a bitter half-hour Father Tom struggled with the coward for the life of Garvey. Promises, tears, spiritual threats, could not overcome Ahern's terror. It never occurred to the priest even as a temptation to break the seal of this rascal's confession, and Ahern, with his Irish religious experience, had not the slightest fear that the priest would divulge the confession no matter what happened.

Father Tom finally bowed his head to think out some new argument to bring against the miner's fear; but Ahern, now eager to escape the priest's importunity, suddenly arose, slipped out of the confessional, and hurriedly left the church. The old man's wrinkled face was gray and drawn as he sat there in the narrow confessional with his chin upon his breast. His utter inability to save the young foreman's life made him physically sick.

He presently left the confessional, and mechanically dismissed the few penitents remaining:

"Let ye come before Mass to-morrow, an' I 'll hear ye. I can hear no more confessions to-night."

The shock of Ahern's story was so deep that Father Tom did not yet think of prayer. He went out of the church unsteadily with the vague intention of seeing whether Garvey was still seated upon the rectory porch.

Garvey's horse stood patiently at the gate, and Garvey

himself was upon the porch with Nora. The girl was laughing merrily at some remark the young man had made as Father Tom passed into the house silently. The priest was afraid to speak to Garvey, and the old man pretended he did not see the visitor.

Nora was alarmed at what she deemed an expression of dislike for Garvey. She asked the young man: "I wonder if he suspects we're—we're engaged?"

He answered: "I don't think so, but I intend to tell him to-night."

About a quarter of an hour later, at Garvey's request, Nora went up to Father Tom's study to ask him to come down to the porch.

When she reached her uncle's room the door was wide open, and Father Tom was kneeling upon the floor, his side-face toward her; but he was unconscious of her presence. He was gazing toward a large iron crucifix on the wall; his face was ghastly, his mouth was open, and his clasped hands were shaking violently. He was muttering:

"By your agony in the Gahrdin, save 'im! By your three hours on the Cross, save 'im!"

Nora ran over to him, flung herself upon her knees beside him, and instinctively put her arms about him to protect him from some unseen danger, as if the old man were a mere child.

"Uncle, uncle, what's the matter?"

He started violently as he became conscious of her presence.

"Eh, eh? Girleen, what ahre ye doin' here?" he asked, dazed.

"Uncle, your face;—I—I thought you were dying."

He arose and sat down wearily. He smiled feebly—then he suddenly affected anger.

"Well, well! can't a man say his prayers without havin' all the women in the house keenin' over 'im?"

He had never spoken a cross word to her before, and now she instantly understood that he was merely evading an explanation of his condition. She affected to forget the scene just past, and she said:

"Uncle, Mr. Garvey wants to see you on the porch."

"Gahrvey!" cried Father Tom, with an excitement that sounded to Nora like real anger. The old priest stood up.

"I can't see Mr. Gahrvey to-night;—I—I must look over my sermon for to-morrow."

"But, uncle, it won't take long—it's important, too."

"I tell you, girl, I can't see him—that's all."

"Yes; but, uncle dear"—she went over to him and took his arm with a coaxing, blushing smile—"Walter wants to talk to you about—me. We're en—engaged, and—"

"Great God! What? Engaged to Gahrvey!" cried Father Tom violently before he could command himself.

Nora started back and her face blanched.

"Yes, sir," she said quietly. "Why should I not? What objection have you to him?"

The old priest sat down and put his hands before his face. He stretched his hand out to her, without looking at her.

"Come here, little one," he said.

She knelt quickly at his knee and he drew her to him.

"There's nothing against Gahrvey, *asthore*—nothing at all. I'm just nervous to-night—something is botherin' me. Girleen, ye're all I have in the wurruld: mebbe that had something to do with my fussin'. Leave me now for awhile, an' I'll be down soon."

When she left the room he closed the door. He fell upon his knees again, and began his litany as before in front of the iron crucifix:

"Save the boy! (Nora, *mavournin*, 'tis a black night for you; God an' his blessed Mother help you!)—Save the boy! Christ the Son, by your Mother's sorrow, save the boy!"

Suddenly he started, and his pallid face changed as if he had found a way out of the darkness. He arose quickly and exchanged his soutane for a coat. He put his oil-stocks and ritual into his pocket, and he took up a silver crucifix from the table, kissed it, and put it also into his pocket. Then he made the sign of the cross, and immediately started downstairs.

When he came out on the porch Garvey arose. Father Tom's voice was steady and very gentle as he grasped the young man's hand and said:

"Walter, lad, Nora told me what ye want to say. I've known you since ye were born, and ye may have her; but take good care of her—she's a fine gerl—a fine gerl. Now we'll have no more words about the affair—not just this minute, at any rate. I have a sick-call to make, and as long as your horse is here I'll use him, with your leave. It'll not take long."

"Certainly, sir," Garvey said. "I—"

"Never mind now, Walter. Another time. God bless ye both." And Father Tom abruptly went out and drove off.

He started in the direction of Garvey's house. On the road he stopped at a miner's cabin where he had during the preceding day given the last sacraments to a boy that was fatally hurt by a fall of coal. The priest came out hurriedly after a few minutes, and drove on again toward Garvey's house. He passed the Number Six culm-dump, which had been burning for years, enkindled by a bolt of lightning. Blue flames flickered and glided along the glowing mass, and the black hill of coal-refuse rose up against the dim sky monstrously. The heat came out to the road, but the horse was accustomed to this burning mound, and Father Tom was unconscious of it. The pumping engine at the shaft gave long, slow sighs at regular intervals, and the carriage wheels crunched the culm road; beyond that the night was soundless.

At last the horse stopped before the gate of Garvey's garden. In the darkness Father Tom looked upward, and he made the sign of the cross once more. He then stepped out upon the road and began steadily to feel for the latch upon the gate.

At that instant from the bushes across the road a pistol-flame spouted, and the old man fell sideways heavily.

The horse leaped violently, overturned the buggy, and dashed down the road, tearing itself free.

Father Tom spoke as if he were sinking to sleep:

"Fahther, forgive—thim—they know—they know not—"

After a few moments, when all was still, and when the shock of fear had passed far enough to let her act, Garvey's mother went out to the gate, holding a lantern high with quaking, outstretched arm. Upon the coal-dust of the road, his left hand clutching the silver crucifix, his white face upturned and very still, she found Father Tom, dead.

She knelt down, and with a flood of tears she said:

"Thanks be to God an' his blessed Mother! I—I mane, it's sorry I am, Fahther Tom dear,—but I thought it was me own boy!"

A SCION OF OLD SPAIN.

BY EDITH MARTIN SMITH.



TELL you a story of something that will be in accord with this perfect moonlit evening? With all my heart; but what shall it be? As you say, this is not a fitting night for tales of adventure and hair-breadth escape; of death and danger and gruesome horrors, although I learned of all these latter in plenty during my wanderings through Arizona and New Mexico. It is a land of danger and mystery, this great, brooding South-west, with its pathless mountains and awful wastes of desert, where the sun glares on a naked soil and where the angry winds find not even a blade of grass with which to form a sound. Only the shadow of an occasional giant cactus diversifies these trackless plains, whose burning sands are forming continual shifting mounds over the graves of an unknown and unnumbered lost. But we will not dwell upon these tragedies; such narratives are better suited to winter nights when we sit around a cheerful fire and listen to the winds sougning and howling outside. This soft and gentle moon claims a kindred story; she is so generous in her glory, lending beauty to objects which would be commonplace, and ofttimes hideous, if viewed in the garish light of day, and her radiance to-night reminds me of those wonderful moonlit evenings in New Mexico where the atmosphere is so clear that the heavens display a grandeur never dreamed of in our Eastern skies. But what shall my story be?

Ah, I have it; I will tell you of Don Sisto! That is what we always called him, although he had such a string of names that the recital of them would be too great a tax upon your memories and mine; I never could recall more than six or eight of them at a time, and then not in their proper sequence. You see he was a grandee of pure Castilian descent, although his people had lived for three generations in the New World. He dropped a good deal of his ancestral dignity when he came to San Vincente to live, and his neighbors and acquaintances speedily curtailed the rest. Names do not count for much in the West; brevity is the most desirable feature, and

if your forefathers have handed down to you a surname of more than two syllables you will very likely awake some fine morning, before you have been many months a resident of the frontier, to find it considerably eliminated either by the local press or the leading citizens. This is where the Smiths, Joneses, and Browns have the advantage; they are permitted to retain their baptismal appellations unmul-tilated for life—unless they should find it convenient to adopt an alias.



DON SISTO.

But Don Sisto? Never shall I forget him! He was the grandest specimen of manhood that I have ever looked upon. Tall, of magnificent physique, and just the proper weight for a man of his years, he must have been nearly sixty when I first met him. I like a certain amount of avoirdupois in people who have passed middle life; otherwise, like Cassius, they are apt to have "a lean and hungry look" that breeds suspicion.

He wore a long, iron-gray beard, and his thick, wavy hair was also plentifully sprinkled with gray, but it was the man's air of nobility and proud distinction that won my heart. After I learned his history he seemed to me like some magnificent bronze statue of a defiant god writhing under a punishment of which he would give no sign. Not that there was anything rebellious in the soul of Don Sisto; on the contrary, a more devout and edifying Catholic I have never known. It was on a festival day in the quaint old Mexican church that I first saw him, the feast of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, who is

patroness of at least half the Mexican faithful, and whose *fiesta*, in consequence, is celebrated with a pomp that, to the uninitiated, is startling. I had been practising medicine about three months in San Vincente and had grown accustomed to seeing the tired, olive-skinned mothers tell the beads with unvarying devotion as they sat in patient stillness on the floor, pausing occasionally in their prayers to lay a restraining hand upon the cunning brown babies that played in contented silence at their feet. These dark-eyed cherubs ask but little in the way of entertainment. I have seen them amuse themselves for an hour with the fringe of their mothers' mantillas. Imagine one of our spoiled darlings in such a position! There are benches in the church for such as can afford to be pew-holders, but I have questioned whether they were put there in deference to American custom or as a mode of expiation for sin by means of bodily torture. Any one who had experienced them would incline to the latter opinion. The Mexican señores, unless very old, rarely seat themselves during the church services; hence when I caught my first glimpse of Don Sisto, he was leaning against a pillar in so picturesque a holiday garb that he made a tableau not easily forgotten.

His trousers were of a bluish gray cloth, bound down the seams with black velvet; of coat and vest he was guiltless, although the day was very cold; his white linen shirt, something in the nature of a blouse, was encircled at the waist with a brilliant silk sash, and his only wrap consisted of an unusually handsome Mexican blanket, a *serape* of bright scarlet, which he wore in the style of a Roman toga. His embroidered sombrero, that inseparable adjunct to the toilet of a true-born Mexicano, lay on the floor beside him.

In a congregation whose members attract attention only by their tawdry finery or extreme poverty, it is little wonder that Don Sisto's patrician appearance set him apart from the common herd.

I determined to make his acquaintance, but upon inquiry I learned that this would be a matter of some difficulty; he was proud with the hauteur of old Spain, and he had an unconcealed and emphatic dislike for Americans. As scraps of the don's history reached my ears my desire to meet him increased, and it was finally gratified, although the circumstances that brought it about were rather pathetic. A patient of mine, a bright little girl of eight joyous summers, was ill with the small pox, which became quite epidemic among the Mexicans

of San Vincente that winter. The child's life could have been saved had I been called in time, but it is impossible to make an ignorant class of people observe the simplest laws of prevention and sanitation, and poor young Dolores paid with her life the penalty of her parents' prejudice. Don Sisto was her godfather, and it was through his influence that a doctor was summoned at all. We met at the dying child's bedside and our acquaintance ripened from that hour. Perhaps my open admiration for the old señor, and my deference to his some-



"HIS VINE-COVERED CASA WAS ERECTED ON THE PLAN OF MOST MEXICAN HOUSES."

what antiquated views, did much to gain me his good graces; but it was not until I had known him for many months that he ever alluded to his past life. Even then I never heard him utter a complaint. He had been a great *ranchero* down in old Mexico, where his establishment was managed on a scale of feudal splendor; it was not far from Queretaro, one of the most picturesque and interesting cities in that country of quaintly beautiful towns. His hacienda was as famous for its hospitality as his wife was noted throughout the land for her great beauty. Truly fortune had smiled upon Don Sisto!

But Queretaro was then, as it is still, the heart and centre of the Imperial party, and Don Sisto was an ardent Royalist. It was at his house that some of their most important political schemes were planned, and when all failed and poor Maximilian's ephemeral empire was shattered for ever, it seemed noth-

ing short of a miracle that a man of Don Sisto's importance should have escaped with his life. The wheel of fortune had begun, however, to turn against him, and after the tragic and untimely end of Maximilian, that weak but well-intentioned prince, many of the Royalists were imprisoned and their property confiscated. Don Sisto was among the number. During the months that he was immured in the damp, grim fortress that was used for the incarceration of political offenders—a prison that realized many of the horrors of the middle ages—a terrible fever swept Queretaro. The doctors called it by an infinite variety of Latin and Spanish names, and while they argued and disputed about its origin and method of treatment, Death the Victor was reaping a rich harvest. The disease threatened to become a plague when, fortunately for the city, two English physicians came upon the scene, and finding that it was a malignant fever, the natural result of their awful non-sanitary regulations, they succeeded, with the help of some younger physicians who were not too prejudiced to be willing to learn and render what assistance lay in their power, in stamping out the scourge. Don Sisto's wife, the beautiful Doña Maria, had moved with her three children into the city in order to use all her influence towards obtaining her husband's release. She was successful, but alas! at what cost. After four months of imprisonment Don Sisto came forth from his gloomy quarters to find that, instead of three pairs of chubby arms awaiting to embrace him, three laughing baby faces upturned for the paternal kiss, there were three small graves in the city cemetery beside which his wife, a wreck of her former joyous self, spent the weary days in weeping and prayer. She did not long survive her children; the mother-heart within her broke when they laid her baby, a charming boy of three years—the dimpled, rosy miniature of his father—in his tiny coffin, and very soon a larger mound appeared by the side of the other little graves, and Don Sisto was left alone. He gathered the shattered remnants of his fortune and turned his back for ever upon the home of his fathers, which had used him so cruelly. Like the patriarch of the Bible, he found himself reduced in a day from affluence to the extremest misery; but at least he would go to a new country, where none should know his history and taunt or pity him in his sorrows. Had Job lived in this progressive age he would probably have done the same thing, for of all the subtle inventions of the devil the commiseration of Baldad the Suhite,

Eliphaz, and Sophar, his friends, was certainly the most painful and exasperating.

After long and dangerous wanderings Don Sisto drifted to San Vincente, a small Mexican village of low-roofed adobes, goat-yards, fruit orchards, and beautiful views, situated in southern New Mexico, to which in later years an American town has gradually attached itself. Silverton, as it is called on the map, began life as a mining

camp, and for years had the appearance of some unsightly excrescence on the face of nature; now it is a city of magnificent distances and striking architectural contrasts, of palatial homes, and two-roomed cottages, municipal in everything but population, but withal a city whose tiny stream of life glitters with the evanescent bubbles of joy and darkles with the shifting shoals of misery and despair in the same proportion as the broader and more turbulent currents of metropolitan existence.

The southernmost house on the southernmost hill of San Vincente is Don Sisto's, and there he has lived in self-sought obscurity for more than twenty years. His widowed sister joined him after a time, and the two exist in a little world of their own. I heard that he was teaching a class of small Mexican boys, and I had frequently seen him leading his mischievous *muchachos* to early Mass in much the manner that one would drive a flock of troublesome lambs to the shambles. He was very fond of children, poor, bereaved soul! Armed

VOL. LXXI.—31



CATHOLIC CHURCH AT SILVERTON.

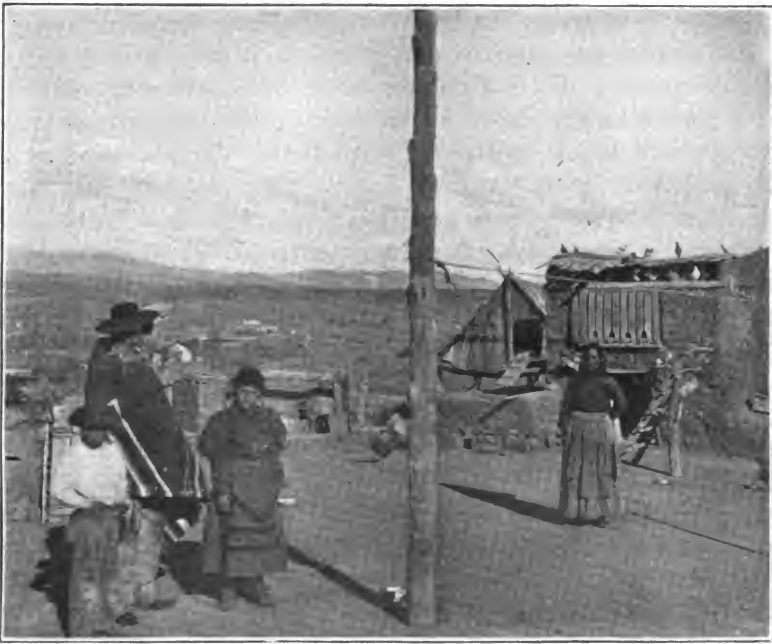
with a meagre knowledge of Spanish and a laudable desire to acquire facility in that musical tongue, which was very necessary in my practice as a physician, I bearded the Douglas in his hall and begged him to take me, too, as a scholar. He was reluctant to do so at first, but at length he yielded to my entreaties, and those hours spent at Don Sisto's grew to be the happiest and most interesting part of my three years' residence in Silverton. I think he became fond of me also, and he acknowledged that it was a pleasure to converse once more with a man of education and a gentleman. High praise from Don Sisto; but as all his neighbors were composed of the most illiterate class of Mexicans, the compliment was less overwhelming than it sounds. He did not speak English, although he understood it tolerably well, and when I listened to him conversing in the stately periods and musical, liquid accents of Castile I quite appreciated the force of the saying, that one should speak Spanish to one's God and English to the devil.

Don Sisto, they told me, had been looked upon as a rich man when he first came to San Vincente—wealth being always relative—but his herd of cattle grew gradually smaller, owing to mismanagement, I daresay, and unpropitious seasons, until it was finally replaced by a flock of goats, and at last, misfortune still pursuing him, the noble old don was forced to eke out his slender income by manual labor. How restlessly must those haughty ancestors have turned in their narrow graves at the thought of this scion of old Spain earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. Years ago, when a careless, light-hearted *niño*, handsome even then as a Greek god, he had watched the peons on his grandfather's vast estate as they wove the bright-hued blankets that were sold for large sums in the neighboring cities; in a childish spirit of emulation he learned to weave them too, and now, such an iconoclast is Time, those lessons stood him in good stead. His splendid handiwork was always in demand among the tourists and Americans of Silverton, and blanket-weaving became his chief source of revenue.

His vine-covered *casa* was erected on the plan of most Mexican houses, but in place of the hollow square and patio, the fourth side of the square had been left unbuilt, so that the Southern view was unimpeded. A magnificent vista it was, stretching far away across bare, rugged mountains whose distant range showed a sharply defined cleft through which the

fleecy peaks of "Las Tres Hermanas" were outlined against the eternal blue of the New Mexican skies. The old señor would sit for hours in silence gazing at the unchanging landscape of mesa and mountain, and smoking endless cigarettes, which he rolled and lighted with all the dexterity of his race. Who shall say what these thoughts were? Melancholy beyond doubt, as he dwelt upon all he had lost; resigned, perchance, as he realized all that they, his loved ones, had gained.

There was no attempt at gardening or ornamentation in his modest grounds. When one has suffered as Don Sisto had done the beauty of life loses much of its attraction. His



THE DOVE-COTES OF LA CASA.

doves, tender white creatures that fluttered and cooed about his head or perched upon his shoulders, were his chief care and delight; he knew them all by name, and these soft, downy companions seemed to fill each its own place in his empty heart.

He was an oracle among his affectionate, simple-minded countrymen, who revered him as they did the good padre, and I think any one of them would have gladly laid down his or her life for Don Sisto. On the whole he was happy with the happiness not of fulfilled but of surrendered hopes. He

told me as much in one of his rare moments of confidence. It is not human nature to dwell for ever in the past, and as the memory of his old existence faded away the bitterness of recollection died with it. Having outlived life's tragedy, he was in a better position to enjoy its comedy—the two ingredients are pretty evenly balanced, and Don Sisto had a keen sense of humor. He was a clever observer of the vagaries of American politics, and kept himself well posted in all that was transpiring in our country as well as in her sister Republic. So scathing and acute were his criticisms that I often thought him fortunate in having chosen for his adopted land one that tolerated such freedom of speech and opinion.

I have told you how he despised Americans, *gringos*, as he contemptuously called us; I think it was principally because aristocracy did not obtain in his out-of-the-way corner of the West. Had he been thrown with that enviable class of society which is just beginning to astonish itself, as well as the public, with recently grafted family trees whose lofty limbs reach out to dead generations of kings, the don might have modified the severity of his judgment. *No puedo decir*, as he would himself exclaim with a characteristic shrug of the shoulders. To me he was always courtesy itself—a perfect type of the Spanish *caballero*. Mexicans are not held in very high regard by the people of Silverton, and my openly expressed admiration probably gratified the don's family pride. I had never known him to mingle with our citizens but on one occasion during my residence in Silverton, and that was a certain Fourth of July. The mayor of the town had spared no effort to secure what was considered on the frontier a fitting demonstration of "the day we celebrate." The patriotic buntings and enlivening fire-crackers aroused Don Sisto's long dormant curiosity, and he announced to me during my lesson the previous evening that he was going to witness what we *Americanos* called a celebration.

The programme consisted chiefly of racing interspersed with bursts of military music from the adjacent army post. There was burro racing, with a purse for the slowest donkey; this for the small boy. Bag races, rock-drilling contests for the mining element, cowboy exhibits of untrained, bucking bronchos, which frightened animals insisted upon pitching into the grand stand and scaring the ladies and dark-eyed señoritas half to death, and so on *ad infinitum*; for all of these exciting features are more interesting to witness than to describe. Don

Sisto, attired in his *fête* day garb, remained throughout the entire performance. He wore magnificent leather *calzones*, heavily embroidered in silver; these were a relic of past glory, and their beauty filled the soul of every cowboy in town with despairing envy, for not a man of them could boast of such old-world grandeur. He speedily unbent to the graciousness and good humor of the crowd, and later in the day I saw him in the office of Silverton's main hostelry surrounded by an admiring circle of cowboys and imbibing mint julep with evident relish. The don's haughty spirit was warming to his American neighbors as it warmed still later to the genial American cocktail, and it was this insinuating beverage, I am told, that accounted for the señor reaching home that evening with a more unsteady gait and less gloomy frame of mind than was his wont. But this report was probably false; even in the Wild West one occasionally hears rumors that are untrue! The following winter I left Silverton to accept my present position in the Hopkins Hospital. Don Sisto and I parted with deep and mutual regret, and I feel that the fatherly embrace and blessing which he gave me when we said good-by has shed a benediction upon my after-life. I write to my old friend every month and once in a great while I receive a reply written in his fine chirography, which is beginning now to show the tremulousness of age, and I feel that before we can meet again he will have 'crossed the bar.'

This is all I have to tell, and you see it is not much of a story; the exciting part of the don's career, and it was thrilling enough we may be assured, had been lived and forgotten before I knew him. No honored place does his name hold upon the scroll of his country's fame; no superfluous and hyperbolic obituary will be written at his death, and yet I think, beyond question or doubt, that when the Recording Angel opens his Book on the last dread day there will be one page telling of a man who was ever patient in affliction and uncomplaining amid the trivial, vexatious worries of commonplace life; who bore with courage his heavy crosses, and remained throughout it all true to God, to his neighbor, and to himself. And at the top of this page will be written the name of my grand old friend—Don Sisto!

A SONG OF THE SUMMER.

Sun and shower, shadow and shine;
Breath of the meadow and scent of the vine:
The fields new sown, and the grass new grown,
And over the hills he comes, alone!
Straight his form as a sapling sheer;
Light his tread as the gracile deer;
His tresses fair as the tasselled corn;
His brow as bright as the blush of Morn;
His eyes as blue as the lakes, that lie
And smile in the gleam of the cloudless sky!
And lo the winter is all forgot
With its wrack and its ruin,—it mattereth not!
For the Sun smiles clear through the sobbing rain,
And the Summer—the Summer hath come again!

EDWARD F. GARESCHE.



OLIVER CROMWELL.

CROMWELL AND LIBERTY.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



SOMEBODY purporting to quote Cromwell represents him as declaring that he would have the Englishman feared all over Europe as the Roman citizen had been feared in the days of Roman greatness. This sentiment, so flattering to national pride, has placed the Protector on the highest pedestal; he is the Jove of the English pantheon. He is to be praised for everything. His crimes are acts of profound policy, his hypocrisy, blasphemy, cruelty are the unavoidable resources of a position of unexampled danger and responsi-

bility. It is an invidious task in this hour when the English-speaking world has decreed his apotheosis to examine the claims of the new divinity to its worship. I do not intend to say anything about Ireland. I am aware his dealings with that unfortunate country have found advocates from the Tory Clarendon to Mr. Froude. There is hardly a magazine writer who does not tell us that Cromwell's was the only method to establish order there; even Mr. Stead, a writer generally fair and outspoken, is under some spell. His hands are tied, his blood is frozen, he extenuates massacre by the double and inconsistent pleading of necessity and error.

CROMWELL AND THE IRISH.

Cromwell had been misled, it seems, by the inventions about the outbreak in Ulster under Sir Phelim O'Neil, and so misled he poured out upon the Irish the unrestrained vengeance of England. It was also necessary to put the authority of the Parliament on a sure basis, and the only way to secure this was to render it impossible that that refractory people could ever again lift a finger in opposition. I am of opinion that in the nine years which followed, any man who was not a fanatic, any man capable of judgment, must have learned that there were comparatively few acts committed by O'Neil's insurgents which could be classified as outrages; and that any such acts occurred without his knowledge.* The principles on which the Confederate Catholics conducted the war anticipated those rules of humane warfare which are supposed to prevail to-day; and the Confederate generals pursued those principles while Coote and Bingham, Monroe and Inchiquin, and their lieutenants, were wasting the lands and butchering the inhabitants wherever they found no enemy to oppose them.

The truth about Cromwell's method in Ireland is that he should succeed there at any cost, as he should succeed in England by any means that would not alienate his supporters. He might safely slaughter every man, woman, and child in an Irish town, burn every house and cottage, fling a storm of fire on every field upon his march, because in doing so he would have the enthusiastic approval of the Houses, of the Presbyterians, and of the sectaries of all kinds, and he would in addition have the secret sympathy of the English Royalists.

* The fact is, Cromwell and the Parliament were negotiating with Owen O'Neil on terms favorable to the Catholics in the year before the murder of the king. The English Catholics were to be included in the terms. The matter is one of the secrets of history which await fuller information. We know enough to see the hollowness of the pretence of retaliation for the Ulster massacre.

HIS REMARKABLE PERSONALITY.

In England it would not do to give way to his savage impulses; he knew where to stop, for knowledge of character, in which he surpassed most others, restrained him among the Independents and Deists, the Fifth-Monarchy men, and the Zealots of Deuteronomy, the Presbyterians so calculating and pitiless, the mad sergeants who could not pass a church without ascending the pulpit, the dreadful fanatics who were inspired to preach and slay, and the fanatics who were inspired to overthrow all government. He walked amid these difficulties with an astuteness hidden, as the occasion served, under a blunt familiarity, or a coarse buffoonery, or a solemnity to which the strong, manly lines of his face could impart that appearance of mystic elevation never seen in the merely vulgar hypocrite. He was the prince of actors because for the time his passions, all the powers of his mind, entered into the part he was playing. He was in many respects great; his military genius and organizing power in military affairs were of no common order. He had little talent for constructive government, but he had confidence in himself; and so with an ambition that was unbounded he employed without scruple any means which led to its gratification. With an affectionateness of disposition towards his own family worthy of a simple and homely training he united in affairs of state a ferocious perfidy, cynical in its coldness, terrible in its courage. His very hypocrisy, reaching beyond the imagination of Molière and the reality of Tacitus, blinded all by the bonhomie, brusqueness, abandon which covered it. It was the simulation of ideal candor, and from his entrance to Parliament until 1648 it deceived every one; from 1648 it deceived the soldiers and continued to deceive them until the end. It was fortunate that when all others had ceased to trust him the army remained faithful.

These are not the opinions of prejudice. They were the views of all men at home and abroad until, early in the nineteenth century, certain French Liberals suggested political theories which started a train of thought among the Whigs and Nonconformists of England tending to a revision of the old judgment. If the verdict of history is to be set aside, one is entitled to demand the new evidence. In 1800 Napoleon charged his opponents with calling him Cromwell and calling him Cæsar. I do not think he considered the implied comparison a stigma, but his adversaries meant that he was a soldier aiming at military dictatorship; he in his soul took it

as expressing the fear that he could employ the army of the Republic as Cæsar and Cromwell had used the armies they controlled. This was the estimate which continental Europe then held of Cromwell; it was an outside opinion, but it had the advantage of being an impartial one.

THE PERIOD WAS ONE OF DISTURBANCE.

At the very time all looked upon Cromwell as the destroyer of the Constitution in church and state; while the Whigs were not yet able to recognize him as a friend of political liberty, though in some unintelligible way they discovered in him the friend of religious liberty.* He expelled the clergy from their churches; he sent unsurprised ministers and ranting soldiers into their pulpits. This may be to some minds the outward and visible sign of an interior love of religious liberty, but I fail to appreciate it. Be this as it may, there can be no question that with regard to civil liberty it was the opinion of every man in the beginning of the nineteenth century that he had raised himself to supreme power by trampling upon the constitution. Not a law, not a usage, by which person and property were protected was regarded. When the Parliament began to resist his violence, he charged them with usurping the legislature and the judiciary; years afterwards he said that this was his justification for seizing the control of the legislature and judiciary—one of those necessities of state which his modern admirers lay hold of as a complete vindication. I have always heard it denied that two wrongs make a right.

The truth is, that the period from the death of the king to the Restoration has been always looked upon as an interregnum. The statutes of the first year of the Restoration are called the statutes of the 12th of Charles II. The interval has been looked upon as a period of lawlessness, and rightly, for the king was in exile, the constitution was suspended, the rights of the people were at the mercy of a faction which thought it controlled the army, until Cromwell, at the head of the army, drove it out as an obstacle to his ambition, put in its place men like Praise-God Barebone and his brother, You-will-be-damned-if-you-do-not Barebone; and when these foolish fanatics had done their work of discrediting civil institutions established that sham parliament of the three nations which, we are now told, was the foundation of imperial unity.

Looking at the rule of Cromwell, one is amazed at the

* Doubtless because Milton was his secretary, he who had written that "new Presbyter is old priest writ large"; and this was a blow at priestcraft.

hardihood which speaks of it as an era of liberty. We must go back to the governors of the Conqueror for a parallel to his major generals. Whatever was done from the death of the king, whatever led to the death of the king, was the act of Cromwell. The governors of the Conqueror exercised absolute sway over their jurisdictions; they were surpassed in everything save unbridled lust by the major-generals. No man's property was safe. Decimation was supposed to be the legal limit of the confiscations they had the power to inflict. Cromwell in after years spoke of them as taking all instead of a tenth. They had been in reality his own instruments, but it became politic to discredit them; and this he could do with a passionate energy which looked like the prompting of indignant justice, and amid appeals to God which sounded like the denunciations of a Hebrew prophet.

INFLUENCE OVER HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

Cromwell's ability to hold men's minds is the most remarkable of his qualities. His letters and his speeches, rambling, incoherent, impious, here and there relieved by a shrewd remark or a hint skilfully addressed to the passions of his hearers, are accepted by men of literary taste and political knowledge as examples of rough eloquence and profound insight. Everything about him must be praised since he has become the greatest statesman of any age. From his grave he casts a glamour over the Whigs and Radical Imperialists of England and the Revolutionary societies of France, as he ruled the army in his life. When those saintly soldiers grumbled at revenue and court splendor, he told them it was not for himself but for the glory of England these things were sought. He was the head of a great and generous people; therefore the supplies should be ample; he had raised the country from the condition of a third-rate power to the foremost influence in Europe, therefore it was fitting he should have a court and guards even as the Man possessed them, even as Charles Stuart, from the bondage of whose house the people had gone forth. If they objected that he exercised more than regal authority, he was inspired to tell them that he was even as Christ, and that in Christ's love for them their power had been lifted up against Agag and the priests of Baal, and that their feet were upon the necks of kings, and that their bonds were upon princes, and their fetters of strong iron were upon nobles, and that in all he was but their instrument because the instrument of Christ. Of course he would convince them. There

was a certain truth in his claim that England stood high in Europe, and in the tentative note for a revision of the historical verdict the *Edinburgh Review*, some sixty years ago, declared that he had never allowed any one to oppress his country but himself.

The Whigs of the Reform era and their French allies saw that the Revolution of 1688 could only be justified if the principles on which the rebellion of 1642 and its consequences could be vindicated. Hampden, Pym, and Holles became the predecessors in political continuity of Russell and Sidney, as these were of Shaftesbury, Temple, Essex, and Halifax. Russell and Sidney died the death of traitors, the latter a pensioner of the French king, Russell probably one. Not one of the lot possessed a shred of character except Hampden. It is not clear that Hampden foresaw the consequences of the rebellion. It is likely that he expected that terms would be made with the king; it is likely, if he had lived, that his kinsman Cromwell would have sent him to the block for heading a counter-revolution.

JUDGING HIS POLITICAL HONESTY.

Two facts must be borne in mind in judging of Cromwell's political honesty. They are not the only ones, but they are important ones. By the royal assent the Long Parliament could not be dissolved except with its own will. The king had no power to divest himself of this part of the prerogative. The right of dissolution is still a part of the constitution, even though the queen's title is only a parliamentary or conventional one.* I mention the queen's title as a proof that the king took the constitutional view when he held that his assent, obtained by coercion, was not binding. This, however, is one of the matters about which Charles's good faith is so violently assailed by Whig politicians and the magazine writers who are carried off their feet by the Cromwell-worship of Carlyle and his school. But what of Cromwell?

He maintained the indissolubility of the Long Parliament, and he took a commission in the service of that institution. For eight years he was its soldier, until he acquired that ascendancy over the troops and influence over the masses of the people which enabled him to expel from the House of Commons the members who were opposed to the trial of the king. One

* It was a convention of notables that changed the dynasty. It had no authority, and every step based upon its invitation to the Prince of Orange was illegal. I say nothing of prescription; that is not in issue.

is reminded of a proscription of Marian senators by Sylla when he calls up in memory the account of Pride's Purge. True there was no blood shed, but Pride intimated to the members what they might expect if they offered resistance. This body—so far as fidelity has a meaning, authority a claim to obedience, or oath after oath gives a title to belief; so far as assurances public and private, professions in season and out of season, may beget trust; so far, in a word, as there is anything which constitutes morality in the dealings of man and man, man and society—this body should command Cromwell. He was bound to sustain the Long Parliament with his life, for his was the will which had made it what it was—an irresponsible oligarchy. His attack upon its privileges is to be classed with the constitutional crimes of those Italian citizens who destroyed liberty in the republics cursed by their presence, with the tyrants who in any age or country stepped from the place of a servant to that of a master, and his expulsion of the members who, it was feared, would be merciful to the unfortunate sovereign, has the very savor of Tiberius when he went to the senate and sat among the senators to secure a fair trial for an enemy.

When he expelled them later on, he told them they were no Parliament. It was true, no doubt. The king that summoned them slept in a bloody grave. Constitutionally they were dissolved by his death; but suppose not, then the king who had the right to dissolve them was an exile. The House of Lords had been deprived of all power and authority; but it was by Cromwell's counsel and by the aid of his sword that one king had been murdered and the other was a wanderer. By this counsel and this sword the Commons carried out the threat they had dared to make in the life-time of Charles I.; for they resolved: "That whatever is enacted and declared for law by the Commons . . . hath the force of law, . . . although the consent and concurrence of the king or House of Lords be not had thereto." Addressing the army, and through them the people and the House, Cromwell declared that "the hour had come for the Parliament to save the kingdom and to govern alone." Their resolution followed on the suggestive hint. One of the most eloquent passages in all Macaulay's writings is the attack on Charles for going to the House to arrest the five members. Unless on the assumption that the Long Parliament was the creature of Cromwell, that the House of Commons was alone the Parliament, that the electors had no rights of any kind, that England was under a military despotism

sanctioned, as Cromwell professed to believe, by the same authority as that given to Moses and Josue, and that legal opposition was to be treated as Moses and Josue would deal with idolatry, it is hard to understand how Macaulay, how the Radical Imperialists of England, can look with approving eyes at the swords of Colonel Price and his soldiers waving over one hundred and forty members, while condemning Charles for going to the House to arrest five members charged with treason.*

THE RUMP PARLIAMENT.

This outrage on the Commons left it with less than a hundred members. They were all devoted to Cromwell, as he thought. The name went out that they were the rump of a parliament; they are preserved in history as the Rump Parliament, a name as fatal to their influence as the names of the Barebone Brothers to that of the succeeding assembly.† But they suited Cromwell until, growing proud as though they had any real authority, he sent them about their business. As long as they voted what he wished they were free to amass fortunes and to appoint their relatives over the houses and estates and liberties of the people; but they decreed the disbandment of the army. This could not be tolerated. They thought that Cromwell was their servant; but it was in reality for him they had disestablished the church and sold its lands, driven the clergy forth to beg like the monks in the preceding century, confiscated the estates of the gentry, robbed the freeholders and peasantry belonging to the parts which had at any time been loyal to the king, raised taxes with a reckless disregard to the condition of the tax-payers, like the brutal covetousness which evoked the rebellion of Tyler or the hundred insurrections that fill the reigns of the Tudors; but they might have continued to do this to the end if they had not reminded him of what he hated: the memory of laws and institutions; ways of life, of manners, of speech, of sentiment; the existence of a state with a prosperous people, a nation with venerable traditions and a noble history, before a Cromwell came to blot out the past.

* What the treasonable acts were I do not know, but clearly the publication of their speeches and addresses amounted to seditious libel. It was an ill-advised proceeding on the part of Charles.

† The reader might like the names of a few saintly jurors of this time: Faint-not Hewit, Steadfast-on-High Singer, God-Reward Smart, Kill-Sin Pimple, Fight-the-Good-Fight-of-Faith Smith. One can readily imagine Cromwell groaning and then pouring out the spirit among these idiots.

ITS DISSOLUTION.

It fell amid the mockery of the country. All classes were delighted. It was the power which seemed to oppress them, when the inexorable will of the successful soldier was behind. The ignominious name ruined it among the unthinking; would have been too strong an influence even on capable minds not interested in its continuance; but no one thought of the ribald buffoon slapping the members of his council on the back, flinging cushions at their heads, smirching them with ink, and then descending to the inferior officers and private soldiers to shriek forth prayers, to bellow psalms and join in the rivalry of extempore preaching, or the more amazing rivalry of silence when possessed by a spirit of inspired taciturnity. Yet the wretched Parliament enacted and talked, and was believed to be the cause of the calamities of the country, until the hour had struck. I think its last scene one of the most absurd and pitiful in the records of crime and weakness that may be taken from any nation. Amid the grotesqueness of a thousand inconceivable follies in France of the Terror there is the presence of death, as close and pervading to the senses as it was to the revellers during mediæval plagues who waited, goblet in hand and wreath on head, while each saw in the other's face the fatal spot appear. But the farce of the expulsion of the Rump defies even genius to make it solemn or dignified, much less striking. A rabble of village politicians driven from a public-house before they consumed the liquor which they had paid for would be on a par with them. The big policeman was there in the buff coat, the falling collar, and the rolling boots, as inseparable as the scars and wrinkles of which Lely was not to make beauty-spots; but with more unction than the modern conservator of the peace, that big policeman said: "Your hour is come; the Lord hath done with you!" A crowd of members started to their feet. "Come, come! we have had enough of this; I will put an end to your prating." There were protests; some hurrying to the door, some mounting on benches. Cromwell's voice rose above the din: "It is not fit that you should sit here any longer! You should give place to better men! You are no parliament." A member appealed to Magna Charta. The scorn and brutality of Cromwell's echoing rhyme was worthy "the greatest prince and soldier of the age"; and yet it might be said that a thousand imperishable memories ought to have sprung up

at the thought of the Great Charter in which every right or privilege of Englishmen has its birth, in which every seed of progress in law and power, in art and science, was planted. Whatever is to-day the pride and glory of the race was laid in the principles wrung by Catholic prelates and lords from a tyrant as intolerant of freedom as the great rebel of the seventeenth century himself.

A few hours after his musketeers had ejected the "end" of the Long Parliament he dismissed the Council of State, the executive of that body. When Bradshaw, a member of the council, protested that the Parliament could not be dissolved; that though Cromwell might drive its members forth it still lived in the constitution, one wonders whether no thought came to him of the time when he presided at the trial of the king, wrangled with him during the defence, gave the sentence which overturned a constitution which had lasted for six hundred years. It may have been that some such thought arose; but it is hard to say, for all the characters of the time seem to have been afflicted with a distemper under the paroxysms of which the most solemn and unusual acts were performed as though they were matters of routine, and acts of far-reaching consequence executed as by clowns grinning through horse-collars at yokels in a fair. After signing the warrant for beheading the king Cromwell playfully rubbed ink upon the face of a bystander!

CROMWELL THE MASTER.

Practically there was no change of government. The Barebones Parliament had only one authority to obey—Cromwell, and surrender their trust when he demanded it. It was a government by the sword without the restraint which opinion, some kind of law, some forms of departmental delegation, have exercised in the worst kinds of military despotism. It is said that peace during the imperial parliament which succeeded Barebones' was established over Ireland, England, and Scotland with a completeness never before experienced by these nations. This is the statement put forward as the justification of a despotism erected by the champion of freedom. Good government is the end of liberty, and Cromwell secured good government; so that he was in practice as much the friend of freedom as in the day he entered parliament and took his stand against the king. There is nothing in the inference but a silly quibble; there is not a particle of real truth in the statement

that he secured that peace at home which is the essence of liberty. Gentlemen of good family were in constant terror of being shipped off to Barbadoes. The Royalists allowed to remain here and there kept to their houses or fled to the woods at the approach of strangers. There was not a moment that their houses were safe from a military visitation, their goods secure from spoilers under the authority of the Commonwealth, the remnants of their estates beyond an additional requisition.

AFFAIRS IN SCOTLAND.

In this period of peace there was constant dread of insurrection. Cromwell had his spies in every spot of London, in every part of the country. He dreaded the Independents, the Monarchy Men who went shouting for King Jesus, the Presbyterians who were in correspondence with the king, the Royalists whom all his blandishments could not win. If peace were secure, it is strange he would not venture to sleep two nights in the same room, or to return even with his mailed guard by the same route along which he had gone to any place from Whitehall. If the fabled government of Pygmalion typifies the worst form of tyranny, then Cromwell's rule has the features of the type. It was the same in Scotland.

The fact is Scotland was in an agony of expectation for the coming of the king. She was merely kept down by the terror of his name and the strength of the army quartered upon her. She had done more for the revolution than England; she was well rewarded! Her subjugation was as complete as when Edward I. empowered his governors to despoil the people, to slay them at their pleasure. Impatient of the authority which secured her old laws and constitution, the freedom of her church, or at least the representative character of her ecclesiastical government, she rose against a scion of her line of ancient kings, and obtained in return the privilege of sending a few members to the imperial Parliament in London, in which they would not have a shred of influence, even if their influence would be employed for her benefit. For this privilege, exactions, domiciliary visits, oppressions on the score of worship and on the suspicion of treason, went beyond anything of the days of Charles II., which the Whig historians hold up as the *ex post facto* vindication of Cromwell's rule, and the ground for the Revolution in favor of William and Mary.

In truth, the Commonwealth in England is one of those

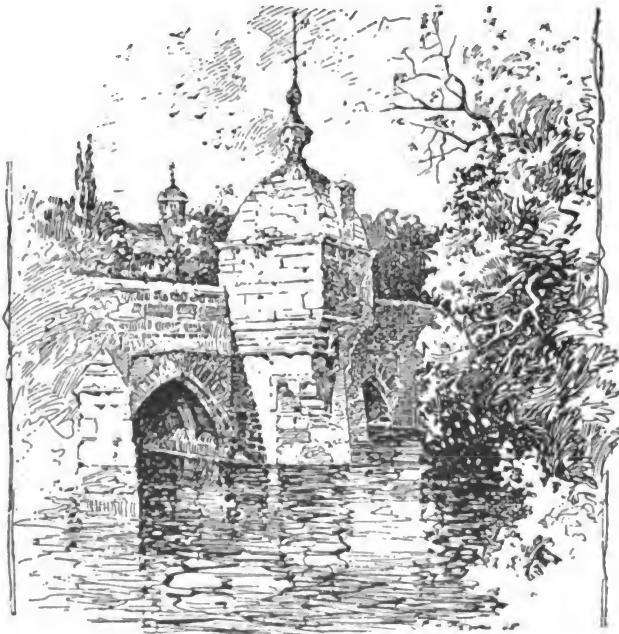
VOL. LXXI.—32

periods of inexplicable and portentous horror like cataclysms in the changes of the earth. From out that time, created by it and in a remarkable manner guiding it, Cromwell emerges to arrest or turn back the forces of progress. The bursting forth of great fountains must have left desolate a land upon their retirement. The vineyards that grow from the lava of a volcano have succeeded to vineyards that had been blasted by the irruption. But in the interval between the rise of cities and farms on the deluged land, in the space that passed since the volcano's activity, the march of progress is thrown back or arrested, a great misfortune to mankind at large. True, an adjoining province may be benefited by the calamity; but humanity is an aggregate, the race is an entity in the production of wealth and the extension of knowledge, and a loss to part may be a loss to the whole for which nothing can compensate. Yet in comparison with the destruction of moral principles or their perversion, the loss of wealth, the death of a people through a visitation, is of no moment.

A RÉSUMÉ.

When a man rises in a state through the violation of the elementary principles of order he is a public danger. When he obtains power through the profession of sanctity he destroys in all active minds belief in the reality of religion. If to treason and impiety you add a pretence of patriotism, and all this ends in a despotism to which the sincere patriot or the honest man of any kind must be offered as a sacrifice, you have the whole career of Cromwell. It is no wonder a confusion of mind should take hold of the world, that religion should become nothing but priestcraft, that opposition to undue exercise of authority should be stamped out in blood lest it become rebellion, that rebellion, however criminal, becomes holy when successful. All this has happened in connecting the name of an unscrupulous and ambitious adventurer with the purest principles which have ever moved the heart—liberty of conscience and civil liberty. On this vulgar tyrant the forces of freedom have put their crown. In America, a land not merely dedicated to liberty, but born of the spirit of liberty, baptized in the blood of martyrs for liberty, we find the same hideous confusion of mind caused by the worship of success. Turn for a moment to the old Cavalier, the Marquis of Winchester, defending his house against the Parliament until the flames blaze around him; hear him as he bursts forth saying, I would so defend it if the king had lost all other

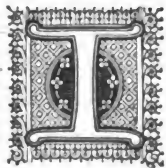
places!—and consider that writers have no praise for such splendid loyalty. Think that, on the other hand, they are astute to vindicate the policy which sent thousands of English gentlemen, myriads of Irishmen and Irishwomen of all classes, to die in the swamps of the tobacco plantations, and estimate the value of their morality when judging of successful crime. I may not speak of Cromwell's war and government in Ireland. The first has been described as necessary, the second as successful upon the whole, but the Irish race are not wiped out. His European policy has been lauded to the skies, yet if subsequent disaster and humiliation be a test that a policy, however showy, was unstatesmanlike, by this test Cromwell's was the greatest failure in the course of English history till then. It could not have been otherwise. He was duped by Mazarin and handed Europe over to France. He destroyed Holland as a naval power, and in doing so laid the foundation for a French ascendancy which was only prevented by the reckless ambition of a greater Cromwell—Napoleon Bonaparte. Nothing has survived Cromwell but the crimes his admirers try to make the deeds of a hero and the mistakes they call the policy of a statesman.



RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS AMONG THE ARMENIANS.

BY RIGHT REV. PAUL TERZIAN,
Bishop of Adana and Tarsus.

BETROTHALS.



IN the Orient, as is well known, children are married at a far earlier age than is customary elsewhere. Various reasons are given in explanation, though I think that only one possesses any great probability. According to the most trustworthy of the ancient accounts of this race, the custom has long prevailed in Asia Minor as well as in other regions inhabited by Armenian emigrants from Persia. In the sixteenth century, when the people were groaning under the yoke of a certain shah, he conceived the design of marrying the young Armenian maidens to Persian youths and the Persian girls to young Armenians. The one means of escape from this misfortune, it is said, was to hasten marriages, and for several nights the mothers ran from house to house, marrying their sons and daughters, young as they were, almost at random.

This unlucky event seems to have left on the national spirit an impression so deep that centuries have not effaced it, and at last it has become quite a popular custom. Thence devolves upon the parents the imperative duty of closely watching the marriage of their children and their choice of a future. They must, moreover, be careful to take such measures as are necessary to prevent possible mishap, by arranging conditions which will insure happiness. The children in turn must exhibit thorough filial obedience to the good advice of their parents, while still retaining the right of using their free-will to consent or not.

As among us marriages are made neither for love nor for convenience, there is no chance either of abuse or force; everything is done in perfect good order. When once a father and mother have decided on the marriage of their son, in counsel with the grandparents, but without consulting the young man, they choose from among all the young girls of marriageable age the one who seems most eligible by rank and social position. Then without delay they entrust to a woman

well versed in the delicate task of managing an Oriental courtship the duty of learning the likings and the plans of the young girl's parents. The reason of this is that great care must be taken not to make an offer of marriage until the inclination of the family in question is well understood ; for a refusal would ruin the reputation of the boy, and the tattle of the gossips would make it impossible to repair the damage. Hence it is not difficult to see the great prudence which must be used by the chosen messenger. Having prepared the way, she approaches both families, establishes between them a cordial understanding, and finally makes the offer, which is in their case welcomed, after arrangements have been made as to the presents which the young man must make to his intended wife. In old times these presents consisted of rich ornaments, such as gold and silver bracelets studded with diamonds, rings, ear-rings, and the gold pieces mentioned above in the account of baptism. But to-day they consist only of silver plate, heir-looms from the olden days, passed down from father to son and from mother to daughter, sad relics of better times. Although these ornaments to-day are of insignificant value, we regret to say that the people of the Orient, not yet being completely detached from the charm of appearances, have thus far not acquired the faculty of seeking qualities of real worth in affairs of marriage.

Thus the thing which the young girl most considers is the value of the presents promised to her, and the young man thinks most of the physical beauty of his intended wife, and the wealth of her parents. The first question asked of the young man, before the arrangement can proceed, is, What can he offer his bride? And so it happens that unions that would be most auspicious in every other respect are prevented if this one requisite be lacking. This idea of considering the ornaments as fundamental conditions, and indeed even indispensable as regards marriage, gives great opportunity for deceit and trickery which occasion many a sad tale, and bring about irreconcilable discord between two families. So, for example, if the young man is not in condition to procure all the orna-



A TYPE OF THE TURK.

ments demanded, he casts about for the means, and often succeeds by borrowing from his friends. A week or two after the marriage the secret leaks out, unsatisfactory explanations wind up in disputes, and the young wife finds herself obliged to surrender all that she had received as a present from her husband. But when, on the contrary, all these arrangements are happily completed, and the agreement is made, they settle on the day of the public celebration of the betrothal. The ceremony ordinarily takes place in the evening; the priest being notified of the event, blesses the ring, and the same night the invited guests gather in the young man's house.

As soon as all are assembled the signal is given to set forth. Whither? To the house of the young girl, where, in the presence of the guests, the offer already made is repeated, and the ring is presented as a blessed token to the bride elect. Each one of the guests has already been provided with a wax taper expressly prepared for this occasion, and on the way to the maiden's house these are lighted in order to light the way through the streets, often dark and muddy, as the weddings usually take place toward the end of autumn, and at the commencement of the rainy season. It is odd to see a crowd of men and women, hastening through the darkness with lighted tapers, accompanied by the joyful music of violins, drums, and clarionettes, and singing with loud voices snatches of popular airs. Sometimes a long detour is made, in order to lengthen the distance between the houses of the two betrothed. Arrived at the house, the father and mother pretend not to know the reason for this great crowd of visitors. Words are exchanged, and long and meaningless discussion follows, both parties carefully withholding every word which would disclose their intention.

At last the priest adroitly changes the course of the conversation and prepares the minds of the parents to accept the offer for the sake of which the visitors have taken the liberty of presenting themselves at this hour of the night. Then, while all lips are closed and every eye is lowered, a deep silence pervades the room and the priest continues in the following manner: "According to the law of the Supreme Creator and following the usage of human society we have the happiness of demanding the hand of Miss N. for Mr. N."

The father of the young girl, in order to be pressed, pretends that he does not wish to accept the offer, stating that his daughter is still too young, and that he has not yet thought

of marrying her. Thereupon the parents of the young man make answer. Finally all agree; the consent of the father and mother, or of those who represent them, is won; and then they turn to consult the young girl. At this moment she is not to be seen; she has hidden herself, as usage decrees. The priest goes in search of her; but when found she does not speak, and it is useless to attempt to win her consent in words. The priest, well versed in the knowledge of the national customs, tries another means better adapted for success; he offers her his hand, saying to her, "If you wish to comply with the desires and the will of your parents, kiss this hand as a sign." The affirmative or negative action of the young girl, warned and consulted beforehand, settles the matter. Then comes the presentation of the ring before the assemblage, accompanied by the benediction, on which great stress is laid. Custom demands that the presentation and the blessing should be performed in public; but, on the other hand, it does not permit the young girl to appear in sight. So recourse is had to another expedient. A brother or sister of the bride elect comes forward, kneels down before the priest, who bestows the benediction in presence of the crowd, likewise on their knees. And the child then carries the ring to the fiancée. After this ceremony, the health of the young couple is drunk amid an acclamation of compliments and congratulations. The liquor used on this occasion by both rich and poor is only a rose-syrup prepared from water and common sugar. Whatever honor it is possible or desirable to confer on the guests on this occasion, the syrup is above all indispensable; it is, so to say, a characteristic compliment.



A KURD.

Now it is time to remember the young man, who is at home awaiting the good news, for he is not among the wedding party. Custom forbids him to appear in the house of his destined bride either before or after the betrothal; up to the very day of the wedding he is forbidden even to pass by the door. If by chance they meet, the fiancée hides herself, and the boy must turn away his face. Respect for custom forbids the parents to allow the meeting of the young folks before

marriage. Towards ten o'clock the party breaks up, and each guest as he departs receives a wax taper from the family of the young girl. It is customary on going to carry away some objects, stealthily picked up, in order to test the vigilance of the people of the house. The latter, of course, are on the watch; but among so many guests some find it possible to carry away a glass, a bottle, or often some cooking utensil. These things are returned only at the price of a supper from the head of the family. The same night the parents and the friends of the young girl, after having assisted at the ceremony, go to visit the parents of the young man; and the latter must stand upright before his future father-in-law and all the assemblage, during the whole time of the visit, which sometimes lasts for hours. At a certain moment the brother of his fiancée takes him aside and offers him privately a glass of syrup, prepared by his fiancée with her own hand. This is given in acknowledgment of the choice he has been pleased to make of her. The whole night is passed in song and amusement. During the fortnight which follows the betrothal both parties receive visits of congratulation, and to all guests they must offer nothing but the syrup used at the betrothal.

MARRIAGE.

The interval between the day of betrothal and that of marriage differs according to the customs and habits in the various cities of Asia Minor: the nearer they are to the great cities, like Constantinople, Smyrna, etc., where foreign usages interfere with national observance, the more we notice that the interval lengthens into months and even years. In the interior cities such delay is held in horror. In Anatolia, where the people love to retain with all fidelity the usages cherished and practised by their ancestors, they never devote more than a month to this interval, appropriated, it seems, to preparations for the wedding.

On the part of the young man these preparations consist in getting ready the ornaments promised at the betrothal: a white wedding-dress; a fine veil to cover the face of the young bride, descending in front to her very feet; a wreath of artificial flowers; a pair of shoes, etc.; on the part of the young girl the trousseau must be looked after. This is made up of linen garments, dresses for great occasions, and such bits of jewelry as the parents can give to their daughter; also a wooden chest



A GROUP OF KURDS.

filled with linen and clothing, a mirror, the nuptial bed with all its paraphernalia, carpets, and some cooking utensils. It should be added that this equipment is in proportion to the wealth of the parents.

Once these preparations are completed the two persons concerned fix on the week for the celebration of the marriage, which usually takes place on Sunday afternoon in the parish church. Two days before invitations are sent out and the musicians secured. Saturday evening the godfather is bound to invite all the friends of the bridegroom to take a warm bath during the night, and they go to the bath with a great noise attended by the musicians procured for the wedding. Sunday morning the bride's white dress and the bridegroom's *par-dessous* are sent to the church to be blessed by the priest; the future couple assist together at the first Mass and receive Holy Communion, having made a general confession.

In the forenoon the young man must be shaved in presence of the guests, while the music plays and his friends sing; the barber, eager enough for these welcome days of big profit, brings with him a well-stocked case of perfumes. The friends who are gathered to do honor to the bridegroom must each one pour out upon him a bottle of perfume, and display his generosity by paying double for it; finally the bridegroom is dressed amid the assembled crowd, while the priests, accompanied by choir-children, sing canticles. The same scene occurs at the house of the young girl.

In conducting the young bride and bridegroom to the church a variety of customs is observed: in some cities the bride's brother offers her his arm, but when returning she is confided to the care of her husband; in other cities the young man's parents conduct their daughter-in-law to the church from her home, where her guests and the bridegroom's have assembled in separate groups; in other cities again, where they lead the bride mounted upon a horse, she must be completely covered by a thick veil which envelops all her body; each time that she has to mount or descend, either in going out of her father's house or after the marriage ceremony, great care must be taken lest the bride's foot should touch the earth, and each time she descends from the horse it is mounted by a boy, who must wait there until the bride herself remounts. For this duty some strong young fellow, a relative of the bridegroom, is selected. The procession is always accompanied by musicians.

Arrived at the church, they find a great crowd of persons who, though uninvited, are always welcome to assist, if they so desire, since the door of the church is opened to everybody and no one can be prevented from becoming a spectator. The people love to have this unceremoniousness and oriental familiarity, a remnant of their primitive life, as a contrast with the formal and exact ceremonial prescribed; and the family would be greatly grieved if no outsiders thought of coming to honor the wedding by being present at the church.

Before the rail separating the choir from the body of the church a little space is reserved on which are set two rustic wooden chairs. Upon these chairs the bridal couple sit down together, and the others kneel upon mats covering the floor of the church, which is neither paved nor boarded. During the ceremony, when the priest is about to give his blessing, the bridal couple enter the choir and stand facing each other between the high altar and the two witnesses, their foreheads touching. In this position they receive the Sacrament of Matrimony. After they have given affirmative answers to all the priest's questions concerning their duties to each other and to their children, he speaks in the vernacular of all the evil days and all the misfortunes of human life, misery, poverty, sickness, infirmities of all sorts. He demands of the bride perfect fidelity in her conjugal duties, and entire obedience towards him whom the good God now gives her as husband. He demands of the bridegroom, in turn, unceasing care, thorough exactness in his duties as husband and father, and patience and wisdom, always

remembering that he has chosen his wife freely and accepted her as companion before the Cross, Our Lady, and the Blessed Sacrament. Of both he then demands mutual forbearance and a sincere and lasting love. The bride and groom make answer in an undertone, while everybody listens with a most edifying attention, and with a recollection thoroughly religious. Finally the priest ties about the heads of the young couple a cord to the end of which is attached a cross. Towards ten o'clock in the night of the wedding day the priest removes these crosses with a special ceremony, and not until then can the newly married couple enter the nuptial chamber.

They go home then, each one bearing a cross typical of the trials certain to be encountered in their future life. On the way, in token of joy, the water-carriers with a great noise break jars and earthen jugs before the young couple. The godfather it is who must pay these good men; his place in the procession is close to the bridegroom. Not infrequently does it happen that the latter is surprised with a shower of water from the broken jars. Then the procession makes the streets resound with its hurrahs, while the young husband, moved at seeing his clothing thus drenched, sheds abundant tears. Arrived before the gate of the house, they find a sheep lying on the ground ready to be killed at the feet of the young couple; at least thus it was in the ancient days of wealth; to-day little pullets are substituted. The butcher as he puts his knife upon the throat of the fowl says these words: "May the good God thus put all your enemies under your feet," and every one answers in a loud voice "Amen, Amen!" Then from the windows above the entrance the people throw down upon the young couple dried fruits such as raisins, hazelnuts, pistachios—the sole wealth afforded by their paltry resources. With these are mixed some little pieces of money to please the children withal.

At his entrance the husband is conducted by his godfather to the crowd of men, and the wife is led by her godmother towards the women; and instantly all the assemblage, men and women, exhibit a praiseworthy zeal to kiss the cross, which lies like a crown on the heads of the bridegroom and his bride.



A CIRCASSIAN.

The bride having taken the seat of honor, some one lays in her arms first a little boy and then a little girl in token of the general wish that her first child should be a boy. Every one must come forward and do homage, placing at the bride's feet an orange or some other fruit of the season as a mark of respect.

The bridegroom is called the prince of the feast, and is not supposed to quit his place of honor unless forced to do so. If he does quit it, he must be careful to leave behind him some object belonging to him. If he fails to do that, the assemblage condemns the godfather to pay forfeit—that is to say, to give them a supper; and however vigilant both of these persons may be they are not seldom caught napping. Towards nine o'clock the guests take leave of the master of the house, having had their hearts' content of eating, drinking, and song.

HOUSEHOLD LIFE AFTER MARRIAGE.

The bride, faithful to the Oriental tradition, after her marriage keeps herself concealed from every one except her husband. Over her face she wears a fine handkerchief through which she can see without being seen, and of which she is not divested for years, and then only by the special permission of her mother-in-law. She must speak with no one, not even her husband's parents or brothers; an exception is made with regard to his sisters, but to them she must always speak in an undertone.

Every morning and at the end of each meal she must approach her husband's father and mother and pour water on their hands.

Up to a certain age she kisses the hands of all visitors whatsoever, excepting men, before whom custom never permits her to appear. Sons after their marriage never leave the paternal roof. Ground being very cheap, they build as many extra rooms as may be desired, and when space is at all limited eight or ten people will live in the same apartment. The most unfeeling of men would be moved to see these people in a little cramped room built on the ground and level with a court covered with poisonous and foul-smelling mud. A shocking odor fills the room whenever they open the door, which is the sole opening for admission of light and air.

As the visitor enters he finds himself greeted by a cloud of smoke from burning petroleum and smouldering coal, which envelops his face and penetrates to his very lungs. By the

dim rays of light which enter through the cracks in the door little half-naked children may be seen playing on the straw, smiling with that angelic satisfaction peculiar to these innocents, perfectly regardless of their hard lot. And it is indeed quite astonishing to find these little ones happy, graceful, and robust despite bad lodging and bad nourishment. Often they are stout enough to excite the envy of royal parents watching day and night beside the cradle where the object of their tender solicitude, despite all care, is lying a prey to frightful suffering. Who can doubt that God in his eternal justice watches closely over souls deprived by his providence of all temporal blessings, and blesses them with the real and unspeakable wealth of health, resignation, and faith.

As the visitor enters the home of these humble creatures he is presented with a pillow, to be used as a seat in the absence of a chair or cushion. When some members of the family undertake to tell their tale of woe, they manifest such Christian resignation that it is impossible to avoid shedding tears. They listen to your words with edifying simplicity, accompanied with sighs of contrition if any fault has been committed. What is most touching is that at the moment of your departure they humbly offer you one or two pennies, without doubt the price of their dry daily bread. This certainly is a relic of the most Christian generosity of former days.



AN ALBANIAN.

At sight of this charity, fit to remind one of the Scripture story, the priest finds a sweet joy in adding to the little sum of family wealth some pennies from his own pocket, and then makes his escape amid a shower of blessings and hearty good wishes.

Such is a faithful description of the household life led by the majority of the Armenians in our diocese.

FUNERALS.

When the condition of a sick person is beyond hope of recovery, the faithful piously consider it their bounden duty to notify the priest, in order that he may administer the

last sacraments—confession, communion, and extreme unction. When life has departed they close the eyes and mouth of the deceased, wash the body, clothe it in the finest and newest garments at hand, and cross the arms on the breast. From this moment until the time of the funeral two candles are kept burning, one at the head of the bed and the other at the foot. The sad sound of a wooden bell gives notice of a new funeral.

If the deceased has passed away towards evening, or about night-fall, it is difficult to comprehend the heartrending condition of the unhappy family of the deceased. They must pass the whole night by the side of the corpse, or even in the same bed, until the dawn, weeping and sighing, while the asses and the cattle mingle their groanings with the general lamentation; for in the villages and little towns where people dwell in huts these poor animals spend the winter with the family in order to lessen the cold by their breathing.

Relatives, neighbors, friends, and even enemies, are invited to pay their last respects to the remains of the deceased. In sign of grief coffee without sugar is offered to the company. Mourning women are secured, who eulogize the departed in words and anecdotes fit to draw tears from the most unfeeling person in the world. After they have shed many tears, and wept and lamented until their very voices die in their throats, there sounds the deep tone of priests singing the burial chant. Then the body is taken to the church in a special coffin. Among the wealthier classes this is covered with a black cloth adorned with little white crosses. Among the others a common bier is used, on which the body is extended and wrapped in linen.

The coffin or bier is carried to the cemetery by either relatives or friends of the deceased. On the way, marching very slowly, they chant in a loud tone. A great cross, accompanied by two lighted torches, comes first, and is followed by the priests, who walk before the coffin. Every Christian who meets the procession stops, uncovers his head, and repeats the sign of the cross many times. The procession having arrived at the church, two wooden chairs are made to do duty as catafalque; or, as is not infrequent, the body is placed upon a mat on the ground. If the relatives of the deceased are of comfortable condition, little lighted wax tapers are distributed to everybody in the church. During the ceremonies the body is blessed with holy water and perfumed with incense, and

then while it is being conducted to the cemetery the chant is sung all along the way.

Let him who wishes an instance of Christian mortification come here to us and accompany a funeral procession through streets covered by pools of filthy water and knee-deep in mud, and walk along exposed to the merciless rain and snow, and the bitter cold which glues the bearers' hands to the handle of the coffin or bier.

Toward the end of the ceremony in the cemetery the priest, with the sign of the cross, blesses the four corners of the grave, and scatters three shovelfuls of earth into it and as many more upon the coffin. Following the priest, all present dutifully cast in three handfuls of dust. As the cemeteries are not surrounded by walls, nor watched over by special guardians, the faithful dare not even place wooden crosses as marks of distinction at the head of the graves, lest it should be the occasion of sacrilege. So they must content themselves with leaving as monuments some fragments of stone.

On returning from the cemetery every one is requested to visit the home of the deceased. There they are invited to partake of steaming broth—prepared by neighbors or friends—while reciting ardent prayers for the soul of the deceased. Three days later a Mass is chanted for the departed soul, and at this the people assist with the most touching devotion. And on this occasion food, including broth, must be distributed by the church. The grave is again blessed on the third and the ninth day, at the close of the third month, and at the end of a year.

The length of time given over to mourning is one year for fathers, mothers, elder brothers, married sisters, and other near relatives of adult age; and six months for the other brothers and sisters. The mourning color is dark blue. The mourning dress is worn day and night, since ordinarily the people have but one costume for night and day, both in the house and out-of-doors. During all the time of mourning no sign of joy can be perceived in the family of the deceased, and they are to be met with at no place of pleasure or amusement.



A DWARF.

When the deceased is a priest every effort is made to carry out the Christian ritual in all its splendid detail. The procession makes the circuit of all the churches; at different places it stops in the street and the Gospel is read over the dead. The shops are closed and the women suspend their duties. The deceased is interred in the court of the church, clothed in his sacred vestments. The farmers send sheep to be distributed to the poor; usually they continue the mourning for eight days. If the deceased is a married priest, his widow can never again remarry; likewise the priest, if his wife should die, cannot contract a second marriage, but must remain a widower to the end of his life. Celibacy in this country is reserved to those priests whom the bishop at their ordination judges to be worthy of the honor.



CLAUDE BERNARD, THE PHYSIOLOGIST.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, PH.D., M.D.



THE Collège de France will be a favorite shrine of pilgrimage for educators who visit Paris this summer. It represents the oldest educational institution deliberately founded with the idea of combining teaching with investigation. The professors were not bound to teach definite doctrines, literary or scientific, but to give rather the results of recent investigation and personal meditation on great scientific and philosophic problems. The college was not meant, in a word, so much for students as for specialists. It was intended not to convey a definite body of knowledge on any subject, but rather to round out the knowledge acquired in the regular course at the University of Paris, and to dwell particularly on recent lines of advance in special subjects in a manner that would encourage original investigation.

In a word, the Collège de France was the first of the modern post-graduate schools. We have learned in recent years how important are post-graduate departments for their influence on the regular work of a university. Unless original investigation of a high order is constantly being done at a university, it is inevitable that the regular course shall cease to be up to date. Modern educators are coming to realize very forcibly this feature of a successful teaching institution. Hence the interest that will surely be manifested in the Collège de France as the original post-graduate school.

ASSOCIATION WITH THE COLLÈGE DE FRANCE.

To the great majority of those who come to pay their respects at the shrine of original investigation, it will prove a distinct surprise to find the centre of the court of the Collège de France occupied by a statue of Claude Bernard. Bernard is not well known, and still less appreciated out of scientific circles. By many it is forgotten that the original free school, the *collège de trois langues*, in which Hebrew, Greek, and Latin were the only chairs, has extended its scope, and that in our day the natural sciences represent the most fertile field of its achievements. The absolute freedom of opinion guaran-

teed to professors originally, and which constituted the principal reason for an educational institution apart from the University of Paris and its trammels, has proved a precious heritage to later generations. Science has flourished vigorously, and the memorial to its representative cultivator at the college in this century has deservedly been given the place of honor in its court.

To the initiate, however, for whom, in medicine and physiology, and general biology, his work is still an inspiration, many points of interest around the college will have all their attraction from associations with Claude Bernard's career. His neglect by the popular mind is more than compensated for by the fervent admiration of all those who are 'occupied with investigations along the lines he followed. For in him they recognize a master mind such as is given to a branch of science not more than once in a century; the veritable possessor of a magician's wand, who knows how to disclose the hidden veins of precious ore, the exploitation of which will prove a source of riches to so many faithful followers. For these the dark little laboratory of the college in which Bernard made so many of his ground-breaking discoveries will be in the nature of a shrine to which one comes with precious memories of the *genius loci* that was. The apartment across the street at No. 40 rue des Écoles, where Bernard lived for years, will be the term of many a pilgrimage. Scientists from all over the world will wander from here out to the laboratory in the Jardin des Plantes, where Bernard's work was done in his later years, and where the fundamental problems of life—plant and animal—usurped the attention that had at first been devoted exclusively to human physiology and its allied sciences.

HIS ORIGIN AND EDUCATION.

Claude Bernard is another and a striking illustration of the historic tradition that great men usually come from the country, and not infrequently from poor parents. He was born at St. Julien, not far from Lyons, almost in the centre of France. His father owned a small farm in the Beaujolais wine district. The little estate came later into Bernard's hands, and when he could afford the time he spent his summers there. When the air is clear the white summits of the Alps can be seen, and they make a pleasing contrast to the plains along the Saone and the hill-sides of the immediate neighborhood, all covered with vineyards. Bernard, who enjoyed nature very much, speaks enthusiastically of his little, verdant summer nest.

Bernard was educated at the Jesuit school of Villefranche. It will be recalled that Theodor Schwann was also a student of the Jesuits. In these days, when Jesuit educational training is impugned, the facts are worth noting. It is claimed especially that the old-fashioned training by means of the classics is narrowing. The old method of a definitely prescribed course of study for every student is said to hamper development. Slavish devotion to old pedagogic methods, it is urged, cannot but shackle and destroy initiative. The subordinate place of the sciences in this scheme of education is said to hinder progress in the sciences later on in life, to leave the powers of observation undeveloped until it is too late, and to distract the mind of the student too much from the practical side of life. Here are two men whose lives are an open contradiction to all the allegations of the opponents of the old Jesuit system of training. Needless to say they are but two of many.

Bernard pursued the course with the Jesuits at the Collège de Villefranche as far as it went. After this we find him at Lyons, at first pursuing studies in philosophy in preparation for his baccalaureate degree, evidently with the idea of eventually entering the university. Family reasons, mainly financial, compelled him to give up his studies, and for nearly two years he was an assistant in a pharmacy in Lyons. Here he developed a scepticism with regard to the effect of the drugs he compounded that led later in life to his important studies on the physiological action of remedies.

EARLY EXPERIENCES IN PHARMACY.

The science of therapeutics was at that time in a most inchoate stage. Very little was known of the exact action of drugs. Exaggerated claims were made for many, but mainly on uncertain clinical experience. The modern patent medicine was as yet unknown, but something not unlike it had become popular among the patrons of the Lyons pharmacy. One remedy was in constant demand by city patrons and by country people, who came from long distances especially to procure it. It was known as *la thériaque*—"the cure"—I suppose from some fancied connection with the root of the word therapeutics.

This remedy, according to the old women of the neighborhood and the countryside, was a panacea for every ill that flesh is heir to, and a few others besides (*pro morbis omnibus cognitis et quibusdam aliis*). The composition of this remedy was, however, even more interesting than its universal curative

efficacy. Whenever a drug spoiled from too long keeping, or an error in its manufacture, made it unavailable for the purpose for which it was originally intended, or whenever an involuntary mistake in compounding occurred, the assistants in the pharmacy were directed not to throw the drugs away, but to reserve them for "la thériaque." "Mettez vous cela de côté pour la thériaque" (put that aside for "la thériaque") was a standing order in the shop. From a remedy of such varied ingredients the most wonderful effects could be expected and were secured. An unexpected action of the remedy, however, was that produced on Bernard's mind. This influence was later to lead to the healing of a good many ills in the system of therapeutics, and to bring about the establishment of the sciences of experimental pharmacology and physiology.

Bernard developed literary ambitions while at work in the pharmacy. He spent many of his free evenings at the theatre, and wrote a musical comedy, "The Rose of the Rhone," which was acted with some success. He worked at a prose drama, and thinking the possibilities of life too narrow in Lyons, he resolved to go to Paris. With his play in his pocket, and a letter of introduction to the distinguished critic St. Marc Girardin, he reached the capital. Bernard's drama, "Arthur de Bretagne," was published after his death, and shows that its author possessed literary talent of a high order. This must have been evident to Girardin, to whom it was given to read; but he very wisely advised its author to eschew literature, at least for a time, until he was able to make his living by some other means. Girardin advised Bernard to take up the study of medicine, for which his work in pharmacy had already prepared him somewhat.

BEGINS THE STUDY OF MEDICINE.

Bernard, having once made up his mind to pursue medicine, threw himself, as was his wont, enthusiastically into the study of it. The utmost frugality was necessary in order to enable him to live on the scant income that could be allowed him from home. He lived with a fellow-student in a garret in the Quartier Latin. Their one room was study and sleeping room, and even, on occasion, kitchen. When a "box" came from home, utensils were borrowed from the laboratory for whatever cooking was necessary.

Bernard was especially interested in anatomy, and soon made himself known by the perfection of his dissections. Physiology

attracted him not for what was known in the science, but for the many problems as yet unsolved. His was above all a mind not prone to accept scientific teaching on the *ipse dixit* of a professor. Except in the dissecting-room, his work attracted no attention. He was not looked upon as a brilliant student, and yet all the while he was unconsciously preparing himself thoroughly for his life-work. Later on his dissecting skill was to be a most helpful acquisition. Bernard's first promising opening came unexpectedly. The skill with which he did certain dissecting work in preparation for one of Magendie's lessons attracted the attention of the professor, at that time the greatest living experimental physiologist. Magendie, in his bluff, characteristic way, without asking further about him, called out one day: "I say, you there, I take you as my *preparateur* at the Collège de France."

This position was gladly accepted by Bernard, for it provided him with an income sufficient to support himself. The work was congenial. His duty was to prepare the specimens and make ready the demonstrations for Magendie's lectures. His career as a physiologist dates from this appointment. He had to give some private lessons, and do what is called "coaching," or "quizzing," in order to eke out his slender income, but in the main his time after this was entirely devoted to investigation and experiment.

HIS FIRST INVESTIGATION.

His first investigation concerned stomach digestion. It was important mainly because it directed his mind to digestive questions. In these he was to make his great discoveries. His first independent investigation concerned the differences to be found in the digestive apparatuses and functions of the carnivora and herbivora—that is, of the meat and plant eating animals. The differences in the natural habits of these two classes of animals had long been noted. While the meat-eaters invariably bolt their food, the plant-eaters chew theirs very carefully. Many of these latter, like the cow, are ruminants—that is, they bring up their food to chew it over again at their leisure. The instinct that makes them do this is most precious. Their food is mainly composed of starch, in the digestion of which the saliva takes a large part. The thorough mixture of the food with saliva, then, is an extremely important matter. Human beings, who are both herbivorous and carnivorous, must learn to masticate thoroughly at least the starch-containing por-

tions of their food. Bernard's first researches concerned the nerves that supply the salivary glands, and which consequently influence the flow of saliva. Curiously enough, the conclusions of his first experiments were erroneous. The topic led him, however, into the general subject of the influence of nerves upon glandular secretion, a problem that he was destined to illustrate in many ways.

INVESTIGATIONS INTO INTESTINAL DIGESTION.

After the salivary glands the most important structure for the digestion of starches in the animal economy is the pancreas. It was early evident, however, that the pancreatic secretion effected more than the conversion merely of starch into sugar. Its most important *rôle*, that of influencing the digestion and absorption of fats, was only recognized as the result of a classical observation of Bernard's upon the rabbit. He noticed that fat introduced into the digestive tract of a rabbit undergoes no change until it has advanced a considerable distance beyond the stomach. When fat is introduced into the dog's digestive apparatus a marked change begins in it almost as soon as it leaves the stomach. At first this seemed very mysterious. Observations were made over and over again, always with the same result. There was evidently some important difference between the intestines of the two animals. Careful investigation showed that the difference between the behavior of the fat in the rabbit and the dog was due to the presence or absence of the pancreatic fluid from the intestinal contents. In the dog the pancreatic duct which carries the secretion of the gland to the intestine empties into the intestine just beyond the stomach. In the rabbit the duct and its secretion empties into the intestine only some eight to ten inches below the intestinal orifice of the stomach. It is just beyond where the pancreatic duct reaches the intestine in both animals that the digestion of fat begins. This observation solved the seeming mystery of fat digestion, and at the same time made clear the importance of the pancreatic secretion in the general work of digestion.

Bernard's attention was directed by the first observation to the other properties of the pancreatic fluid. He soon demonstrated by experiment, not only that it split up fats into fatty acids and glycerine, and so made their absorption possible, but that it had a powerful action upon proteids—that is, upon the albuminous portions of the food, and also upon the starches

and sugars. Up to this time the principal rôle in digestion had been assigned to the stomach and the gastric juice. After Bernard's observations it became clear that the work of the stomach was mainly preliminary to intestinal digestion, and that the chief work in the preparation of food for absorption into the system was really accomplished by the secretion of the pancreas. It took some years to make all this clear. Much of the advance in our knowledge of the effect of pancreatic juice upon proteids—that is, upon meat and other albuminous materials—is due to Kühne, a pupil of Bernard's; but not only did the inspiration for the pupil's work come from the master, but the important fundamental principle of pancreatic proteolysis—*i. e.*, the solution of proteids by pancreatic secretion—was clearly laid down in Bernard's original publications on the subject. Only in our own day has come the greatest confirmation of the notion then first introduced into physiology, of the surpassing importance of intestinal digestion. The removal of the whole stomach for malignant disease is now undertaken without any fears as to the ultimate result on the patient's general nutrition. The operation has been done some ten times, and the surgeons' confidence that the intestines would compensate, as far as digestion of food was concerned, for the absent stomach has been amply justified. Patients who survived the operation have all gained in weight, and some of them have enjoyed better health than for years before the removal of their stomachs.

From his studies of the pancreas, Bernard, whose mind was always of a very practical bent, was very naturally led to the study of that interesting disease, diabetes. The question of how sugar was absorbed into the system was an interesting one even at that time. It was not realized, as it is now, that saccharine material was a most valuable food-stuff. Its use in the world's great armies of recent years has brought sugar very prominently before the medical profession of to day. The bone and sinew for hard fighting and exhausting marches would not seem to be derivable from the favorite dainty of the child, which has besides fallen into such disrepute as a health disturber; yet tons upon tons of sweets are now shipped to fighting armies, and are distributed in their rations when especially hard work is required of them. Bernard did not quite realize that he was attacking, in the question of the digestion and consumption of sugar in the system, one of the most important problems of nutrition, especially as far as regards the production of heat.

SUGAR IN THE HUMAN SYSTEM.

Sugar is a substance that dissolves easily and in considerable quantity in water. When in solution it easily passes through an animal membrane by osmosis, and so the question of its absorption seemed simple enough. The disease diabetes showed, however, that sugar might exist very plentifully in the blood and yet the nutrition of an individual suffer very much for the lack of it. Something else besides its mere presence in the system was necessary to secure its consumption by the tissues. Bernard thought that the liver was active in the consumption of sugar, and that disease of this organ caused diabetes. He therefore secured some of the blood going to the liver of a living animal and some of the blood that was just leaving it. To his surprise the blood leaving the liver contained more sugar than that entering it. After assuring himself that his observations were correct, he tried his experiments in different ways. He found that even in the blood leaving the liver of an animal that had been fed only on substances containing no sugar, sugar could be demonstrated. Even in a fasting animal the liver itself and the blood leaving it showed the presence of a form of sugar. The only possible conclusion from this was that the liver was capable of manufacturing this form of sugar out of non-sugar-containing material, or even from the blood of a fasting animal.

This was the first time in physiology that the idea of an internal secretion was advanced. Glands within the body that gave off a secretion always possessed a duct by which this secretion was conducted to where it was to produce its effect. The idea that glands exist which poured their secretion directly into the blood stream had not occurred.

This branch of physiology has developed wonderfully since Bernard's discovery. The chapter of the functions of the ductless glands is one of the most interesting and most practical in modern medicine. The spleen, the thyroid, the suprarenal glands have taken on a new significance. Mysteries of disease have been solved, and most wonderful, we have learned that many of the substances derived from these glands, when not present in the human body, may be effectually supplied by corresponding substances from animals, with results upon suffering human beings that are little short of marvellous. To mention but one example : the stunted, idiotic child that, because of congenital absence of the thyroid gland, formerly grew up to be a

repellent, weak-minded man or woman, can now in a few short months be made the peer of most of its kind. All of the modern tissue therapy, with its hopeful outlook, is due to Bernard's far-reaching conclusions from his experiments upon sugar digestion and absorption.

HEAT PRODUCTION AND REGULATION IN THE BODY.

His studies on sugar logically led Bernard to the investigation of heat production and heat regulation in the human body. Glycogen, the sugary substance produced by the liver, occurs abundantly in all the muscles of the body, and it was evident that muscular movement led to its consumption and the consequent production of heat. Sugar is a carbon-containing substance, and its combustion always produces energy. The question of heat regulation was a much more complicated problem. Heat is always being produced in the human body and always being given off. Very different amounts of heat are required to keep up the temperature of the human body in the winter and summer seasons. Near the pole or at the equator man's temperature in health is always the same. To secure this identity of temperature some very delicately balanced mechanism is required. Without the most nicely adjusted equilibrium of heat production and dissemination human tissues would soon freeze up at a temperature of 70° below zero, or the albumen of the body fluids and muscular tissue coagulate at a temperature above 110° F.

While engaged in the investigation of this interesting problem Claude Bernard found that the cutting of the sympathetic nerves in the neck of a rabbit was followed by increased heat on the side of the head supplied by the nerve, and that this increased heat coincided with heightened sensibility and greater blood supply in the parts affected. Here was an important factor in heat regulation laid bare. It was evident that the sympathetic nerve trunk supplied filaments to the small arteries, and that when these nerves no longer acted, as after the cutting of the nerve trunk, these arteries were no longer controlled by the nervous system and became dilated. The presence of more blood than usual in the tissues and its slower flow gave occasion to more chemical changes in the part than before, and consequently to the production of more heat.

These vaso-motor nerves, as they have been called, because they preside over the dilatation and contraction of the walls of the blood-vessels (*vasa*) of the body, are now known to play

an important rôle in every function. When food enters the stomach, it is dilatation of the gastric arteries, brought on by the reflex irritation of the presence of food, that causes the secretion of the gastric juices necessary for digestion. It is the disturbance of this delicate nervous mechanism that gives rise to the many forms of nervous dyspepsia so common in our day. It is its disturbance also that makes digestion so imperfect at moments of intense emotion, or that makes severe mental or bodily exertion after the taking of food extremely inadvisable. The vaso-motor nerves, however, control much more than heat processes and digestion. The familiar blushing is an example of it, and blushes may occur in any organ. Excitement paralyzes the efforts of some individuals, but renders others especially acute. It is probable that the regulation of the blood supply to the brain has much to do with this. While one student always does well in an oral examination, another, as well gifted, may always do poorly. Just as there are those who cannot control the vaso-motor nerves of the face, and blush furiously with almost no provocation, so there are brain blushers in whom the rush of blood interferes with proper intellection. On the other hand, there are those, and they are not always unaware of it, in whom the slight disturbance of the facial vaso-motor mechanism only gives rise to a pleasing heightened color, and in the same way the increased blood supply to the brain only gives them more intellectual acumen.

BERNARD AND MAGENDIE.

These two discoveries of Bernard's—the formation of sugar by the liver and the nervous vaso-motor mechanism—are, in their far reaching application and their precious suggestiveness for other investigators, the most significant advances in physiology in the present century. They are directly due to a great imaginative faculty informing a most fertile inquiring spirit. Bernard was very different from his master, Magendie, in his applications of the experimental method. Magendie's researches were made more or less at random in the great undiscovered regions of physiology. He made his experiments as so many questions of nature. He cared not what the answer might be. He seldom had an inkling beforehand where his experiments might carry him. As he said himself, he was a rag-picker by the dust-heap of science, hoping to glean where others had missed treasures, and not knowing what his stick might turn up next. Bernard's experiments were always made with a definite idea

as to what he sought. Not infrequently his preconceived theory proved to be a mistake. It is of the very genius of the man that he was able to recognize such errors, and that he did not attempt to divert the results of experiments so as to bolster up what looked like eminently rational theories. The imaginative faculty that had come so near perverting him to literature was a precious source of inspiration and initiative in his scientific work. It was not followed as an infallible guide, however, but only as a suggestive director of the course investigation should take.

Besides the important discoveries made by Bernard there are two minor investigations, successfully accomplished, that deserve a passing word. To Claude Bernard we owe the use of curare in physiological experimentation. Curare is an Indian arrow poison which absolutely prevents all muscular movement. If artificial respiration is kept up, however, the animal lives on indefinitely, and no motion will disturb the progress of the most delicate experiment. In Bernard's time it was thought that the drug did not affect the sensory nervous system at all, and that as a consequence, though absolutely immobile, the animal might be suffering the most excruciating pain. We now know that the sensory system is also affected, and that the animal in these experiments suffers little if at all.

DISCOVERIES CONCERNING CARBONIC OXIDE GAS.

Bernard's investigation of the effect of carbonic oxide gas will probably be of more practical benefit to this generation and the next than it was to his. Like most of Bernard's discoveries, this one threw great light on important questions in physiology quite apart from the subject under investigation. Carbonic oxide is the gas produced by incomplete combustion of coal. The blue flames on the surface of a coal fire when coal is freshly added are mainly composed of this gas in combustion. From burning charcoal it is given off in considerable quantities. The gas is extremely poisonous. Unlike carbon dioxide, which does harm by shutting off the supply of oxygen, carbonic oxide is actively poisonous. After death the blood of its victims, instead of being of a dark reddish blue, is of a bright pinkish red. Bernard's study of the change that had taken place in the blood showed that the hemoglobin of the red blood-cells had united with the carbonic oxide present in the lungs to form a stable compound. The usual interchange of oxygen and carbon dioxide in the tissues could not take

place. The combinations formed between oxygen and carbon dioxide with the hemoglobin of the blood readily submit to exchanges of their gaseous contents, and so respiratory processes are kept up.

Before Bernard's discovery it was thought that the respiratory oxygen was mostly carried dissolved in the blood plasma—that is, in the watery part of the blood—or at least that its combination was a physical rather than a chemical process. This idea was overthrown by the discovery that the carbonic oxide combination with hemoglobin was very permanent. The rôle of the red blood-cell in internal respiration took on a new importance because of the discovery, and the comprehension of anæmic states of the system became much easier.

About the middle of his career Bernard suffered from a succession of attacks of a mysterious malady that we now recognize to have been appendicitis. Once at least his life was despaired of, and recurring attacks made life miserable. After a year of enforced rest on the old farm of his boyhood, now become his own, he seems to have recovered more or less completely. His health, however, was never so robust as before. Towards the end of his life he lived alone. His wife and daughters were separated from him, and one of the daughters devoted her time and means to suffering animals in order to make up, as she proclaimed, for all her father's cruelty.

Bernard lived almost directly opposite to the Collège de France, in a small apartment in the rue des Écoles. An old family servant took care of him, and his life was one of uttermost simplicity, devoted only to science. Once at court, in 1869, Napoleon III. insisted on knowing, after an hour's conversation with him, what he could do for him. Bernard asked only for new facilities for his experimental work, and new apparatus and space for his laboratory.

ELECTED TO THE ACADEMY.

Honors came to him, but left him modest as before. He was elected a member of the French Academy—one of the forty immortals. Only five times in the history of the Academy has the honor of membership been conferred upon a medical man. Before Bernard, Flourens, the father of brain physiology, had occupied a *fauteuil*, while Cabanis and Vicq d'Azyr are two other names of medical immortals.

Bernard was elected to the 24th *fauteuil*, which had been occupied by Flourens, and according to custom had to pro-

nounce his predecessor's panegyric. The conclusion of his address was the expression: "There is no longer a line of demarcation between physiology and psychology." Physiology had become the all ruler for Bernard in human function, and he drifted into what would have been simple materialism only for the saving grace of his own utter sanity, his active imagination, and the unconscious influence of early training. During his most successful years of scientific investigation, wrapped up in his experiments and their suggestions, Bernard was drawn far away from the spiritual side of things. This partial view of man and nature could not endure, however. In an article on Bernard in the *Revue des Questions scientifiques* for April, 1880, Father G. Hahn, S.J., says of him: "A man of such uprightness of character could not be allowed to persist to the end in this restless scepticism. His mental condition was really a kind of vertigo caused by the depths of nature that he saw all around him. At the threshold of eternity he came back to his true self and his good sense triumphed. The great physiologist died a true Christian."

RELATIONS WITH PASTEUR.

Bernard was one of the great thinkers of an age whose progress in science will stamp it as one of the most successful periods of advance in human thought. He accomplished much, but much more he seems to have divined. He seldom gave out the slightest hint of the tendencies of his mind, or of his expectations of discovery in matters of science, until fully satisfied that his theoretic considerations were justified and confirmed by observation and experiment. In one thing, however, he allowed favored friends to share some of his anticipations, and the notes published after his death show that he was on the very point of another great discovery in biology which has since been made. He was a great friend of Pasteur's, and had ably seconded the great chemist-biologist's efforts to disprove spontaneous generation. Bernard's demonstration that air passed through a tube heated red hot might be suffered with impunity to come in contact with any sort of organic material, yet would never cause the development of germ life, was an important link in the proof that if life were carefully destroyed, no life, however microscopic in character, would develop unless the seeds of previously existent life were somehow brought in contact with the organic matter.

With regard to fermentation, too, Bernard was for many

years in close accord with Pasteur, who taught that fermentation was the result of the chemical activity of living cells, the ferments. Towards the end of his life Bernard came to the view, however, that the action of ferments was really due to the presence in them of chemically active substances called diastases. These substances are of varied chemical composition, but each one has a constant formula. Their presence in a fermentescible solution is sufficient of itself, even in the absence of living cells, to bring about fermentation. It has since been shown that after this substance is removed from ferment-cells by pressure, and the liquid carefully filtered so that absolutely no cells remain, fermentation will yet take place.

This does not disprove the necessity for life to produce the diastases originally, though it advances science a step beyond the theory that it is the actual vital interchange of nutritious substances within the ferment-cell that causes fermentation. With each step of advance in biological science the mystery of life and its processes deepens.

No one has done more to bring out the depths there are in vital function than Bernard. His early training was of the type that is, according to many prominent educators of our day, least calculated to develop originality of view, or capacity for initiating new lines of thought. Our pedagogic Solons would claim that the narrow orthodoxy that wrapped itself around his developmental years must surely stifle the precious genius for investigation that was in him. It is due, on the contrary, very probably to the thorough conservatism of his early training and the rounded fulness of the mental development acquired under the old system of classical education, that we have to chronicle of Bernard none of the errors by exaggeration of personal bias that are so common among even great scientific men. Few successful men have ever owed less to luck or to favoring circumstances in life. He was in the best sense a self-made man, and he owed his success to a large liberality of mind that enabled him to grasp things in their true proportions. With an imaginative faculty that constantly outstripped his experimental observations he was singularly free from prejudgment and was able to control his theories by what he found, never allowing them to warp his powers of observation. Bernard is without doubt the greatest example of the century that a fully rounded youthful training is much more favorable to successful investigation than the early specialization which is falsely supposed to foster it.



THE NEW GOVERNMENT PALACE.

A CATHOLIC REPUBLIC.

SAN MARINO.

REV. M. P. HEFFERNAN.



THE Republic of Andorra, it is said, possesses no carriages; the Republic of San Marino knows no railways. To reach this quaint territory, which comprises about thirty-two square miles, and is hidden away up in a corner of Romagna, near the Adriatic Sea, the traveller must ride over rough roads in a kind of jaunting car. The excursion, however, is well

worth the trouble, and this little republic is not by any means the least of the curiosities of Italy. The tourist does not go to San Marino to see walls, edifices, statues, paintings, nor even *campi santi*, but he goes there to view a state of things, social and political life, such as exists nowhere else.

San Marino is the last of the patrician republics. It dates back to the eleventh century, and while all other countries have changed their constitution, San Marino has not changed its. It is not, therefore, "constitutional conventions" that disturb the rest of the good San-Marinesi. Their archaic statutes satisfy them and they do not ask for a change. Sixty members elected for life compose the great Council (*Generale Consiglio Principe*), which, by a graphic abbreviation, is known as "the Prince." These members are chosen one-third from the nobles, another third from the burgesses, and the last third from the land-holders.

The *Consiglio Principe* elects its own members. When a member dies, he is succeeded by another who must belong to the same category as the deceased. A noble is elected in place of a noble, and a land-cultivator in place of one of his class. The council also appoints the magistrates and other officials, makes laws and decrees, grants pardons, and chooses the two captains-regent, who hold office for six months. These *duumviri* are the real rulers of the republic; they discharge the duties of several offices, and these offices are of a most varied character. It certainly is not the desire of emolument that leads them to seek office, for all that is allowed them in the way of salary amounts scarcely to thirty dollars, and with this meagre sum they must run their bureau.

The election of the captains-regent is surrounded with many precise formalities. The great council begins with drawing by lot the names of twelve councillors. Each councillor proposes the name of a candidate. As the regents must be one a noble and the other either a burgess or a land-owner, the choice of candidates must be made according to that tradition. After this preliminary action the council again convenes. Of the twelve names submitted six are picked out for the choice of the electors. Every man who has attained his twenty-fifth year has the right of suffrage. The election is held publicly, and the electors go, not to the town-hall but to the cathedral to deposit their ballots. In Portugal elections are held in the churches, but in San Marino it is in the cathedral behind the altar of San Marinus that the electors pass in their ballots.

We have said *their ballots*, for each one places three ballots in the urn.

Usage demands that the elector be provided with three slips, each of which contains two names, and in this way the names of the candidates to whom he refuses his vote are eliminated. It is astonishing to see how, in a state whose institutions are so democratic, so large a field is handed over to the patriciate, and the influence of the popular element is so limited in the matter of elections.



THE GATE OF RIPA.

They, however, who are most interested never dream of complaining. They believe that the established order of things has given and gives excellent results, and they have no desire to change it. As M. Morin de Malsabrier has remarked in his interesting work on San Marino, it is necessary to seek for the reason of this fact in the attitude of the aristocracy. It is allowable, this author writes, to infer from such an infraction of the principle of equality that the nobility of San Marino, instead of abusing the privileged position which it occupies in the state, has at all times showed itself worthy of it. The patriarchal patriciate has been imposed on the state by wise motives, as well as by the amenity of governmental procedure. It is indeed necessary that it should be so, since the Consiglio Principe has caused its authority to be recognized to the exclusion of every other. It is a remarkable thing that municipal power does not exist in San Marino, and it is, perhaps, the only state in Europe in which such a condition of affairs exists. In the villages of this small republic the municipal council is replaced by an administrative delegate, whose duty is to give an account of

the needs of the locality to the regents. This agent is at the same time mayor of the village and an official of the civil state. The villages and hamlets of San Marino adapt themselves to this condition of affairs. Home rule is a thing quite indifferent to them.

After San Marino, the capital, which has 3,500 inhabitants, the next important village is Serravalle, which counts 1,504. This is one of the industrial centres of San Marino. Large vases of clay in an Etruscan form are made here, and are much used in ornamenting gardens in Italy and elsewhere. Very picturesque in situation, built on an elevation and surrounded by precipices, Serravalle is one of the stations to be met with on the road from Rimini to San Marino. The coach painfully climbs ascents nearly a half-mile long, but there are many fine points of view on the journey. It is true that the arrival at San Marino reserves a marvellous panorama for travellers.

The Apennines with their round summits may be distinctly seen from the terrace of the public square of Pianello. They follow one another, tapering gradually until they are lost in the distance like the heavy billows of the sea. If one look to the north, he will behold the vast plains of Romagna, whose rivers, cities, villages, and towns recall the names of battles and famous epochs. The historic Rubicon flows through these plains. Here are Rimini and Ravenna, whose walls rise to the horizon. The view extends as far as the Adriatic, as far as the pine forests with rounded tops that border on the sea. The Titano on which San Marino is built is one of the loftiest summits of the Apennines. It has given its name to the small republic, which is frequently designated as the "Titan Republic." The houses which are seen lower down are those of Borgo, the market-town of San Marino; it might be more justly called a suburb of the capital. Before ascending the Titano the traveller meets with a pretty little town, having a public square which is surrounded by porticoes and fine houses. This is lower San Marino, famous for its fairs, which are held in high repute at Rimini, Urbino, Montefeltro, and Ravenna. It takes a full half hour to climb the steep mountain side that leads to the Pianello. This is the name of the public square of the little capital. Here stood formerly the old Palazzo, in which the Consiglio Principe held its meetings. It was a modest, ordinary edifice, and the republic has built a new palace, replete with numerous battlements and ogives. The

Nuevo Palazzo is very elegant, and its interior and exterior ornamentation has been done with great taste. The *atrium*, with its stone stairway, its heavy timbered ceiling and severe decoration, has an altogether particular style. The architect, Azzuri, who drew the plans of the new palace, has evidenced in the disposition of the halls and rooms, and in the exterior and interior arrangement of this national monument, an æsthetic sense which commands admiration. The council hall, with its monumental fire-place, over which the arms of San Marino have been reproduced, its mural decorations and Gothic furniture, are very interesting. This is also called "the throne hall," a title rather surprising when we refer to matters pertaining to a republic. But we must remember that the San



LA ROCCA.

Marinesi style their Supreme Council *Il Principe*—"The Prince." The throne here is represented by a very large seat with an immense back, on which two persons may sit with ease. Nothing could summon up less the monarchical idea than this solemn-looking bench made to hold two.

After leaving the Palazzo we come to a church of modern construction; it is the cathedral, the Pieve. It is composed of three pieces of building which are separated by architrave columns. The choir at the end of the large nave is surrounded by a peristyle of isolated columns. Here is placed the statue of St. Marinus, the patron of the republic; it is the work of the sculptor Taddolini of Bologna, one of Canova's best pupils. The chief relics of the saint repose on the high altar; the other relics have been placed in a crystal vase sealed in the

wall. Thirteen statues, larger than life, represent our Blessed Lord and his twelve apostles, and form a pronounced ornament to the church. These are the work of the Bologna sculptors, Massimiliano, Putti, and C. Birozzi. But the most interesting work of art in the Pieve is a Virgin of Guercino—the “Virgin of Nazareth,” one of the beautiful pictures of that master. Guercino, who died at Bologna in 1666, is also represented at San Marino by two other notable canvases. One is a study of St. Marinus clad in the vestments of a deacon and holding in his left hand the three peaks which figure in the arms of the republic. The other is a painting in the convent of the Conventuals; it represents St. Francis of Assisi receiving the stigmata. These works of Guercino, together with the paintings of Guido which belong to the government, a St. Sebastian of Spagnoletto, a Christ attributed to Titian, and a large panel of Giulio Romano which figures in the Museum, comprise the artistic wealth of the republic.

The tourist who has visited the Palazzo, the Pieve, and pauses at the old gates of the city of San Marino, has not yet finished with the curiosities of the small capital. Let him ascend to La Rocca, the ancient citadel seated on a mountain of stone, which lifts from the summit of Titano its square tower and its battlements with walls crumbling by the action of the sun. The view from this spot is superb and most picturesque. La Rocca serves as a bell-tower and prison. In its tower is hung the great bell that announces the meetings of the Consiglio Principe. The prison rarely has boarders. The warden of it might well employ his time with rod and line, and have no fear of the probabilities of escape. Criminality has never been high in San Marino. The ancient cells, with their bedsteads cut out in stone, have no longer tenants. The condemned are treated now more comfortably than in former days, having cells of a more modern arrangement. The budget of San Marino expends ten cents per diem for the maintenance of each prisoner. Convicts and prisoners condemned to solitary confinement cost the state somewhat dearly. They could scarcely be confined in La Rocca, and the republic is obliged to entrust them to Italy, which country, for an indemnity of three thousand francs, gives them hospitality in the prison of Ancona or in a penitentiary. After leaving the cells, we walk in the galleries of La Rocca and enjoy an incomparable view that extends as far as Lombardy and Tuscany.

The Titano has many curious surprises in store for the traveller. An "Alpinist" might well give it a place in his itineraries. He will not regret an excursion which has the special charm of departing from the ordinary routes mapped out by guides and the *impresarii* of round-about journeys. It would be unfair to leave the capital without mentioning its theatre, library, and museum. We see clearly that this city of 3,500 inhabitants is not lacking in resources. The theatre is mainly a concert-hall in which the musical societies may be heard. If the museum is not rich in paintings, it possesses at least a curious collection of Hindoo antiquities. The library contains nearly twelve thousand volumes, and is to be found in the Palacio Valloni. Yet another palace! Count Borghesi, during his different sojourns in the little capital, visited the library frequently.

We can easily understand the interest and sympathy which this people commands when we look into its social and political life, into what it has created and the reforms which it has made. This little republic, which is a Christian republic, has put in practice the evangelical principle of charity, and has, in its own way, solved the problem of misery. The sick and poor are cared for gratuitously. When any of the inhabitants become infirm and have no resources, they are received into a hospital which is admirably managed. It is the state which pays the fees of the physicians. The surgeon who resides at San Marino receives a salary of \$560; the one who lives at Borgo and the other at Serravalle are given the same salaries. The tax-payer



PIETRO TONNINI, LATE CAPTAIN-REGENT.

need have no concern about the veterinary's bills. The state gives him a salary of eight hundred francs. One would imagine that the gentlemen farmers of the Titan republic would add something to this sum when they have sick horses to be treated and sheep that are afflicted with the scab to be attended.

Though the area of San Marino is very limited, the little republic does not count less than nine villages, ten with Borgo. We have already referred to Serravalle, which has 1,504 inhabitants. This is the most populated place after San Marino. Then follow Faetano, with 659 people; Mongiardino, with 541; Chiesanueva, with 481; Damagnano, with 398; Acquaviva, with 352; Fiorentino, with 338; San Giovanni, with 257; and the hamlets of Poggio, Caselino, Toglio, Casola, and Val Diagon. Acquaviva owes its name to an abundant spring which flows from a grotto at this place. Tradition has it that St. Marinus baptized his first converts to Christianity in this stream.

All the villages have their coats-of-arms: Serravalle has a tower in its armorial bearings; Pennarosa, a red feather; Faetano, a beech-tree (*doro, al faggio sradicato di verde*); Borgo, the three peaks surmounted by three feathered towers of San Marino, with the device: *Libertas*. After San Marino, the Borgo is certainly the most curious village, with its quaint streets, its clock-tower and theatre, for, like the capital, the Borgo has a theatre.

The entire territory of the republic is very rough and broken; the tourist is halted at every short distance, but were modern progress to change the quaint complexion of San Marino, as it has done with the streets and winding ways of Rome, thereby robbing the city of its historic interest, and build a railway connecting San Marino with Rimini, it would cause much regret to the tourist and subtract from the pleasure derivable in the present condition of things.

Are there judges in San Marino? Yes, but they are taken from Italy. This is a very wise measure. The State Council considered that if judges were selected from the inhabitants of the republic, they would be hampered in the administration of their office by personal relations, and would be exposed to urgent solicitation and extreme trouble on the part of relatives and friends; therefore the council chooses the magistrates, who hold office for three years from outside jurisconsults. The Consiglio Principe is master of all that concerns the composition of the civil tribunal, the correctional tribunal, and the



HALL OF GRAND COUNCIL, WITH RETROSI'S FRESCO.

Court of Appeals. The judges delegated by its authority simply make application of the Codes of San Marino, which are quite complex. Besides the statute laws, the civil and criminal codes, the legislation of appeal, the law about the police and lesser magistrates, and the treaty, as it is called, "of prejudice," San Marino has a law dealing with the press. This law condemns to a fine of two hundred francs anybody who offends the authorities or professes adhesion to another form of government. The same penalty is adjudged against any person who manifests a will to disperse the meetings of the council or to detach any part of territory from the state. The offence against a foreign ruler is punishable with one year or six months in prison. It is very doubtful that the authorities of the republic are ever called upon to apply this law.

San Marino also possesses a *Codice Cambiario*, a code of commerce which regulates bills of exchange. There was a time, not so very far back, when justice was administered in San Marino without the aid of clerks of court or public scribes, and without the need of the *Codice Cambiario* which did not then exist. A story is told of a Venetian who came to the little capital in 1830 to claim the payment of a sum of money which had been due him for a long time by a customer in San Marino. He entered the home of the chief of state. It was at the vintage-time, and he found the official in his wine depot. Here the Venetian saw at first nothing but an immense vat, with the head and arm of a man appearing above it. It was

the supreme judge quietly trampling on his grapes. The Venetian had never before seen justice dispensed amid such simple surroundings. But the gown does not make the judge. The creditor pressed his claim, and the magistrate—all the while continuing to trample his grapes—listened to the complaint, invited the debtor to present his defence, and finding it insufficient, condemned him and ordered his house to be sold. The next day the Venetian was paid. He did not, it seems, find such expeditious justice at home. A short time after he was prosecuting a case before the Venetian court, and exasperated by the exigencies of form and the slowness of legal procedure, he exclaimed vehemently: *Val pin un pistaduva di San-Marino che dieci parucciane di Venezia*—"One wine-presser of San Marino is worth more than ten wigs of Venice."

There are few states in the world that are actually out of debt. San Marino, in Europe, enjoys this privilege, with the republic of Andorra and the principality of Monaco. Each inhabitant pays about 25 francs of a tax. The budget of San Marino reads very favorably: the receipts amounting to 112,500 francs and the expenses to 109,600 francs. The balance is on the right side. The land-owner has no reason to complain of being crushed, like his Italian brethren, by heavy taxation; he pays little or nothing, for the land-tax is very light. The principal indirect taxes are those which are levied on powder, salt, and tobacco. In 1872 the republic renounced in a treaty made with Italy the right of cultivating tobacco. The Italian government agreed to furnish the state at net cost the necessary quantities of tobacco for consumption. One exception was made in favor of the Capuchins of San Marino. They are permitted to plant tobacco and sell snuff to retailers.

How about the army of San Marino? The army figures in the budget under the appropriation of 8,500 francs (about \$1,700). Everybody at San Marino is a soldier, but professors, magistrates, students, priests, and public officials are exempt from military service, which is intermittent and not very severe. The effective force of the army consists of 1,200 men, of whom 55 are officers and 76 sub-officers. The uniform is of sky-blue cloth with gold borders; the epaulets are white and blue, and the two-cornered hat has plumes for the officers of the Guardia Nobile. The officers of the militia wear for a shoulder-strap a sash, also of white and blue. To obtain an honorable rank in the Noble Guard of San Marino is a distinc-

tion much sought after at all times by the Roman and Tuscan nobility. The Noble Guard serves as an escort for the sovereign council and the regents at all civic and religious feasts. The republic has also a brigade of gendarmerie, but, as in the case of the magistrates, the gendarmes are recruited from places outside of the state, so that "they may fulfil their mission of severity with perfect independence." These gendarmes number ten, and they have the largest place in the budget of the public force.

The republic has made great sacrifices for the cause of public education. There are numerous primary schools, and besides there is a college which was founded at the end of the seventeenth century by the Abbate Ascanio de Giacomo Belluzzi. This now is the University of San Marino. The degrees which it confers are recognized by the Italian universities.

The administration of worship offers this peculiarity: the whole territory, which contains only seven parishes, is placed under the spiritual jurisdiction of two bishops; one part is dependent on the see of Rimini and the other on the see of Montefeltro. The principal ecclesiastical dignity of San Marino is the Archpriest of the cathedral, who has the title of "Episcopal Auditor." The regular clergy possess four convents, belonging respectively to the Minor Conventuals, the Servites, Capuchins, and Clarissines. The state registries are in the hands of the secular clergy. Civil marriage is not known in San Marino, and the records of birth and marriage are written out by priests who make attestation of them. While European governments



THE CAPTAINS-REGENT.

have made much ado about the matter of civil marriage, endeavoring to rob it of its sacramental character, nobody has ever complained of the ecclesiastical regulations in San Marino.

Real progress has been made in the administration of posts. San Marino has mail service, telegraphs, telephones, but no letter carriers. It would seem that these mountaineers can get along without them. People go to the post-office for their mail, and delivery at houses is a practice entirely unknown. But if the republic has no mail-carriers, it has stamps, *francobelli*, in color *verde*, *arancio*, *azzurro*, *vermiglio*, *brunocarmino*, *violetto*, *verde-grigio*, *uliva rosso*, all of which are the joy of the stamp-collectors. Those that were issued on the occasion of the opening of the new council palace bore a picture of the building, with the portraits of the two regents.

How do the inhabitants live? What is the industry, what the business, that supports both state and people, citizen of city and country? Industries are rare. The working of the stone and marble quarries which are found on the mountain sides is a lucrative industry. San Marino also possesses minerals—sulphur, deposits of tripoli or rotten-stone, and fine plaster used in the moulding of casts. The farmer cultivates the vine, maize, and wheat in the western portion of the territory. The vine attains to the height of twelve feet and produces excellent wine. San Marino has its own small growths: the white *Sangiovese*, a lively sparkling wine; the *Sangiovese da parto*, a red wine much similar in taste to burgundy; the *moscato* of amber color, and the *vino santo*, the wine used in state banquets or grand ceremonies, of topaz color, generous perfume, and somewhat sweetish taste. The vines grow and thrive on the rocks, in the interstices where the vegetable mould is sufficiently plentiful to nourish the roots, just as, before the ravages of the phylloxera, matured the vines which produced the wines of Cahors in Quercy, which seemed to have the privilege of aging very much without losing strength, bouquet, or aroma.

These are the chief resources of this small country in which, if there are not large fortunes, misery is at least unknown. Its people, healthy and industrious, confiding in a government which has faithfully applied the principles of Christian democracy, has been able, despite all the revolutions of Italy, to maintain intact its institutions and develop their national character during long years of peace and tranquillity.

All the petty states of Italy have their history, a curious history indeed, abounding in tragic events, sudden convulsions, intestine wars, and beneficial or disadvantageous conspiracies. It forms a story incessantly repeated, but as interesting as a romance. Especially, however, was it in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries that the Italian republics, the small kingdoms and petty principalities, had a romantic history, replete with the unexpected, in which heroic adventures, attempted by all sorts of characters, defile, like their living participants, before the astonished gaze of the reader. During this period the republic of San Marino had its share in the agitation to which the whole peninsula was a prey. The names of Malatesta, Rimini, the dukes of Urbino, Cæsar Borgia, Julius II., Leo X., the Farnese, and the Strozzi are to be found often in its annals. It also felt the counter-blow of the movement which caused an upheaval in all Italy, but it suffered less from it than the petty princes of Romagna, its neighbors. The republic maintains its integrity in the midst of the wars that desolated Italy. It united to its territory in 1463 the villages of Fiorentino, Mongiardino, Serravalle, and Faetano, after having triumphed, with the dukes of Urbino, over Sigismund Malatesta. For awhile San Marino could believe that its independence was lost. In the sixteenth century, when Cæsar Borgia, Duke of Valentinois, made the conquest of Romagna, he established his authority at Forli and Rimini; he also occupied Bologna and Ferrara. All around San Marino cities had lost their freedom, and San Marino had besought in vain the protec-



THE SAN-FRANCESCO GATE.

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tion of Venice. Fortunately for the little republic, Pope Julius II., when he had overcome Borgia, recalled to their states those whom the Duke of Valentino had driven from them. The Holy See has always protected San Marino, and even protected it against the machinations of its own legate, Cardinal Alberoni, in 1739. It sent at this time an ambassador to sign with the authorities of San Marino a treaty of friendship, February 5, 1740. The anniversary of this happy event is yet the object of popular rejoicing.

The "Titan Republic" fought valiantly to preserve its independence and the integrity of its territory, but it has manifested also a great disinterestedness and an admirable love of justice. Unlike the great Republic of the West, "free America," it has ever refused to become larger in extent. Its council and people are anti-expansionists. General Monge, authorized by Napoleon Bonaparte, made excellent offers of territory to the Consiglio Principe, and they were declined with thanks. "Citizens," said Monge, "the political constitution of the peoples that surround you can experience change. If any portions of your frontier are absolutely necessary for you, I am charged by the general-in-chief to beg you to take them." "Go back to the Hero who sent you," answered Antonio Onofri, who was regent at that time, "and bring to him the free homage of our admiration and gratitude. Tell him that the Republic of San Marino, satisfied with the extent of its territory and modest existence, has refrained from accepting the generous offer which he has made, and from cherishing ambitious views of aggrandizement which might, in the course of time, compromise its freedom." These were words full of wisdom. It is, in fact, easy to believe that the allies, after Napoleon's fall, would not have forgiven the little republic if it had accepted the offers of France, and most likely would have made it pay with its own existence for the enlargement of its frontier.

San Marino has been blessed with historians of great worth. In the first rank we ought to place the names of Melchior Delfico, MM. des Vergers, Morin de Malsabrier, Balma, Baron Astrando, the distinguished consul of San Marino at Nice, who, in collaboration with two other writers, has published a veritable encyclopædia of most interesting matter concerning his native country.

Speculators have had their eyes on San Marino, and at frequent intervals have applied to the Consiglio Principe for permission to establish, as at Monte Carlo, gaming houses.

They have offered superb sums of money for this privilege. The council and regents have invariably refused to entertain such a proposition. When the promoters of the gambling scheme were urging their views, the council-fathers addressed the following proclamation to the people :

"Citizens : It is not material prosperity which supports the good name of free states, but the great virtue of stern and sincere republicans ; abnegation which, in poverty, repels riches ; courage which does not fear to meet danger, and magnanimity which spurns with contempt all that could corrupt the people and make an attempt on the common weal.

"Be on your guard against those who do not hold your opinions. The government is with and for all, and you ought to be also with and for the government, if we wish to live in concord and transmit to our children the heritage of freedom in all its holiness and purity."

Those were spirited, noble words. The beautiful thought of St. Marinus, *Remain free from all human servitude*, has been for this valiant little nation a policy to which it has been ever faithful. It could truthfully inscribe under its device the words of Onofiri : *In Piccolezza Liberta*.

Brooklyn N. Y.



THE SAN MARINO MILITIA.

THE RECENT SOLAR ECLIPSE.

BY REV. GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.



T was the good fortune of the writer to observe the recent total eclipse of the sun in connection with the party sent by the Smithsonian Institution of Washington to Wadesboro', N. C., and to help to some extent in the scientific work of the party. I had previously been able to co-operate on one similar occasion in 1869, and was all the more anxious to enjoy the spectacle, at any rate, even if doing nothing more; for the actual view of the grand phenomena of nature—always excepting earthquakes—does not satiate one, but rather inclines to the renewal of the experience. This is specially true of total solar eclipses, for it is very difficult to make those who have never seen one understand at all the splendor and beauty of them. People will often, and perhaps generally, say: "What is the use of travelling to see the eclipse? We have it pretty well here at home."

The fact is that an eclipse which is only partial, as this one was at New York or even at Washington, has, we may say, no similarity to the real totality. Simply, there is a piece taken out of the sun by the partially covering moon; the sun is a crescent, not a circle, that is all. There is a darkening of the day, of course; but when we remember that the sun is 600,000 times as bright as the moon, so that when only a thousandth part of it remains uncovered, we still have six hundred times more light than the full moon gives, it will be realized that the ordinary partial eclipse is hardly worth looking at. But at totality, not only is the darkness much greater, but new sights are seen, much more impressive and wonderful than mere darkness, which, after all, we have every night.

The path of the totality, in this last instance, ran in the United States from New Orleans to Norfolk, Va.; but stations in the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama were generally selected by the scientific parties sent out, instead of the more accessible one which might have been chosen at Norfolk. The reason for this in itself shows the recent progress of science; it being that the careful and systematic records kept for this

purpose had shown that the weather at the season of the year and the hour of the day at which the eclipse was to occur was more likely to be fair in the middle than at the ends of the path just named. Wadesboro', in particular, had a specially good record, and was selected not only by the Smithsonian, but also by the Yerkes Observatory, Professor Young of Princeton, and other astronomers, including some from abroad.

In spite of these probabilities, however, the weather, even in these favored localities, as the actual time approached, seemed quite unsettled, the sky being often obscured by clouds; and I arrived at Wadesboro' on Friday evening, the 25th, in a heavy rain. On Saturday the prospects were still doubtful.

But on Sunday we had a cloudless sky, giving the best possible indications, and all were much reassured by a message from the Weather Bureau, that the probabilities for the next day were most unusually good along the whole line of totality. This was certainly a most comforting assurance, for never, perhaps, had such extensive, and indeed expensive, preparations been made for the observation of an eclipse; which even a flying cloud in front of the sun at the moment of totality would have made quite worthless. Many of the party had been there for two weeks or more, putting up tents, and even erecting buildings suitable for the instruments. It will give an idea of the magnitude of these preparations to say that the principal lens with which photographs were to be taken had a focus of 135 feet. Of course it would have been practically impossible to mount this in a tube in the ordinary way, especially as the tube would have to follow the sun in its diurnal movement through the heavens. A long passage-way was therefore constructed with a "dark room" at one end, which we may say corresponded to the plate-holder in the ordinary case. In this the photographer worked, being therefore inside his own camera, and manipulated his plates, which were of an enormous size, being thirty-three inches square. At the other end of the passage-way was the lens; the light from the sun being reflected into it by a large mirror, which was moved by clock-work to follow the movement of the sun. The disc of the sun, in this immense apparatus, covered a circle sixteen inches in diameter; never had our great luminary taken such a large original picture of himself before.

It may naturally be asked, why such a big picture of the sun was needed. Why not take a small one and magnify it

afterward, as is, of course, continually done not only in scientific work, but in the ordinary business of picture-taking? The reason lies in the refinement and precision now required in this kind of work. We have not now to expect great or notable results from eclipse photography, making themselves manifest on a first inspection. The general characteristics of the solar surroundings are now very well known, and it is only by a study of their finer details that our knowledge of them can be much advanced. And in magnifying, these details are likely to be lost or obscured by the imperfections of our lenses, or of the plates on which the images are impressed.

My own work was to be done with a battery of cameras, having by no means so long a focus as the one just named, but carrying plates of the same phenomenal dimensions. Four of these were attached to an axis turned, as in the case just described, by clock-work so as to follow the sun. The longest had a focus of 11 feet, giving an image of the sun not much over an inch in diameter. It need hardly be said, therefore, that the object of these cameras was not to take the details of the solar structure itself, but rather to include on their large plates a considerable portion of the sky near the sun. For what purpose was this done? In order to find, if possible, by a long exposure covering the whole duration of totality, a little dot somewhere on the plates which would be the image or portrait of a planet moving round the sun inside of the orbit of the nearest known one, Mercury. The probabilities were not very good for this work on the present occasion, as the total phase was of short duration, only about a minute and a half; and this being due, of course, to the small size of the shadow, it was plain that much illuminated air would be in sight, or, in other words, that the sky would be quite bright. And in fact the sky was so bright that the plates used in this battery were all more or less "fogged," as photographers say, by it; even Mercury itself did not show very well.

There were, of course, plenty of other instruments, for visual or spectroscopic work, and others for measuring the solar radiation by means of an apparatus called a bolometer, invented some years ago by the chief of the Smithsonian party, Professor Langley.

The principal object of all the observations made on an eclipse at the present day is to learn something more about the wonderful appendage of the sun called the corona. Everything else about the sun can be studied to some advantage at

all times when the sun itself is visible ; but just as it becomes covered by the moon at the time of a total eclipse, and when we are sure that the disc of the sun itself is hidden, suddenly a ring of softened light is seen round the black circle of the moon, from which arise long streamers which have different positions in different eclipses. The ring is called the inner, the streamers the outer corona ; the glare of the sky utterly obliterates both at ordinary times, so that it is only during the few moments of an eclipse that they can be examined. They look as if they formed, or were due to, an atmosphere round the moon ; but it is well known now that they are connected with the sun itself. It was hoped that some additions to our knowledge concerning this wonderful phenomenon would be made by the camera or spectroscope on this occasion ; and the great success of the negatives made with the 135 foot lens leads us to believe that such will actually be the case.

We had, of course, several rehearsals on the ground on Saturday and Sunday of the work actually to be done on the important day. A large bell was procured, and it was arranged that a signal should be given on it fifteen minutes before totality, to make sure that every observer was ready for duty. One minute before the total phase five warning strokes were to be given ; then as the one who was to observe the times of contact noted the disappearance of the last remnant of the solar disc, he was to signal it by two strokes. Work then was to begin instantly. There was only ninety-two seconds to do it in. Eighty-two seconds later, so as to leave a margin for possible delays, three bells were to be sounded, and work to stop at once.

The morning of the great day gave us the same cloudless sky, and it became practically certain that if there was to be a failure, the weather was not to blame. Every one was, of course, on the grounds at an early hour, as the totality occurred at a quarter before nine.

The external or first contact, when the disc of the moon first impinges on that of the sun, was of course observed, but rather, it may be said, as a matter of mere routine ; for it is hardly possible to note the moment when this occurs with much accuracy, as no perceptible indentation can be seen till some time after the actual contact, and it is quite plain that the contact itself could not be noted unless the edge of the moon could be seen in some other way than by this indentation.

An hour now elapsed, interesting, no doubt, to those generally who were watching the eclipse, and who observed with their smoked glasses the gradually diminishing sun; but the astronomers preferred to save their eyes for the minute of totality, the only one of real importance. At half past eight the warning bell was sounded, and each repaired to his post. By this time, of course, the darkness had become quite noticeable, and though the air was really not much cooler, the sun's direct rays had evidently much less effect.

Every one having any responsibility expected, I think, to feel more or less nervous as the decisive moment approached; but I did not hear that any one actually was so. At our battery of cameras we had simply to uncap the lenses when the bell announced the totality; when it sounded a minute before, we put our hands to the caps and quietly waited for the signal. This bell arrangement certainly made every one depending on it more tranquil, except, of course, those who had to record the times of the contacts and give the signals.

We did not allow ourselves to look at the sun till the contact bell had sounded and the caps had been removed. Then we turned, and saw what was well worth going many miles to see. The moon, which had been visible before merely by the piece it took out of the sun, was now obvious as a circle, black as ink, on the dark blue sky; round it, in a bright narrow ring, was the inner corona; and on each side, in the direction of the sun's motion, stood out a sheaf of rays, single on one side, bifurcated on the other, and reaching apparently several diameters of the sun. These rays appeared to me golden in color; beyond them on one side the planet Mercury was easily seen; Venus was much further away on the other, near the horizon.

The outer corona, for such these rays were, was of much the shape that had been expected, being that which experience shows it usually assumes at times like this, when the sun-spots are at a minimum, though the reason for this is not fully understood. Strange to say, it is very faintly visible on the photographic plates so far as I have seen them, by no means to the extent as seen by the eye at the time. This may be due to the color, if my estimate of that is right.

The rosy prominences on the edge of the sun were not so conspicuous on this occasion as probably is usual, though several were easily seen with telescopes, which of course we, with our cameras to attend to, could hardly use. An opera

glass, however, would have sufficed, and I was sorry I had not brought one.

We had hardly time to take in the prominent features of the display before three bells sounded, giving warning of the near approach of the end of totality. We promptly capped our lenses, and felt certainly a relief in being reasonably sure that our work, as far as it depended on ourselves, had been successful. A few seconds later a brilliant ray of real sunlight shot out, and the long expected event was over.

It had been only a little more than a minute in duration, but a great deal of work had been done in that short time, especially by the photographer in the long tube mentioned. The sound of the changing of his plates had been the only break to the silence during that interval. He exposed six or seven, giving them various times of exposure, and the results were certainly magnificent. Good work had also been done in the other departments, and the results, when fully developed, will certainly be of great value.

The shadow bands were noticed, but were not very conspicuous. A remarkable observation was made as to the singing of the birds, which ceased before totality, and began soon after; the sparrows being the last to leave off, and the first to begin. This, I think, can be fairly well depended on, as the fact was specially noticed by a gentleman of scientific tastes and training, who has moreover been for many years in the habit of noticing the habits of birds; he gave indeed the order of the cessation and resumption of song for others beside the sparrows, but their names have escaped me.

I have just heard from Washington that the plates of our battery which had not been developed when I left have turned out unexpectedly good, showing stars much fainter than there seemed any reason to hope for when the sky was so bright as on this occasion; so it seems possible that an "intra-mercurial" planet—one, that is, inside the orbit of Mercury—may yet be found by a careful examination of these plates, or of others taken elsewhere. At any rate it gives great encouragement for the results next year at Sumatra, where there will be an eclipse six minutes long, and probably quite a black sky.



IN THE HEART OF PEKIN.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA AND THE MISSIONS.

BY REV. A. P. DOYLE, C.S.P.



THE question of the future of China has become one of deep interest in view of the recent manifestations of antagonism against foreign residents and the apparent inability of the Chinese government to control its own people. The chief nations of Europe, it is generally conceded, are only waiting for a good excuse to convert what are now known as "spheres of influence" into subjugated territories.

The curtain is about to fall on the terrible tragedy that has been enacted on the veldts of South Africa, and before these scenes are completely shut out the signal is given for the curtain to rise on similar scenes in the Far East.

It did not take much perspicacity to foresee that there was trouble ahead for China, but very few anticipated that China herself would be the first to invite disaster and disruption by herself drawing the sword against the hated foreigner, and throwing the torch in the midst of their peaceful dwellings. It now seems pretty certain that the government has a word of condemnation for every one else but the "Boxers," and no small measure of commendation for them in their shocking outrages against the missionaries and the native Christians.

China has an area of 4,000,000 square miles, or greater than all the United States, a population generally put down at 400,000,000, or six times that of the United States, and only 350 miles of railroad, or not one five-hundredth of the mileage of the United States. This enormous population live in simple ways, as they are obliged to do. They travel little, as there are no facilities for going far from home. They are shut in by a great stone wall from their neighbors, and, what is of far more consequence, by a greater wall of prejudice against anything not Chinese, from the rest of the civilized world. Among the various classes there are certain standards of civilization which make them peace-loving and law-abiding people, and it is the testimony of merchants who have had dealings with them that they are as a general rule honest. They are, however, wedded to their own customs, tenacious of their traditional ways, and exceedingly jealous of the growing



AN ARCH IN THE GREAT, STONE WALL.

power of the foreigners. It is this latter trait that has been the cause of the late disturbances, with their sanguinary results.

As a military or naval power China is inherently weak; and this fact adds a further inducement to the avaricious nations who sit about her door to assert and maintain their now



A STREET SCENE.



A PEDICURE.

acknowledged rights within the kingdom. Of course the immediate outcome of the Chinese imbroglio will be that the nations will insist that the Dowager Empress herself will subdue the "Boxers," or, in default of this, they will land their forces and do the work for her, and insist on the utmost reparation for the damages done.

But, in the meantime, what is of the highest importance to us is, What will be the outcome of these troubles in point of view of the evangelization of the kingdom? The history of Christianity in China goes back to the days of St. Francis Xavier. It has been through these four centuries a story of heroic struggle and marvellous fortitude on the part of the missionaries and their neophytes. A long roll of martyrs attests to the superhuman endeavors that were made to plant the church among these heathen. It has been only within the last few years that some show of protection and security has been secured for the missions by the French government. A treaty was signed between China and France whereby the Catholic missionaries were accorded the rank of mandarins, without, however, any of the governmental authority. The first paragraph of the treaty reads as follows: "The Imperial Government having authorized for a long time the propagation of the Catholic religion, and Catholic churches having in consequence been established in all the provinces of China, we are desirous of seeing our people and Christians live in harmony. To insure a readier protection, it has been agreed that the local authorities shall exchange visits with missionaries according to the conditions specified in the following articles: 1st, In the ecclesiastical hierarchy bishops shall be entitled to the same rank and dignity as viceroys and governors, and shall be privileged to interview

viceroy and governors." This title made the missionaries respected, and secured for them some measure of respect from the people. As a consequence the missions have thriven. Monseigneur Favier, the Vicar-Apostolic of Peking, reporting on the state of his vicariate in March, 1900, made the following showing:

"In 1889 the stations numbered 322; now there are 577. Ten years ago there were 34,417 Christians; to-day we number 46,894. In 1889 adult baptisms amounted only to 1,022; this year they number 2,322, of which only 633 were administered in danger of death. In 1889 there were 1,170 catechumens; to-day they number 6,506, and if we include those who have expressed their intention of becoming Christians the number would exceed 10,000. The annual confessions have increased from 23,464 to 31,417.

"We made an appeal to the devotion of the Marist Brothers. Ten years ago there were none in the vicariate; there are now 18. Thanks to their zeal, a college for Europeans has been opened in Tien-tsin; a Franco-Chinese college in the same city has been confided to them by the municipal authorities. 75 pupils attend. The college in Peking, together with its branch, numbers 155 pupils, and has already turned out more than 50 good interpreters who fill important positions in the post-offices, railroads, telegraph offices, etc.

"The establishment of the Trappists is not only self-supporting, but is making steady progress. In 1889 there were only 3 priests, 6 choir religious, and 22 lay brethren; the community now includes a mitred abbot, 5 priests, 18 choir religious, and 33 brothers. The resources have not increased proportionately and the monastery is poor.



A STREET HUCKSTER.



A SHOP ON THE SIDEWALK.

"Besides the large institution of the Holy Childhood, which supports 400 to 500 persons a year, the Sisters of Charity maintain 2 European and 3 Chinese hospitals and 2 homes for aged men. They have, besides, a children's hospital and four dispensaries.

"The congregation of the Sisters of Saint Joseph, composed of native sisters, numbered 38 members in 1889; now there are 62. Then there were only 4 houses; now there are 11.

"In 1889 we possessed 16 large European churches; we now have 31. Many of these vie with those in Europe. The cathedral of the Holy Saviour, in the centre of the imperial city, was constructed at the emperor's expense, and cost \$160,000; the church of Saint Joseph, in the eastern part, cost over \$80,000; the old church, in the southern part, was renovated at a cost of \$40,000. The cost of the other important churches varies from \$10,000 to \$20,000.

"In 1889 there were 136 minor churches; to-day the vicariate possesses 216. The number of oratories has increased to 272.

"In 1889 the large seminary numbered 12 pupils; the attendance is now 23. The attendance of the small seminary has increased from 36 to 88. The pupils belong to our best Christian families; and if some do not complete the course, the reason is incompetency or illness. Every pupil supported by the mission costs \$20 a year; fourteen to fifteen years of study are necessary for the ordination of a Chinese priest.

"Instead of 2 colleges, we have 5; instead of 135 pupils, we number 325, most of whom are under our direct charge. The number of free schools has increased from 153 to 370, the number of pupils from 2,727 to 5,503."

But the success of the missions only added fuel to the antagonism of the "Boxers," and while the expressions of comity were very profuse on the part of the authorities, yet the Ti-ten-Kiao (Society of the Lord of the Earth) understood very well that they might pillage and murder, and nothing in the shape of any condign punishment would be meted out to them. When complaints are made at Peking, the invariable response is that "orders have been issued to the local authorities to protect all Christians." In spite of these soi-disant orders the outrages go on, so that to the looker-on it does seem that there is an implicit understanding between the "Boxers" and the authorities to persecute and pursue and wear out the Christians unto apostasy, and thus give a permanent set back to the work of conversions.



THE MINISTERS OF THE STATE.

The outcome of it will be the invasion, if not the ultimate partition of China. In the meantime Christians will be slaughtered by the score. The massacres of 1870 will be repeated again. War with its iron heel will trample down much of the fruit of the most heroic labor. But we cannot believe that there will be any element of permanence in this set back. There are eddies in every great stream, and there is no great



INTERIOR OF A CHINESE HOUSE.

forward movement but has its set-backs at times. No one can see the end of a Chinese war, if such is fated to be. European nations, by the logic of circumstances, will be involved in the conflict. If what are now "spheres of influence" become subjugated territory, how much will our own country be involved? Treaties with China guarantee to us an "open door." From a commercial point of view this places us on a perfect standard of equality for all time to come with all other nations. But the guarantee can only be carried out by the preservation of China as an independent power. It is to our advantage, then, to save China and resist the policy of partition. Our position in the Philippines gives us a coign of vantage. With it, and in view of the fact that our commercial interests are involved, can we keep out of the struggle?

Anyhow, it is evident to the most superficial observer that we are on the eve of the most tremendous events. Before the curtain falls on the lurid drama of war some most important historical events will have taken place.

ON A PORTRAIT OF ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA.

BY D. J. McMACKIN, PH.D.

"Quid hæc ad æternitatem?"



THOU wast not born for earth,
 Unblemished lamb!
 Thy tender heart from birth
 Taught of its blessed dam
 To bleat for love of Him,
 Chief Shepherd of the spotless Cherubim.

One only thought is thine—
 Eternity!
 So soon the flame divine
 Of love transfigures thee
 And makes thy soul below
 Of God's reflected radiance aglow.

No earthly crown wouldst thou
 Suffer to rest
 Upon thy noble brow—
 Destined to bear the crest
 To Christian heroes given—
 The glorious aureola of Heaven.

Thine eyes on Heaven thrown
 Behold above
 Angels wreathing that crown
 Of Purity and Love—
 The brightest diadem
 A saint can win in God's Jerusalem.

And now that thou art there
 Thou wilt, in truth,
 Vouchsafe a fervent prayer
 For me, thy suppliant youth,
 Who hope, thro' grace divine,
 One day in Heaven to blend my song with thine.

NOTE.—The portrait represents the young saint signing away his birthright to crown and sceptre, both of which are lying at his feet, while his eyes are cast heavenward, where, amid opening clouds, angels are dimly visible, wreathing an immortal crown. D. J. M.

THE REFORMATION OF ECCLESIASTICAL ART.



WE have been asked to publish the following prospectus of the American Ecclesiological Society: The object of this proposed society is to stimulate the cause of Catholic Art in America—to promote the development of a more worthy standard and more distinctly Catholic expression in the ecclesiastical products of Architecture, Sculpture, and the Decorative Arts.

For the present unsatisfactory condition of American Catholic art many causes might be adduced. The preoccupation of the church with the great spiritual cares laid upon it by extensive colonization was doubtless, however, the most potent. In adjusting her boundaries to a feverishly increasing population her edifices were built with a haste and a tentativeness decidedly unfavorable to noble architectural expression. Removed, too, from the art influence of Europe, an influence which she herself had largely created, and out of touch with her own artistic traditions, this preoccupation unhappily encouraged, in the productions of the various objects of Catholic art, a mercantile spirit which made for a low artistic standard.

Fortunately the level of secular art, whose development was retarded by somewhat kindred conditions, has not been until recent years so appreciably higher as to constitute a reproach. Even within the last ten years, however, art has grown to be an important factor in American civilization, as is manifest not only in the tremendous artistic output of the various arts and crafts, but in the more and more scholarly standard of taste which it exhibits. Indeed, there are growing evidences that art is destined to occupy, even in this country, much of that dignity and influence which it possessed in the nations of artistic Europe.

In what respect is the church concerned with this movement, this nascent art of America?

That art is a great spiritual factor was strikingly demonstrated by the church itself. When art first throbbed with the genius of Catholicity, there was created a new force, destined not only to exercise a tremendous influence upon human

thought and sentiment, but to be at the same time a convincing witness to the sublime mission of the church. Art became the handmaid of religion. In this higher association her great faculties expanded to the conception of things more and more marvellous in their spiritual power and beauty, so that the traditions of European art are no less a record of great individual achievement than they are a witness to the sublimity of Catholic ideals.

Art is no less a force to-day than it was centuries ago, nor was the vitality of the church ever greater than it is at this moment in America. A really vital Christian art would be a witness to Catholic faith of peculiar influence in an age of materialistic thought. The art of America, be it remembered, full as it is of promise, is yet without a great influence, without a dominant motive.

To make of this young art a Christian art, to transmit to this new and vigorous civilization, and through it to perpetuate her great artistic traditions, to be here the inspiration and the abiding genius of American art for all time,—this surely is not the least of the vast opportunities presented to the church in this country to revive the influence of Catholic ideals upon the minds and hearts of mankind.

While the work of the proposed society would be generally directed towards the development of this magnificent influence, it is not deemed wise, with the conditions which exist, to make its immediate aims too ambitious. It is thought possible, however, by inculcating a higher sense of responsibility upon those who are engaged in the various arts and crafts whose products are employed by the church, by encouraging them in the pursuit of higher ideals, of more traditional standards of art, that in course of time there may be developed a distinctive Catholic influence.

As bearing upon the feasibility of organized effort in the development of such an influence, the success which is attending a society in Germany with kindred aims is very notable.

This organization was formed some years ago with the sanction and approval of His Holiness Pope Leo, chiefly for the purpose of counteracting the strong secular influence upon Church Art, which was growing more apparent by reason of the essentially commercial channels through which the various ecclesiastical objects of art were being supplied. The society, composed as it is more or less equally of clergymen and artists (amongst whom are many distinguished names), provides

within itself that essential opportunity for greater mutual familiarity with the ecclesiastical and artistic points of view without which there cannot be a united purpose or common understanding.

The proposed society to be formed here is designed to be similarly constituted, and its promoters have been encouraged in the hope that it may be similarly successful. Membership in the organization will be open to clergymen, architects, sculptors, painters, mural and stained glass designers, etc. All those who feel interested in the aims of the society are invited to correspond with any of the following, who will be pleased to accept suggestions of value in reference thereto. The prospectus of the German society above mentioned may be had upon application.

REV. GEORGE SCHOENER, Rochester, Pa.

MR. CARYL COLEMAN, 3 West 29th St., New York.

MR. CHARLES D. MAGINNIS, Tremont B'ld'g, Boston.

MR. NICOLA D'ASCENZO, 1020 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MR. JOHN F. COMES, 209 Neville St., Pittsburg, Pa.

This magazine is pleased to comply with the request made to publish the above, inasmuch as the objects proposed are very laudable and the means suggested are not without their value. Still, we do not wish to be understood as giving the project our unqualified approval.

There is no doubt that the growing wealth and refinement of the people here have given a wonderful stimulus to the artistic sense, and have produced some results that are in many respects equal to the best, but the advance both in point of originality and skill has been made chiefly in secular departments. Art generally follows the genius of a people, and we are largely a commercial people. The dominant note in our American life is the desire to surround our homes more than our churches with that which will refine and elevate. For this reason the most striking advances in artistic results have been made along the lines of domestic architecture, landscape gardening, the decorative art as applied to the "house beautiful," and painting with a view to adorning the home. All this is strikingly in contrast with the ideals of some centuries ago, when the church dominated the lives of the people and religious ideas were of paramount importance.

Still, with all the commercialism of America there are deep and strong currents of religious life influencing the lives of the

people, and in proportion as these work out their results will the master-pieces of the artistic talent arrange themselves under religious standards. In order that art may attain its highest excellence it must not be lured away into money-making or money-getting channels, but must be dominated by the spiritual and the religious. All the best and truest art the world has known has been inspired by religious thought, and has taken religious ideals as its highest motive.

There can be no doubt that ecclesiastical art has not kept pace with secular art. While we may attribute this fact to the lack of religious ideals among a commercial people, or to a crowding aside of religion in the great striving for easier livelihood and better homes, still as the years go by and these latter objects are attained, the religious ideal will regain its proper place in the nation's heart.

We may sit down with folded hands and wait for the national sentiment to return to its normal and healthy condition, or we may endeavor to force it back by some such artificial stimulants as the American Ecclesiological Society will provide.

As we study the history of art we find that the age of special artistic development has grown up about some of the great masters. It has generally been a man or a group of men who with striking originality have created schools of art, have educated the popular taste, have by satire or denunciation strangled in their inception hybrid forms, and who have become the centre of a great movement of renovation, of reformation, and of uplift. Pugin did more by his own personality for the restoration of ecclesiastical art in England during the last half century than a dozen artistic societies could do. Keely, in his own measure and with limited resources, was a tower of strength. There is another artist in this country who has had unlimited resources placed in his hand, and who has had the talent to use them to the best advantage, but in whose career there has been an unaccountable weakness that has prevented him from leading a movement, or of placing the impress of his genius on the character and work of others.

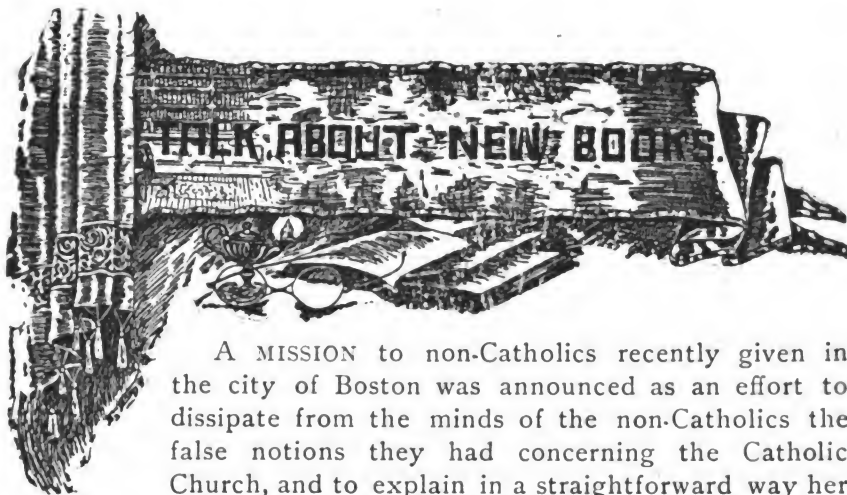
The time is coming when the church, fully equipped for her work, may without any detriment to souls turn her attention to the beautifying of the material temple. She will then demand the larger and more architectural building, she will call for the highest work of the mural decorator, she will find place for the most artistic painting on canvas or on glass; in

short, she will give an impetus to all the many arts which now subserve the beauty of God's temple.

If at the present time the American Ecclesiological Society will teach artists not to do any cheap work, if it will become a craftsman's league to crowd out the dishonest worker, if it will raise the standards of work by refusing its approval to shoddy creations, it will have achieved a reason for its existence among the fraternity itself.

The fact also must be admitted that there has been lacking the best artistic judgment among the church builders in the priesthood. The simple canons of good art, whether it be of architecture or of painting or of decoration, ought to find a place in the curricula of the seminaries. There is scarcely a priest ordained within the last twenty-five years who has not had one or more churches to build, enlarge, or decorate, and to many this kind of labor has become as much a part of their work as the administration of the sacraments; but lectures on art have had no place in their training. Nor has the Catholic University entered into this work as it should. It has thousands of dollars for botany or Gaelic, but what are botany or Gaelic alongside the essential art of building good churches and making the house of God a fitting place for the dwelling of the Most High. Let the Ecclesiological Society create a fund that will salary a first-class lecturer on Christian Art, and send him to the large cities of the country, under the auspices of the Catholic University, and there lecture to the priesthood on what good art is and how it can be attained. Such a lecturer will very soon cultivate good taste and create such standards as will sweep away many of the horrid monstrosities that masquerade in this country under the name of churches.

The state of ecclesiastical art in this country does give this Ecclesiological Society a reason for its existence. But it must build on broad and deep foundations, so that its badge of membership shall be a token of distinction. No greater misfortune could befall it than to permit it to be used as an advertising agency for any class of men. But it must look with a lightsome eye to the highest ideals of art, and must steadily refuse to be lured away into narrower paths by the self-seeker. Under the proper auspices it certainly will accomplish a great good.



A MISSION to non-Catholics recently given in the city of Boston was announced as an effort to dissipate from the minds of the non-Catholics the false notions they had concerning the Catholic Church, and to explain in a straightforward way her teachings. With this purpose in view it was announced also by the ministers from the various Protestant pulpits. More than once during the mission the query was dropped into the question box, whether, if a mission were arranged by the ministers for non-Protestants, would the Catholic priest announce it from the altar? The question was a very natural one to them who looked on the Catholic Church as one of the many denominations, but it gave the missionary a good opportunity of explaining the essential difference between the Catholic and Protestant systems. Protestantism, by its fundamental principle of private judgment, allows one to seek his own religion, and it is not in any sense wrong for him to go where he pleases. But the Catholic system teaches that the church is the divinely inspired interpreter of Scripture, that she and she alone has the commission to teach. Consequently, for a Catholic to go elsewhere to unauthorized teachers, he is doing something against his conscience. It was made very plain, therefore, that a Catholic priest could not reciprocate the courtesy of the ministers and announce a mission to non-Protestants without violating his conscience. This fundamental distinction between the church and the sects is well brought out by Father Casey, S.J., in his book, *The Bible and its Interpreter*.^{*} Among many non-Catholics nowadays the Bible has lost all authority. Higher Criticism has destroyed that old-time reverence for the sacred text, and to them it makes very little difference what the Bible says. But with others the old principles remain. Still, as these latter drift away from the prejudices of youth and education they realize more and more that an infallible book is of very little

^{*} *The Bible and its Interpreter*. By Rev. P. H. Casey, S.J., Professor of Dogmatic Theology in Woodstock College. Philadelphia: John Jos. McVey.

value if one has not with it an infallible interpreter. The more the necessity of this latter is emphasized the greater will be the number of religious souls who will look to the church as the means of their salvation. For this reason Father Casey's book is of very great value, and it is hoped that the publishers will see their way to print this book in paper and disseminate it by the thousands throughout the country.

Dr. Parsons has just finished, in the publication of his sixth volume, a series of *Studies in Church History*.^{*} The last volume discusses questions of modern import. It deals with the reign of Leo XIII. There have been stirring events within the last quarter of a century which will have far-reaching consequences in the coming century. Not within two centuries, at least, has the Papacy been such a world-wide moral force as it is to-day, and only through its hand-to-hand conflicts with the powers of the world has it attained its triumphant place. The story of Bismarck's "war for civilization," with its attempt to destroy the Papacy, resulting in his own humiliation, is now old enough to be viewed in a historical perspective. So too are the relations of Leo XIII. with the third French Republic, as well as with the Home-Rule movement in Ireland. But this cannot be said of some other matters which he discusses. To tie together with a thin thread of narrative a bundle of newspaper clippings is not writing history. Dr. Parsons never seemed to us to be able to grasp in a masterly way the events of any particular age of the church's history. He never displayed the historical over-look that a real historian should possess before he begins to write a review of any particular period of the past. Any one can sit down with a lot of books about him and transfer the mere statement of facts, but to weigh events in their causes and results, to group the characters of an age in their proper perspective, to grasp the salient facts of a period and their relations with facts of another period, this is the work of a historian. Dr. Parsons does not do this. It is the judgment, too, of those with whom we have spoken on the matter, that when one finishes reading Dr. Parsons's review of a period he rises from the task with only a vague, ill-defined, and nebulous idea of the period surveyed.

Mother Loyola is endowed with a happy gift of making spiritual things easy and palatable. She has already demon-

^{*} *Studies in Church History*. By Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D. Vol. VI., Century XIX., Part II. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

strated this in her previous books, and her latest book* confirms her reputation. As any one who has a bit of experience knows, it is an exceedingly difficult thing to talk interestingly to children. Their butterfly minds are away with the slightest breath of distraction, and to command their attention through the twenty minutes of a catechetical discourse requires a tact that is rare. Mother Loyola possesses it even in cold type; even when the magnetism of voice and eye and animated face is absent, she seems to attain her ends by a certain chatty conversational method that is replete with anecdote drawn from the most interesting sources and brightened by vivid pen-pictures. Dr. Stanley Hall, who is acknowledged to be an expert on child study, once said in substance that he envied the Catholic teacher because there was in the storied lives of the saints a vast fund of anecdote and illustration, capable of enforcing in a very striking way the ethical truths. It is not so creditable to us that a stranger should have to point this out. Mother Loyola has discovered this rich mine, and has a keen eye to the gems that may be polished for current use. Her books will prove a boon to many young priests, and sisters too, who have the duty of preparing children for Confirmation and Holy Communion.

A manual for the schools should be very carefully compiled from the best sources of information, and should exhibit no trace of partiality or prejudice. Such a book should as nearly as possible approach to the character of the "old almanac" which Lord Plunket so finely described history to be; that is to say, events should be narrated with the indifference with which the days, months, and seasons are presented in an almanac; and boys should be allowed to form their estimates of public characters from their acts instead of from the moral consciousness of the compiler. In his preface† the author expresses an opinion different from ours; he says, "The mere committal to memory of the names of kings and isolated events, however important, is in no proper sense *a study of history*." He does not see that admitting the importance of names and events surrenders his whole position, admits our view because such a book as his is not intended for what he emphasizes as the

* *The Soldier of Christ; or, Talks before Confirmation*. By Mother Mary Loyola, of the Bar Convent, York, author of *First Communion*. Edited by Father Thurston, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

† *A Manual of English History for the use of Schools*. By Edward M. Lancaster. New York: American Book Company.

study of history; it is only meant as a preparation for the study of history, the compendious presentation of the raw material on which the study of history—that is to say, the scientific correlation of causes and effects—is to be based.

“The most valuable lesson to be learned by American youth from the history of the mother country is the worth of *liberty**—civil and religious”; and he proceeds to decide on what he calls “the struggle between the king and the people” in the reign of Charles I. as if the matter in controversy could be settled by his *ipse dixit*. We can assure our readers that the contention between prerogative and popular demands—“natural rights” is Mr. Lancaster’s phrase for the latter—is the conflict between moral and political forces not easy to weigh in themselves and complicated by constitutional usages, principles, and enactments to a degree that divides legal and philosophical judgment into opposite camps. Turning to page 179, at which—and in a page or two following it—he gives a short retrospect of what he regards as a continued constitutional struggle between king and people leading up to the conflict of those powers in the reign of Charles I., we find errors of judgment of a far-reaching character. It is not true that “mediæval civilization rested on the feudal system”; the feudal system was a camp like the military government of Germany now, but the influence of the church leavened it with moral ideas sanctioned by the judgment of God, which is no respecter of persons; and the civilization of the time came from this leavening and the energetic teaching of the trivium and quadrivium. There is much correctness in his view that at the time of the accession of the House of Tudor “the nobility, land-owners, and moneyed classes, remembering the levelling doctrines of the socialists, looked to the throne to protect them from another peasant revolt.” These were the doctrines of the Wycliffites or Lollards; they were the theories that led to this very revolt, and they are the principles which Mr. Lancaster and men like him consecrate by their term “the first Reformation.”

So much for the errors of judgment on the early stages of the conflict between the crown and the people,—of course nothing short of a large treatise would suffice for even moderately fair consideration of the matter; and now we close this part of the notice by saying he misrepresents the opening of the quarrel between Charles and the people over the grant of

* The italics in each instance above are the author’s.

tonnage and poundage.* If Charles were as meek as Moses, as patient as Job, he had ground for anger at the practical refusal of the grant. The grant had been made as a matter of form and for life to every one of his predecessors since Henry VI. The charges for the equipment of the navy alone amounted to £300,000—we are not sure what is the present value of that sum, but it cannot be less than £2,400,000; there was a debt, mostly private, of £700,000, left by James I.—altogether a sum nearly nine millions sterling of our money—confronting the young king on his accession, and the Commons only voted two subsidies, equal to £150,000, for the war which they themselves had forced him to engage in. The Parliament was always in luck in its wrangling with Charles—even in this, the outrage of the vote on the tonnage and poundage—for he had to adjourn it owing to the plague,† thereby leaving it victorious in the quarrel.

Mr. Lancaster's account of the "contest between church and state" in the reign of Henry II. is, as we expected, unfair. The men who talk most of personal liberty, rights of man, religious opinion, like the exponents of such ideas in France, favor the freedom of the prison, the rights of the shambles, the proscription of God. We quoted from Mr. Lancaster that the lesson to be learned from English history is the worth of civil and religious liberty. This is not the lesson from any history; civil or religious liberty is a means of benefit, not an end. He tells us Henry II. devoted himself to two distinct ends: "the establishment of order and the correction of the abuses of the church." If he employed accurate language, he would have said these were steps towards the carrying out of Henry's policy. To judge of this reformer properly, we must see him as he was seen by his contemporaries. He was facetious, agreeable, eloquent, dignified, and affable, as became a prince and a gentleman; but he had no honor, no truth, no conscience. He justified the violation of his promise or his statement of a falsehood by the maxim: Better to repent of words than of facts; to lie than to fail in one's object. He degraded the nobility, marrying their heiresses to low hangers-on.‡ He gnawed the straw on the

* We do not know why Mr. Lancaster speaks of "certain life customs," instead of the grant of tonnage and poundage, unless he is ignorant of the origin of the grant; but this knowledge has a bearing on the constitutional question.

† Twelve hundred persons had died in London in the preceding week.

‡ *Servis*. We do not think it means serfs, as the words "*pedaneæ conditionis*" are related to it.

floor where he threw himself in a rage, as when Humet, a favorite minister, made a plea for the king of Scots. His fury was that of a wild beast, his vindictiveness was insatiable, though it could be hidden by an appearance of friendly regard sufficient to deceive the most suspicious minds. So much for Henry.

We have not the space to enter into an examination of Mr. Lancaster's statement concerning other relations of Thomas à Becket and Henry II., nor his allegation that "Becket at first accepted, then rejected the Constitutions of Clarendon," still less of his implication that the principal business "decided"—this is his word—by the Council of Clarendon was "that law-breaking priests on conviction in the church courts" "should be stripped of their orders and turned over to the civil authorities for punishment." We regret this because the matter mentioned, so far as it described a ground of complaint, was only a small part of the resolutions of Clarendon, and sprang out of the case of Philip de Brois, a canon of Bedford,* who had had a furious altercation with the king's judge, Fitz-Peter, for what he deemed an insult. Henry took up his judge's case as the motive for his design to destroy the liberties of the church. We should like to deal with the question of jurisdiction, and the conduct of St. Thomas in the controversy with Henry on a future occasion. We had thought friends of liberty would be on the side of the archbishop, but we remember Madame Roland's words.

In many respects the *Life of St. Mechtildis* † is a charming as well as an edifying volume. For many it may well be a pleasing introduction to the inner life of a Benedictine convent of the middle ages. In the lives of such saints as Mechtildis and Gertrude there is evident the sweetening, purifying, and elevating effect of the "Pax Benedictina." These holy religious knew and appreciated properly the spirit of their father St. Benedict; their lives are what we may imagine he would have considered the ideals for his spiritual daughters. Peace, above all things; quiet devotion to the daily rule; loving attention to prayer, particularly the holy office; sweet charity to those without, and loving harmony of spirit with those within the spiritual family; these are the ordinary characteristics of the life of these Benedictine nuns. But in Mechtildis and Gertrude there seems to shine forth a particularly angelic virtue of recollection and union with the

* Huic controversiæ præstitit occasionem Philippus du Brois: Diceto p. 537.

† *The Life of St. Mechtildis*. St. Louis: B. Herder.

Divine Spouse; they are hardly of the earth, their conversation is indeed in heaven; the Beloved of their souls seems to speak with them as familiarly and as constantly as though he were theirs alone, as they are his alone; over all that they say and do there abides a supernatural sweetness. It is for giving one a taste of this beautiful spirit that this book is valuable. It can hardly be truly called a Life of St. Mechtildis, for the Abbess Gertrude, the sister of Mechtildis, and St. Gertrude, her dearest friend, have an almost equally important place in its pages; and even the character of St. Mechtildis must be rather inferred from the life she led and from the revelations granted to her, than from facts from her life, for these are comparatively scarce and uninformative. This the writer seems to have recognized, for we have been given an abundance of quotations from the revelations of Sts. Gertrude and Mechtildis and from the convent records. It is a pleasing work, fairly well arranged and neatly gotten up.

I.—FATHER GIGOT'S INTRODUCTION TO HOLY SCRIPTURE.*

A better book wherewith to begin the study of the Bible than Dr. Gigot's Introduction to Holy Scripture it would be difficult to imagine. The book is the gist of lectures delivered before a class, and so has a practical value which works of a similar class frequently lack.

The general arrangement of the book is good. One topic leads to another in a natural and logical way while, at the same time, each is treated distinctly by itself without lapping over on the next. Moreover in almost every case the treatment of the various topics is quite adequate. The only exception, indeed, might possibly be in the reasons given for the acceptance of the deuterocanonical books. The great difficulty is, of course, St. Jerome's opposition to the books not found in the Hebrew Scriptures; an opposition particularly noteworthy from the fact that he alone of the Fathers—unless, perhaps, Origen—was acquainted with Hebrew. This is an argument greatly used by Protestants. It is enough for Catholics to know that the African bishops and Innocent I. upheld the books in question, but to meet our opponents other arguments are necessary. And our students must be taught whether or not they can satisfactorily refute such objections.

* *General Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures.* By Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S.S. New York: Benziger Brothers.

As to Dr. Gigot's chapter on the Vulgate, nothing could be more entirely satisfactory. It is admirably written, and gives in a short compass an excellent account both of the version itself and of the church's position in the matter—a position frequently misunderstood even by Catholics themselves.

Again, the chapter on the Septuagint is most excellent. Both the defects and the merits of that version are fully set before the reader, and he is made to feel how important a part the work of the Seventy has had in biblical history. As to-day scholars are inclined to give greater weight to the Seventy than perhaps ever before, a clear understanding of this text is necessary for every biblical student. Such an understanding could be gained nowhere better than by a careful study of Dr. Gigot's criticism.

Dr. Gigot also gives scholarly criticism of various English translations, and what he has to say of the Douay version and the King James is especially commendable. Nothing can be more evident than his effort to be thoroughly honest and fair-minded.

The author's treatment of the difficult matter of inspiration deserves much praise. While refusing to commit himself to any theory, he gives a clear statement of the Catholic and Protestant positions in the matter. But it is not wholly adequate. On page 552 he lays down reasons for believing inspiration should extend beyond matters of faith and morals, yet he does not make it evident that relative truths, such as scientific and historical statements, are also matters of inspiration, being true to the authors, although taken formally and in themselves not true.

Something should be said as to the admirable temper which Dr. Gigot brings to all his discussions. As his book deserves to be really called scientific, so his way of approaching and engaging in these matters of controversy is scientific too. He is so sane, so sensible, so dispassionate in all that he says, that to read his book for that reason alone is a pleasure. And just because of this control over himself the reader feels, and may well feel, a confidence in Dr. Gigot's statements which no amount of bluster and heated denunciation of opponents could possibly beget.

Finally, the make-up of the book is most creditable to the Messrs. Benziger. The paper is good, the type is clear and bold, and the binding shows taste. All goes to make up a worthy dress for a scholarly and finished work. To-day when

heresy has forced Catholics, especially in this country, to know where they stand and explain their belief as to holy Scripture, it is a great thing to have such a book written as this. It is good news that this, moreover, is only the beginning, for Dr. Gigot has two other volumes underway—special introductions to the Old and New Testaments. Without doubt they will be as scholarly, sound, and sensible as this, the general introduction.

2.—LIFE OF MOODY, THE EVANGELIST.*

In October, 1874, when Mr. Moody was preaching in Dublin, Ireland, a Catholic paper printed an article entitled "Fair Play," in which the editor said: "The deadly danger of the age comes upon us from the direction of Huxley, Darwin, and Tyndall, rather than from Moody and Sankey. Irish Catholics desire to see Protestants deeply imbued with religious feeling rather than tinged with infidelity."

In this spirit, therefore, of one who loves to see a human soul on fire with zeal for God, a Catholic can read the life of Dwight L. Moody and be moved deeply with the same enthusiasm of religion that moved thousands of souls to forsake their lives of sin and devote themselves to a right conscience with God under the spell of his powerful personality and pleadings for faith. It is refreshing at all times, and especially in this superficial and artificial age, to come in contact with a genuine soul; a nature so sincere, so simple, that it seems a mirror of nature herself—fresh, like the spring-time; breathing perfumes of flower and grass, yet played upon and swept by forces of wind and storm, that one may easily compare it with a summer landscape in the throes of a tempest.

The book has nearly six hundred pages, and to any one interested in a strong biography and a religious theme there would be hardly a dull page. Indeed, the story moves through such stirring scenes, graphically pictured, and presents so many noted personages in many lands, that the reader seems to be witnessing a powerful drama, with historical characters as the players.

Moody was a farmer boy in Northfield, Mass. His widowed mother could not well provide for a family of nine children, and in 1854, at the age of seventeen, he went to his uncle's shoe-store in Boston. Two years later, looking for a larger field, he went to Chicago and again followed the shoe busi-

* *Life of D. L. Moody.* By his Son, W. R. Moody. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

ness—this time prospering beyond his expectations. Doubtless his energies and thrift would have quickly made him a rich man had he so desired, but his religious nature at this time became so awakened that he spent every spare moment gathering the waifs of the streets where they could be fed and clothed and taught religion. This work was the turning-point of his life. By and by he abandoned all secular business and devoted himself entirely to religious work.

He called upon the then Bishop of Chicago during these early labors, and he said to Moody:

"Your zeal and devotion are most commendable; all you need to make you a great power for good is to come within the fold of the only true church."

"But," replied Moody, "I could no longer work among Protestants." The bishop assured him that he could; that he could pray with Protestants as much as ever.

"Would you, bishop, pray with a Protestant?"

"Yes, I would."

"Well, then," replied young Moody, "I wish you would pray for me now that I may be led aright in this matter."

They knelt in the hall where they were standing and prayed. They were life-long friends thereafter.

Many Catholics who knew and loved Mr. Moody may perhaps have wondered why so religious a man was never attracted to the Catholic faith. The answer is doubtless to be discovered in many of his published sermons, where he avowed such strong repugnance to all bonds of faith made by creed or dogma. He believed that a simple promise to be loyal to Christ was all-sufficient.

Mr. Moody had a Catholic friend named Healy, who painted a valuable portrait of him, and when the Chicago fire destroyed nearly everything he owned, at the request of his wife this painting was saved by him. He humorously described his embarrassment at marching away from the fire with this picture, by imagining his friends meeting him and saying: "Hello, Moody, I'm glad you've escaped. What's that you are clinging to so affectionately?" "Oh, I've got my own portrait." The portrait now hangs on the walls of the family home in Northfield.

In 1872 Mr. Moody was invited to preach to some congregations in England. There was begun those remarkable meetings in halls and rinks which, in Great Britain and America, spread over a period of nearly thirty years, and enabled him to

exhibit his marvellous power over the hearts and wills of men which has hardly been equalled in the history of English-speaking people. It has been said, and there is little doubt of the truth of it, that he had preached to audiences of over one hundred million people in those active years. Of course his audiences were almost always composed of Protestants, although his genius for pulpit eloquence drew even Jews and Catholics to hear what they had so constantly seen described in the public press. Not the least of the gifts of this remarkable man was his financial shrewdness. He raised and spent fifty thousand dollars during the summer of the World's Fair, for a series of religious meetings in Chicago, and every year he was obliged to raise a hundred thousand dollars to support the two schools he had founded in Northfield and the Bible Institute in Chicago. This he did for ten or more years; besides, the Gospel Hymn-book which he used in his meetings repaid to his enterprises, in royalties, over a million dollars. Perhaps it is not too much to say that he collected and spent in his forty years of religious work three or four million dollars.

His prevailing qualities were tireless energy, amazing common sense, unquestioning faith, and a human sympathy rarely equalled. These qualities, on fire with enthusiasm and marshalled with the brain of a military general, made him a powerful leader of men. Protestantism has lost its best apostle, and in the death of Mr. Moody there is a conscious halt in its forces.

Mr. Moody in the closing years of his life called upon the Archbishop of New York. He was preaching at Cooper Union himself, and his large audiences led him to think that if the Catholic people would only hold simultaneous services New York might be shaken with religious fervor. This was the purpose of his visit. The Archbishop explained to him the system of missions pursued by the Catholic Church, and showed him how it was constantly doing what the Protestant churches did only occasionally. An hour was spent in conversation, but the only result was a friendly intercourse. Ever on the edge of the church, numbering among his friends many Catholics, zealous for the Christian religion, the life of Mr. Moody, spent in the service of God according to his conscience, but never in the fulness of the Holy Catholic Faith, marks one of those shining examples of the mysteries of the grace of God which can only be fathomed in the world beyond.



ONE would imagine from reading the daily press that the only missionaries in China are the American Protestant missionaries. A little reference to fact will easily show that all through the Chinese Empire the Catholic Church is not only well established and thoroughly organized, but is doing a most efficient work in the way of convert-making. In the Pekin district alone, where the war is now going on, the priests heard last year 31,417 confessions and received 6,506 converts. It is interesting to note that there is a community of the Sisters of St. Joseph, with 4 houses and 62 native Chinese sisters.

St. Louis is making a doubtful preparation for the entertainment of visitors to the World's Fair next year. It once had the reputation of being a well-governed city, but the disgraceful lawlessness associated with the street-car strike will make it difficult for it to regain its good name. Ever since the present mayor assumed the reins of office there have been extended to the law-breaker the most blatant immunities from punishment. The upright citizens have protested against the wide-open policy under which saloons and wine-rooms and places of vice flourished without any restraining hand, but politics stood in the way and very little heed was given to these protests. A headlong scramble for the ruling hand during the fair year will probably result in completely damaging the prospects of a successful fair.

A hundred million has been spent by one of the most enlightened nations to crush out the spirit of independence from the hearts of a liberty-loving people in South Africa, while the wails and cries of distress from the thousands who are dying in India are unheeded. Yet this is the close of the nineteenth century, and the echoes of the Peace Conference at the Hague have scarcely died away. If one-tenth of England's millions were spent for bread in India, the cries of starving children would have been hushed and the agonies of dying wretches would have been averted.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

MONSIGNOR CONATY opened the exercises of graduation day by reviewing the work of the year, which was the beginning of the second decade of the existence of the Catholic University. He alluded to the Association of Universities and the Conference of Catholic Colleges as evidences of the educational positions of the University. He compared the early years with the present, and showed that, notwithstanding the difficulty of admission owing to the requirements for graduate work, the attendance of students had been larger than ever before. Monsignor Conaty continued in these words:

The University has been encouraged in its financial efforts during the year by the magnanimous action of Archbishop Keane, my worthy predecessor. With a single-mindedness and devotedness which have never been surpassed, or, I may say, equalled, he has accepted the burden of laboring for the completion of the endowment fund, the foundations of which he so successfully laid several years before.

The organization of the University is now a very vast one, its work very complicated, the burdens of every day demanding close attention from those in charge of the administration. To complete the organization, to perfect it in matters of detail, to watch and care for its improvement and development, demands the close attention of the rector, and it is truthful to say that in its present condition it may be satisfactorily compared with any other institution. Before passing from the financial outlook, I may mention that among the features of the year's work figures the gift of \$50,000 by Mr. Michael Cudahy, of Chicago, a member of our board of trustees; the establishment by New England of the Archbishop Williams chair, and by St. Louis of the Archbishop Kenrick chair, each intending to be a gift of \$50,000. Besides these, several individual gifts of \$5,000, and several for smaller amounts, have been received by Archbishop Keane for the general endowment. Following the example set by the Total Abstinence Union of America and the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Knights of Columbus are about to endow a chair of American history, and the Catholic Knights of America a chair of English literature for a similar sum. This gives a brief outline of the financial effort made by the University during the year.

It is not necessary for me to emphasize how successfully the University has attempted to realize its ideals. In the mind of the great Pontiff who gave to it the authority of the church in its constitutions, it was destined to be a centre of educational force along the lines of higher studies in all the fields of knowledge. It was to build itself upon the truth, as made known to us through the Church of God. It was to be a teacher of sound doctrine, thoroughly loyal to the best traditions of the church, unflinching and unwavering in its fidelity to Catholic doctrine, and steadfast in its devotion to the Holy See. It has aimed at the building up of a body of learned priests and learned laymen who, in church and state, would be prepared to defend the interests of truth. It has not only offered the opportunities for specialization which the age demands in scholarship, but it also seeks for that result by which the church may

not be lost in the seeker after minutiae. The University should stand for that scholarship which is expressed in the general culture which forms the gentleman and the scholar. This culture is not merely to be found in a specialist, but which, as has recently been said, is the foundation upon which specialism is to be built. The well-trained faculties of a university give the students the advantages which come through scholarly teachers, who will develop in them their tastes for higher study.

This institution prides itself on the fact that it offers as the basis of its instruction a sound philosophy with nothing uncertain and no vagaries. Here is taught Christian philosophy, which makes all sciences realize that they are built upon the truth, linking all sciences together as part of the harmonious whole, showing the relations of all things with the great centre truth of God. The world of scholarship to-day, outside the church, is suffering from the lack of sound philosophy. It has lost the meaning of soul and immortality, it has removed itself from all ideas of the supernatural, its salvation is in the return of the truth as made known to us through Christ. This University, this Catholic University, looks to the great St. Thomas as its instructor in sound philosophy. It prides itself on being associated with the best traditions of educational life in the great university system of the past. It stands on the hill-top of highest endeavor; its doors open to all men who, with character and ability, seek knowledge. The Cross is its illumination, the Church its mother, Christian scholarship its teachers, and truth its goal. Here in the capital of the nation it gives forth its lessons of light and life to mind and heart, believing that truth which illumines intellect will also purify heart, and that with loyalty to God there may be loyalty to country.

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The Fénelon Reading Circle of Brooklyn held a recent meeting at the Pouch mansion. Professor Edward B. Shallow, of the Board of Education, addressed the members on National Character in the Light of Education. The educational systems of ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome were explained and their effects on the character of the individual as well as on the nation. Coming down to modern times the French and German systems were contrasted, the latter with its practical training of the hands as well as the head being held up for our admiration and imitation. Surely the German idea of giving every man a trade—a mechanical trade—is an excellent one. Mr. Shallow deprecated our present system in this country of cramming ologies and ometries indiscriminately into the children of the masses, ninety out of a hundred of whom need a practical technical training of their hands to some employment by which they would earn their living. He also suggested to the Fénelon, and to woman clubs in general, that they devote some of their time and energy and funds to the establishment of public kindergartens, where the children of the poor could be gathered in and taught, even from their infancy, as children can be taught to observe and compare and construct. A good point, and one much appreciated, was his reference to the great Archbishop Fénelon, who, long before Froebel and Pestalozzi were born, advised and directed the instruction of little children, even in the cradle, guiding them as rational beings to the love of the beautiful and the true.

The closing meeting of the Fénelon Reading Circle was a distinctly business gathering and there was no social programme for the afternoon. The business of the year was finished up by the reading of two papers on Catholic

authors, which was the study taken up at the first meeting in October last. The papers were read by Miss Julia Brady, whose subject was the Rev. John Talbot Smith, and by Miss Carey, on Mrs. Sadlier. The Rev. J. P. McGinley, the director of the Reading Circle, was in attendance. The question of establishing kindergartens in the congested districts of the borough, under the direction of the Fénelon Circle, was discussed at some length. This matter was recommended to the attention of the circle by Assistant Superintendent Shallow, of the Department of Public Instruction. The result of this discussion was the voting by the members to have a committee appointed to fully study the question as to the advisability of the society assuming the responsibility of the establishment of kindergartens and the expenses that it would be necessary to incur. The committee appointed by the president consisted of Mrs. Francis Fannon, Mrs. John Griffin, Miss Sara Read, Miss Sarah Dunne, and Miss Julia Brady.

Father McGinley announced that Egyptology would be the subject of the study for the next year. He also thanked the members for their close study of the subject of the closing year and congratulated them on the success that they had attained. It was announced by Mrs. Lonergan, the president, that the first meeting for the new year would be held on the first Tuesday in October, which would be made one of the social events of the society.

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The legal education of women was discussed by the Social Science Association at the meeting held in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Isabella M. Pettus, assistant lecturer in New York University, presented some interesting particulars in her paper. She stated that women appeared before the courts of ancient Rome in some instances, although the privilege was soon taken away from them; but, long before the Christian era, Deborah sat as a judge in Israel. In Spain and Italy, in the middle ages, women filled professors' chairs in letters and in law, lecturing in the great universities and receiving doctors' degrees in law. It was reserved for Switzerland in this century to exclude from the practice of law a woman to whom her own university had given the doctor's degree, under the code requiring all persons representing third parties in her tribunals to be electors. In most of the countries of the world women have ruled as sovereigns, but even in France and other kingdoms under the Salic law women were regents, and ruled during long minorities.

Austin Abbott said: Some study of the law is of prime importance in the complete education of every human being. Legal study tends to make the mind more reasonable, consistent, logical, and well balanced. These qualities are as needful to women as to men. Therefore, because women are equally under the law, as they own and control much of the wealth of the world, and as they are, by the circumstances of modern life, a factor in the business world, all women should know the law, not for practice, for that is only for the few, but to fit them for the activities about them and to help them to use wisely what they own.

What, then, are the provisions for their obtaining such education in law as will suffice for their new opportunities? At the opening of the present century no college was open to them; now they enter our great institutions of learning, in many cases on an equal footing with their brothers. Sometimes they emerge rather in advance, as was the case at the last exercises of Buffalo Law School,

when a woman took the highest honors and was graduated at the head of her class.

Oberlin, in 1833, was the first to open her doors to women students; but the earliest dates accessible in the field of law are that Iowa University admitted them in 1868, Michigan in 1869, Boston Law School in 1872, California in 1873, Missouri and Illinois in 1880, and other States in quick succession, while in our great Western States the law schools from their foundation have been open to women students. In the Empire State Cornell led the way in 1888, but New York University followed in 1890, and has graduated fifty women with the degree of bachelor of laws, ten of whom have taken later the master's degree. Illinois has the largest roll of names of women admitted to her bar, for eighty-seven women lawyers have come from that State.

Even in the more conservative Southern States the way has opened—four States admit them to the bar and to the law schools. A woman, Mrs. Haskell, of Helena, Mont., secured the passage of a law in that State, in 1889, permitting women to practise law. Wisconsin has had a woman lawyer for twenty years, Miss Angie J. King. In Wyoming Miss Grace Heberd, trustee of Wyoming University, was admitted to the bar last year.

There is in New York a Women Lawyers' Club, of which Miss Loew is president, and Miss Philbrook, of New Jersey, is secretary. There are about twenty members, and the society meets regularly for social and professional exchange of ideas.

Boston has a Portia Club, and Chicago a League of Women Lawyers, while there is also a National Association of Women Lawyers, membership in which is limited to those in practice for five years for themselves. Miss O'Neill, of Connecticut, is in her father's law firm. Miss Listhardt, of Colorado, is successful. Miss Miller, of Chicago, edits *The Forum*, and one of the best legal journals in the country was founded and edited for years by Mrs. Bradwell, whose husband carries it on since her death, keeping her name as founder.

Women have not been slow to profit by their opportunities for legal education, and many have studied law for culture who will never practise in the courts. One of the main factors in popularizing the outline study of law has been the Woman's Law Class of New York University, which gives a business course of law to non-matriculants and furnishes them with a text-book which is now entering its third edition. With the impetus given to the study of law, in the development of statutes enabling women to hold property and act for themselves, such a course is of high value, and college presidents who have become familiar with the work of this class do not hesitate to commend it as desirable in all institutions of learning. Six hundred women have taken this course. While women lawyers have not increased to an alarming extent, they are yet numerous enough to prove that legal education is for women as for men, and that, given the opportunity, the woman will embrace it as quickly as she may.

M. C. M.

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"cases were reported by the"
"physicians, and from several"
"towns. After careful investi-"
"gation it was found that all of"
"the victims had eaten cream"
"cakes purchased from a certain"
"baker in a town near Bos-"
"ton. We promptly took"
"the matter up, and found,"
"by a careful analysis of"
"the so-called 'enameled'"
"kettle in which the cream"
"was cooked, that it con-"
"tained antimony, which"
"fully explained the whole"
"mystery."

"The production of articles"
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"facturers and dealers"
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"ly, be stopped or re-"
"stricted at present, or"
"until our State Legis-"
"latures can be induced"
"to pass such suitable"
"and stringent laws as"
"will effectually prevent"
"their manufacture. In"
"the meantime the people"
"must look out for them-"
"selves and carefully scru-"
"tinize before purchasing"
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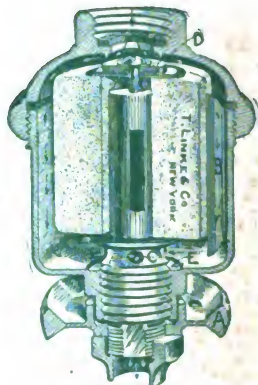
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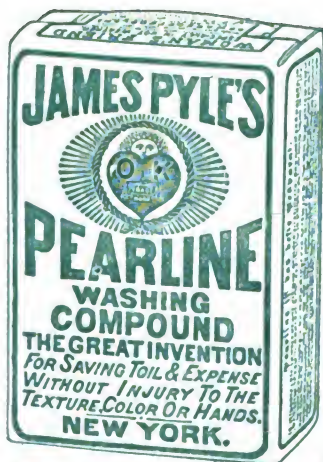


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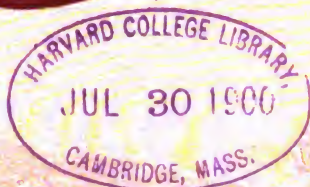
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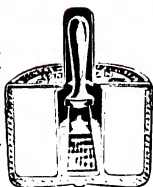
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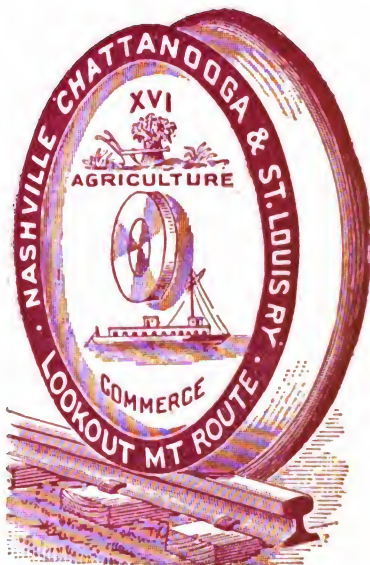


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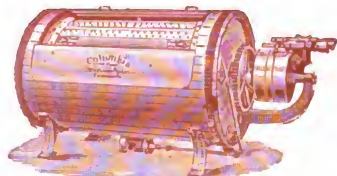
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THE SANCTITY OF IGNATIUS LOYOLA.*



NOTORIOUSLY it is easier to define species than to classify individuals. So too, in the spiritual world, we find that men may settle upon an abstract definition of sanctity, and yet remain quite undecided as to the justice of this or that man's claim to be considered a saint. Though all concede readily that the essence of sanctity lies in the perfect correspondence of a human will with special graces presented by Almighty God, still, in the recognition and acknowledgment of individual saints, judgments vary considerably. Those whom the church's official pronouncement places upon the *Kalendarium*, every Catholic, and indeed every man of sense, will unhesitatingly accept as deserving of such honor. But nevertheless, even while acknowledging the unerring wisdom of the church's choice, men's minds will differ as to the comparative value of various titles to sanctity. Indeed, not infrequently we find very pious persons indulging in what seems to be an attempt to excuse and vindicate the official verdict of the Holy See; they think it necessary to idealize the historical personage, to spiritualize the man of flesh and blood, to gloss over his defects, to deny his gradual growth toward perfection, to transform the imperishable witness of God's wondrous dealings with men into a more or less impossible concretization of abstract sanctity, into a portrait representing principally and at all hazards what "saints ought to be," and differing from others of the class chiefly in name and local habitation. And when

* *The Testament of Ignatius Loyola*. Translated by E. M. Rix, with preface and notes by George Tyrrell, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. 1900.—*The Autobiography of St. Ignatius*. Edited by J. F. X. O'Connor, S.J. New York: Benziger Bros. 1900.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE
OF NEW YORK. 1900.

there comes question of recognizing the existence of sanctity among the uncanonized, short-sighted apologists of this sort formulate final tests and settle the matter decisively by appeal to their own personal notion of what a saint is like. It is not at all surprising when we find such self-constituted judges giving small favor to candidates whose ways are not their ways and whose thoughts differ from their thoughts.

We may question, therefore, if in looking over the recorded histories of saintly personages we always succeed in catching a true representation of their individual characteristics, if ignorance, pious fraud, and preconceptions never delude us into worshipping under this or that saint's name an ideality that never existed and crediting his canonization to the possession of qualities which as a matter of fact were by no means in harmony with his actual personality. It is noteworthy, too, that although the mass of readers probably never reflect on the possible "coloring" of hagiographies, still an instinct far more reliable than mere scholarship renders many a saint's biography unpopular, and negatively, at least, unedifying. Hence, very frequently, one great fruit of the saint's life is lost, and his story fails to sanction our strivings after perfection and to bring out in strong relief, as it should, the exhaustless Divine Patience that finally develops great sanctity out of the poorest sorts of material, choosing the weak things of this world and the foolish to bring to naught the noble and the wise. For a certain class of biographers seem pledged to concentrate attention on one single point—the evidence for the continuity of miracles in the Catholic Church. Too often they pay the penalty of forgetting the sacredness of truth for its own sake, and reap only failure, missing the rewards added unto those who seek first the justice of God.

We shall reckon it not among the least results of our age's great scientific achievements, that men have been strongly impressed with the truth of the axiom "human traditions are not always final authorities." The growth of the historical spirit has been phenomenal in recent years, and, though in some respects fruitful of evil, is, in this matter, efficacious of great good. Perhaps it is not too much to say we should be especially grateful that among other useful corrections has come that of a current misconception regarding the dealings of God with specially sanctified souls; in other words, that a certain distorted notion of sanctity has undergone considerable revision in consequence of modern historical investigations.

Among hagiologists a new temper of mind is evident, and we have been edified recently by the record of many a saintly life which did not in the least resemble one long-sustained miracle. The human individuality of the saint has been thrown into truer relationship with his divine favors, and the general tendency of the study has been to teach us that things may come from God's hands in a state of imperfect development, and that divine dealings with a soul are to some extent intelligible, and not without a certain analogy and correspondence to human nature and personal characteristics. We have thus been taught that the true wonder of sanctity consists less in the creation of a mathematically perfect being than in the development of a creature—while still a creature with a creature's limitations—into a glorious human mirror of Divine Holiness. The man's personality is sanctified, not destroyed. His natural affections are elevated, not replaced by angelic ones, and God's grace, like his own human experiences, affects him after a fashion corresponding to his own individual nature, or, in other words, "*recipitur secundum modum recipientis.*"

This, then, leads up to a broader notion of sanctity, as making it less rigidly associated with those non-essential accompaniments of holiness, which some had learned to consider properties rather than accidents, as being qualities which the given subject, that is the saint, never could lack.

It is but a little while since a distinguished French writer, savant as well as loyal Catholic, gratified the devotional public with the issue of a series of Lives of the Saints, which became popular under the name of "the common-sense edition." The chorus of welcome that greeted the very announcement of such an attempt gave ample evidence that the projector of the series was not too far ahead of his age to receive considerable sympathy and encouragement. Neither, on the other hand, did it seem at all strange when certain shrugs, exclamations, and raisings of eyebrows accompanied hostile criticism of the plan and unfavorable comment on "surprising statements" which appeared in some of the new volumes as they were issued from the press. Number by number, however, the series has been growing, and, despite some defects, already forms the nucleus of a valuable popular library of spiritual biographies. Much praise is due to M. Joly, the general editor, whose remarkable study, *Psychologie des Saints*, prefaced the biographical volumes, and served to make very clear the general spirit and purpose of the whole attempt.

Among the long list of glorious saints at hand for the Catholic writer to choose from few, perhaps, lend themselves better to the aim of this novel undertaking than the great Spaniard whose ideas are still moulding the world, now that three centuries have passed since he abode in the flesh. The discoveries of the last half century, it is conceded, have made a new Life of St. Ignatius an imperative necessity. This is plainly evident from the notes attached by Father Michel, S.J., to the recent French compilation of Bartoli's biography. The immense mass of matter contained in the *Monumenta Historica* published monthly by the Spanish Jesuits is another indication of the "general ignorance outside the Jesuit body concerning the materials now available for studying the life of the founder of the Society."* M. Joly, appreciating all this, treated his readers to that charming sketch of the saint which has already been translated into English and was noticed in the pages of this magazine less than a year ago. But the publication of M. Joly was necessarily brief and popular in style; it leaves much still to be accomplished by the scholar and historian. And we cannot regard in any other light than that of an encouragement to the further study of the real Ignatius the simultaneous publication of the two new volumes named at the head of this article.

To be misunderstood by their sub-contemporaries is, indeed, as common among great men as is persecution during life. And still, this seems to have been peculiarly true with regard to the Saint of Loyola. The blind enthusiasm of well-meaning admirers has been as effective a veil as the scornful calumnies of assailants, and the true figure of Ignatius, when gradually revealed by the discriminating fingers of honest students, appears to be considerable of a shock to various sentimental worshippers as well as a triumphant refutation of slanderous attacks. Admiration and scorn, both are now seen, in great measure, to have gathered about no real man of flesh and blood, but a highly and falsely colored portrait. It is on this account that these new volumes have been prepared in a spirit akin to that of the late General of the Society, Father Roothan, who, in republishing the literal text of the Exercises, prescribed that the words of Ignatius himself should no longer be replaced by lengthy commentaries conveying neither the language nor the sense of the writer.†

* *The Testament of Ignatius Loyola*, p. 220 in the appendix, by the Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.

† *Quam multi etiam inter Nostros . . . nunquam librum ipsum Sancti Patris usu*

An unusual interest, therefore, attaches to this double publication by fathers of the Society of the autobiographical narrative dictated by Ignatius himself, to his friend and adviser, the accomplished Gonzales. Better than all scholarly dissertations is a man's own account of his life, if we would see into the very depths of his soul and read aright the meaning of his labors. And this aid the new publication does afford. Wisely have the loyal and fearless sons of Ignatius wrought for their father's honor by thus furthering a true acquaintance with his history. Controversy is of but secondary worth when a great name is defamed. The work of defence is most satisfactorily accomplished by ignoring calumny and letting true virtue shine forth as its own best halo. Simply to spread abroad knowledge of St. Ignatius will be a method of vindication infinitely more effective than the manufacturing of huge tomes in answer to unjust and ill-natured French critics.*

To say that the new volume is of immense worth for the refutation of bigots and calumniators and their pupils, however, leaves unmentioned half its merit, for it performs a work of no less importance in making necessary a reconstruction of various ideas concerning the saint, common enough among unintelligent admirers. Those who cling to the outworn notion of mathematical perfection and mechanical sanctity may learn from these confessions of a great saint that, unless they would cease to reverence him, they must amend their canons of judgment and begin to appreciate the common-sense standard of sanctity which the Church uses in her choice of souls for canonization. The unfortunate alternative has been necessitated, not through any defect or fault on the part of the saint, but through the unwise zeal of these short-sighted admirers. For his real character is in no respect inferior to the imaginary. Gladly do we still profess reverence and faith for the Ignatius of history, for the true saint and great man, whose personal example, spiritual writings, and immortal ideas have been among the most universally potent influences for good in all the Catholic Church during the last four centuries.

gustuque probavere ! Quam multi vix eum, ut ita dicam, de facie norunt !—*Exercitia Spiritualia S. P. Ignatii de Loyola*, notis illustrata, auctore R. P. Joanne Roothan, Præposito Generali Societatis Jesu, Augustæ Vindelicorum, 1887. The quotation is from Father Roothan's prefatory letter, p. vii.

* The allusion is to recent works issuing from certain ecclesiastics and written with the evident purpose of discrediting the founders and first members of the Society of Jesus. We omit citation, having no desire further to circulate any book conceived in such venomous and unchristian spirit.

To his greater glory be it that Ignatius of Loyola had in his character as little of the machine-minded partisan as of the unscrupulous fanatic. If we may borrow language from his favorite field of imagery, his exploit was that of a great captain who at terrible personal risk turns defeat into victory by the invention of expedients no other mind has perceived. Is it to be deplored, then, that he was not a precise and heroically literal observer of time-honored customs in nicest detail, when, as was the case, his originality and indomitable will saved the church, reconverted Europe, and held out to countless Christians of his own and subsequent centuries the guiding hand to paths of lofty spiritual life? He had not grown up in the shadow of a cloister, nor assumed the cowl in tender youth. The first motive for his spiritual aspirations seems to have been largely tinged with the spirit of emulation and the human desire to excel, his first steps toward sanctity hasty and imperfectly guided, and his mind, originally, in a condition far removed from the even balance and tempered judgment of the true seer of divine lights. He intimates that God's grace began by fastening upon his natural virtues and sanctifying his personal characteristics: Zeal that tended to fanaticism, fearlessness tinged with a sort of ferocity, an utter unwillingness to yield or to be content with a second place—these qualities of mind, to judge from a certain stand-point, would bode poor success for his plan to rival "Blessed Dominic and Blessed Francis" in devotedness to Christ. Almost the first evidence of earnest conversion from a life of unrestrained worldliness is his readiness to murder an infidel for daring to dispute the truth of Our Blessed Lady's perpetual virginity. A little later he betrays great lack of spiritual wisdom and insight in allowing himself to be grievously disturbed and tormented by silly scruples until almost on the point of committing suicide. Later on he finds that God, taking him by the hand, "as a master might take a school boy," teaches him spiritual truth so effectively that he is delivered entirely from his scruples, and gains an ability to instruct others which is in striking contrast with his previous small skill in spiritual matters. Yet was his growth unto perfect stature still to be accomplished by regular process of development, God's grace slowly moulding and strengthening the spirit about to do so great things for His name's sake. His outburst of passionate anger at the attempted villany of some treacherous peasants, his unregulated fervor and troublesome devotion while a pilgrim at Jerusalem, his indulgence of pious fancy at the

cost of bribery, his ridiculous puritanism in refusing to salute an official, the doubt, hesitation, and dread that we find crossing his mind at intervals—all these indicate how untrue to the life is any picture of his conversion which represents the wounded knight as instantaneously transformed into a paragon of holiness and wisdom. To find that, on the contrary, he himself traces for us his gradual growth from spiritual infancy to manly vigor, is no doubt a shock to certain minds. And yet to forget that fact is to remain oblivious to the man's real greatness; for the sanctity attained by this process of steady development is to most of us far more vivid, significant, and helpful than the full-blown perfection of a superhuman hero outrivalling Adam for inborn integrity and infused science.

Loyola's heroism becomes all the more meaningful when we discover his conduct under experiences trying enough to crush any one but a fanatic or a saint. For this helpless and unlettered penitent setting out to convert the world met with but scant encouragement at first from ecclesiastical authority. After much hesitation and inward debate he had finally concluded that his work was not to be accomplished by means of any of the existing religious orders, although in more than one he could have found a long history of brilliant deeds, a shining calendar of saintly names, and a rule approved by the highest sanction rules can win. He felt that none of these things sufficed for the accomplishment of his mission; his face was set toward the opportunity of the future, not toward the splendid history of the past. Nowhere did he see what he considered to be adequate provision for the needs of the souls surrounding him. And so, with a firm faith in the divinity of the voice that had whispered to him in the cave at Manresa, he began to run his lonely way. At first he could but see men as trees walking, and this dimness of vision led to many a rude and painful shock when his progress caused sudden collision with those crossing his path. "Prudent" men doubted his virtue, his faith, his sanity. To many he was a rock of offence, and to others a scandal. His theological science seemed to be in the inverse ratio to his zeal for preaching—for most of his learning had been acquired at the altar-foot rather than in the class-room. He proved to be anything but docile when arbitrarily restrained from spreading his ideas. He was an irrepressible, an incorrigible, and soon became a thorn in the flesh to the men whose policy was peace at any price. At the uni-

versity where he first enrolled himself as a student, pious and respectable young men shrank from associating with him lest they should be "represented as entangled with the teachers of strange and dangerous doctrines."* One of his professors proposed to inflict a public flogging on him as a seducer of youth.† Civil magistrates, religious provincials, inquisitors, bishops, cardinals, the Supreme Pontiff himself, every one of them offered his quota of opposition to the success of the plan that this unlearned and unauthorized teacher of novelties professed to be the manifest will of God. So strong was the dislike of him in Rome that at one period he separated from his companions outside the walls, not daring himself to venture within the city. At a later day, the news that Cardinal Caraffa had been elected pope threw the infant Society of Jesus into a panic, so great, and, as the event proved, so well justified, was their dread of opposition. And yet, withal, the indomitable will of this strange saint made him reckless of obstacles. God's voice had called him, wise counsellors had approved his mission, and he would stop for no man. Little by little, as time went on, his path brightened into perfect day, and he understood with ever-increasing clearness just what his vocation demanded of him. But how many a time during the dark hours of his lonely travellings, when in prison or in foreign lands, when scorned and persecuted, when tormented by hunger and nakedness and fatigue—how many a time was his heroic sanctity tried to the limit, how often was his marvellous faith strained to the very snapping point? What more evidence of his greatness do we need than that all this while he should never have ceased from repeating confidently, "If God be for me, who shall be against me?"

Hardly do we appreciate what terrible anguish must have come to the saint when, barely through his internal novitiate, he found himself suspected, and his mission doubted, if not condemned, by those possessed of every official claim to religious respect and obedience. And there was more than the mere bitterness of a lonely trust in his divine mission to try his loyalty to the inner voice. The prospect of a sudden and awful death amid burning fagots confronted him constantly; for that such would have been his instant fate had any of his numerous enemies been able to substantiate their charges, is clear enough from the taunt of the Vicar Figueroa, the examiner appointed by the Inquisition. "If we had detected any

* *The Testament of Ignatius Loyola*, p. 173.

† *Op. cit.*, p. 162.

heresy in you," said he, "you would have been burnt."* And it appears to have been only by most extraordinary coincidences—the doing of Providence, beyond a doubt—that Ignatius was actually preserved from the violent death which met so many of the class to which he seemed to belong.

Is he a saint? we can imagine to be the question proposed by some lover of the *ancien régime*—this disturber who is setting the whole world by the ears, this untrained dreamer of dreams, this innovator who is out of sympathy with the spirit and practice of the church! "Ignatius is playing into the hands of the heretics; he must be one of them," is the cry. "Down with him!" That such charges were damnably false was overlooked by many so soon as they discovered in the accusation some slight resemblance to the actual facts. It proved to be a hard task to fight the half-lie. Ever during life he had to hold himself in readiness to meet new repetitions of the charge of heresy, and even when he went down to his grave there is no doubt that he left behind him various pious souls still unconvinced of his orthodoxy. One is amazed at the persistence with which the heresy-hunters returned again and again to the charge, undeterred by successive failures, apparently unable to comprehend how the victim *could* be orthodox so long as he differed from themselves. Still, perhaps, it is only doing them justice to suppose that they were actuated by real fear of false doctrine, and by honest desire to protect their own opinions.

When first Ignatius began his studies at Alcalà, he was warned that the Inquisitors were about to put him to the rack as one of the Illuminati; and though the case did not proceed to this extreme, he was commanded at least to lay aside the sort of garments he had hitherto used. Three months later he was again summoned before the representative of the Inquisition, and again managed to escape. Later on, he was a third time examined and thrown into prison for six weeks; and was discharged only on condition of ceasing to give instructions on religious matters for four years. He left Alcalà upon this and set out for Salamanca. Ten or twelve days after his arrival he was invited to the Dominican convent and, after dinner, questioned about his opinions concerning his doctrine on the interior guidance of souls by the Holy Ghost. Divin-

* *Op. cit.*, p. 130. The Saint's reply, "So would you be burnt, were you convicted of heresy," indicates his belief that he was not to be judged by man's day, and that to be *accused* of teaching false doctrine is, under some circumstances, no great stigma.

ing the snare prepared for him, Ignatius answered but shortly, and then said: "There is no need to talk any more about these things."* The monks, rather divided in opinion as to the stranger's orthodoxy, finally compromised the dispute by imprisoning Ignatius and two of his companions. The prisoners were freed again soon afterward, but under conditions which the saint saw would hinder him from successfully carrying out his mission, and so, leaving his native land, he set out for Paris. There again his zeal made him an object of attack, and he was denounced to the French Inquisitor-General as a teacher of unsound doctrine. Successful in clearing himself, he was once more delated a few years afterward, immediately before his departure from Paris. Coming to Venice, he found himself summoned to court because "he had escaped justice in Paris and Spain." It is significant that Ignatius, though delivered from serious danger in every one of these instances, yet felt himself so far from being secure, that when all his companions went up to Rome to obtain the pope's blessing before departing for Jerusalem, he did not go up with them, "on account of Doctor Ortiz and the newly created Theatine Cardinal, John Caraffa."†

It may be surmised readily enough that the character of the saint and the orthodoxy of his writings suffered during many long years from the harmful effects of this continued and almost universal suspicion. One of his warmest friends, the Spaniard Hozé, admitted that he had long refrained from making the Exercises from fear of being tainted by false doctrine, he having been secretly warned to be on guard against the dangerous book. A little later, when on trial before the cardinal legate, it was with the greatest difficulty, and only on appeal to the pope, that Ignatius could obtain anything more than a discharge, his judge being unwilling to give a verdict expressly in his favor. Nor did this series of quashed accusations and vain trials serve, as it should have done, thoroughly to exculpate the saint. The lying insinuation, the white-flag attack, the thrust from behind, the poisoning of wells—these are the constant and unfailing resource of men like the enemies of Ignatius, when beaten in the open. Such minds cannot conceive it possible that their own method is *passée*. They cannot tolerate belief in the existence of a heaven strong enough to ferment the whole mass that they themselves have pronounced irreclaimably unwhole-

* *Op. cit.*, p. 144.

† *Op. cit.*, p. 183. Cardinal Caraffa became Pope Paul IV.

some and corrupt. The very proposal to replace standard treatises on the science of the spiritual life by any such composition as the Exercises was worse than impertinent—it was *male sonans*, it was offensive to pious ears, it smacked of heresy. The book was precondemned by its writer's reputation. And so we find, as late as 1553, that a Dominican friar, in attaching a censure to the Exercises, writes to the Archbishop of Toledo: "It must be carefully borne in mind that this Ignatius, according to common report, was denounced in the Inquisition for a heretic. Being one of the Passivists and Illuminati, he fled to Rome to escape the Inquisition and the inquisitors."* Thus, on the warrant of hearsay evidence, did this reverend critic condemn a man about to be enrolled among the church's most glorious saints; thus did he pass censure on a book which since then has become the spiritual bread of life to a multitude that no man may number.

When we come to the summing up of the saint's story, we must admit that it is not the career we should have considered a likely preface to final glory, to a triumph so absolute indeed that the name of Ignatius now stands supreme among the saviours of Catholic Europe. Some, it is true, complain still, as their prototypes complained then, that no success is worthy of commendation unless achieved *à la mode*. Some, it is painfully clear, have acted on the belief that to record these unfortunate occurrences will conduce to no good and that they had far better be "censorized." But to the unclouded eye of the lover of truth it remains perfectly evident that the real story of Ignatius is the Lord's message of comfort to many a tried soul, and that true piety and true intelligence must ever denounce the folly of classing history among the deductive sciences, just as it must commend the spirit of fearless honesty which inspires such deeds as the opening of Vatican archives.

What has been done then, recently, to enlighten us on the real character of St. Ignatius is of lasting worth. Though it may scandalize a Pharisee here or there, it will help many a humble publican of greater desert in God's sight—teaching as it does the lingering imperfections of the evolving saint, the final vindication of the pure of heart, and the deep humanness of a character too often depicted as a bloodless, nerveless frame of iron. Those of us whose spirits are still embodied will love him not less but more for the thought that, even

* *Op. cit.*, p. 174. The reference there given is *Chronicon Societatis Jesu* (Polanco), vol. iii. appendix i. p. 504.

with him, growth into the maturity of sainthood was an effort and a pain; will rejoice and not grieve that he too was despised and rejected of men, spat upon and condemned; will cling the closer to his memory for having been told that like us he made his mistakes and was tortured by scruples, that he felt the stirrings of human love and the qualms of physical fear, that he loved to gaze out over the flowery fields and the running water, and was thrilled with the solemn beauty of the midnight sky. And we will learn lessons of charity from the story of his persecutions, a story that had never been were narrow-souled and suspicious critics of original thinkers to attend to that sweetly simple little appeal for fair play made in the prefaces of the Exercises: "It is to be assumed that any respectable Christian will be more anxious to accept his neighbor's statement than to reject it; and that if he cannot do so, he will ask him in what sense he understands it; and if that sense be wrong, he will charitably point out the mistake; and if that will not do, he will try his very best to get him to hold it in a right sense, so that the statement may stand."*

Yes, it is a great lesson on the notion of sanctity, this Testament of St. Ignatius. May it be read in many lands and reveal thoughts to many hearts!—for not a few of us need to realize how impossible it is for our puny minds to comprehend the depth and breadth of God's dealings with men. His arm is not shortened to the range of our understanding, though we be very learned; and though we be the children of the promise, there still remain mercies that are uncovenanted. Let us trust much where our eyes are held, and let us admit that the true test of sanctity is to be found not in agreement with our ideas, but rather in a perfect love of God that bursts out in the growth of a great zeal for souls, and blossoms into a divine unselfishness, and bears fruits that are good for men.

* Bitter experience had dictated the above formulation of a very common principle of Christian ethics, our saint having suffered much at the hands of men who substituted for it some such canon of criticism as the following: Every respectable Christian must show himself, first of all, solicitous for the detection of heresy, or apparent heresy, in his neighbor's statement; in seeking for it, he must attend to the letter rather than to the spirit of expressions; having discovered error, he must denounce it secretly, lest it be explained away; and if the neighbor hesitate to confess himself a heretic, he must at once suffer death, or its moral equivalent. Father Roothan, in a note on the sentence quoted, writes: *Hoc monitum seu præmium, quod non magis ad exercitia pertinere videtur, quam ad communem legem charitatis, ideo præmitti a S. P. existimo, quod primis annis expertus esset minus æqua multorum judicia, apud quos, ut erant illa tempora ob serpentes hæreses suspiciosa, Exercitiorum occasione notam novatoris incurrerat. Ceterum est sane charitati et discretioni consentaneum hoc monitum, ejusque usus non raro necessarius, ne præceps de quoquam feratur judicium.*

A NUN.

That I to God, unfettered, may aspire,
And from all lesser loves my spirit wean,
Let my young heart, in solitude serene,
Retain its deep virginity entire:

Let sight of peaks girt with the splendid fire
Of setting suns, or topped by cloudless sheen,
Be barred from me; let music henceforth mean
Only the chanting of a convent choir.

And if I must be purified of stain
By anguish, free me, God, from every chill
Or tremor at my torment, for I fain
Would bow to Thee a consecrated will,
And brave, with Christ, the darkest depths of pain
To quell desire, unselfish love to gain.

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THE LANE TO THE MILL.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ.



HE Lane is a long lane and stony, and it leads into a sun-dappled tunnel of green. Moss beneath, trees overhead, a tangle of bushes all around it, and, slipping between the waving branches, splashes of sunbeams from the brightness above. It was like dipping into a cool stream to turn old Dobbin into the path from the dust and glare of the highway. I tightened the reins, and we clattered away down the slope like a squad of cavalry. Then, after a long straight-away, the road, which followed a brook, turned sharp to the right. We swept round the curve right soldierly, when of a sudden I felt old Dobbin gather himself together and spring! It was just as we turned, and I, who am not as quick as when Dobbin and I were young together, nearly, I am ashamed to say, fell out of my saddle. "Dobbin!" said I, amazed. The old horse planted his forefeet, stopped short, and turned. Then I saw the reason of that sudden leap of his. A youngster lay, asleep, right across the roadway!

"Well, well, well, well!" said I. The lad was a strong sleeper, for the clatter and all never moved him. "Well, well, well! There is a living example of what this poor old South is getting to be. Asleep in the road!—and I'll warrant that he's as comfortable there as if this had not been, in its time, the busiest pathway twixt here and Baltimore." For I remembered, mind you, the days of old; "befo'—" you know the rest. Before that wretched time that made my right arm useless, took my only son to die on a battle-field, and stripped me of all but a paltry hundred acres,—me, who used to be "Mastah Henry Moosehead" to five hundred cheerful souls, and, let me see, yes, it was six thousand acres!—think of it! Yet I oughtn't to fret, either; there's poor old Colonel Bill, who used to boast that he could buy and sell me, in the old days, when we weren't as good friends as now. He was sold out last week, and hasn't a roof to cover him. He's coming to live with me.

"Colonel Bill," said I, "come and live with me!"

"No, sah!" says he, getting very red about his ears, "I

won't! I'll see you—why, Henry Moosehead, I could have bought and sold you!"

"Yes, yes, Colonel Bill," said I, "I know that; we used to be mighty good enemies, didn't we? But, you remember the day in the trenches at Vicksburg, don't you, when you gave me the last drink in your canteen, and swore that you'd just had your fill? That was a lie, Colonel Bill, and you've got to make up for it to me. So you come and live with me!"

Meanwhile, the youngster in the road slept on, and Dobbin nosed him curiously. "Gee up!" said I, pulling at his head; "we'll ride on now, old Dobbin, and this lad will never know that you saved his life by that stiff-legged spring of yours. Gee up, Dobbin!" But Dobbin threw his head up in the air when I jerked it, and then went back to his nosing. "Why, confound you, Dobbin!" said I, "why should a horse of your breeding notice a ragged brat like that. By jingo, sir, I'll—I believe I'll take my glasses out and look at him." I carry my precious spectacles in my purse when I ride, so I carefully got them out and set them outside of my nose. *Then* I could see the boy. Shade of Absalom! he looked like a runaway. A splendid lad, with white skin and golden hair—I could see that much under the dust—his face looked strangely—like—like—nonsense! His clothes were fine and unworn, but bramble-torn and dust-smeared, and his light shoes were as tattered and battered as though he had tramped a thousand miles. "Um!—some rich man's son," said I, "that's run off to fight Indians—I believe that they still do run off to fight Indians, don't they? *We* used to, I know." I clambered down. You see, this thing of living so much alone gives a man an odd habit of talking aloud, as though his lips and his ears were good company, and I'm afraid it makes my writing a little incoherent too, and rambling; but never mind, I'll come back to my—the boy. I clambered down from Dobbin—I used to leap from horseback when I was courting my Mary Jane—and gently shook the lad by the shoulder. Humph! not much use that.

He turned a little under my touch and murmured, in sleepy tones, "It's not breakfast yet, is it, mommy?" I shook him harder. "It's not," murmured he. Finally, bracing myself, I gave him a harder rattle than before. "Hey, sonny!" said I, "wake up! wake up! wake up!" Then his blue eyes opened, in a sort of sleepy surprise, and regarded me with fearless wonder.

"Why, where am I?" said he in a youthful treble, "and *who* are you? You look—like my papa!" "The deuce I do!" thought I.

Then I said to him: "Come, come, my little man, get up

from the dusty road; why, old Dobbin here almost stepped on you. And tell me who *you* are, and how you came to be sleeping here; and where you ran away from," I added severely.

He scrambled to his feet in an instant; he didn't like that insinuation. "A good, spirited lad," said I to myself.

"I didn't run away, sir!" said he; "my mommy had to go away from home for a day, and I started out to find my grandfather. Do you know him, sir?"

"To find your grandfather, my dear!" said I. "Why, bless me, how did you lose him?"

The poor boy looked rather troubled. That was a cruel jest of mine. "You see, sir," said he, "I've never seen my papa's father. My papa's dead; he was killed before I was born. He was a Union soldier, sir!"

The lad stood straight as he said the word, and flashed a look at me—strangely like—thought I again; and again my better sense said "foolishness!" "Well, well!" said I, "too bad, my little man. I was in that war, too, you see"; but I did not add "on the other side."

He put out his little hand: "Shake hands, then, sir!" said he; and, feeling guilty, I did it. Then he went on: "My mommy and he were married during the war. She was a Union general's daughter, and papa met her when he went to Washington. But my papa's father was a Southerner, and hated Union soldiers. After the war came on, and when my papa would not leave the army—you see he had been a captain before it all began—his father was very angry and said that he would never own my papa for his son. So they never saw nor wrote to one another; and so my papa was killed in a battle, and he and his father never made up again,—why, you're crying, sir!"

So I was, tears as big as dollars. "Never mind, lad," said I; "my eyes are weak. Now tell me what happened to your mother?"

"She was very sad," quoth he, "and then God gave her me to cheer her, and now she says she loves me enough for two! I hope," he said, his forehead wrinkling, "that she won't come home before I'm back again, for that would worry her terribly!"

"And now tell me, sir," said I, "why you were so naughty as to run off from this dear mother of yours and wander away out here? Do you know how many miles you are from Baltimore?"

"No, sir," said he.

"Twenty miles!" said I; "do you mean to say you walked all of the way? And what possessed you to start out, anyway?"

"It was dear mommy," said the boy; "when I was a little

fellow she never talked of my papa's father. But since we've come to live in Baltimore she cries, sometimes, and says that she wishes she could be friends with him, for my papa's sake—and he's so near. So I asked her if she knew where he lived, and she said Airebell; isn't it a funny name? Then, yesterday, she had to go away to Washington, 'cause the President is going to give her a pension because my papa was killed; and that was the first time that we had ever been away from each other. So I was lonely, and wondered what I could do to please her when she came home again; and suddenly I thought, I'll go and find my papa's father, and ask him to come and be friends with us. So when Mary—she's our cook—was busy I slipped away, and walked along the street till I met a farmer in a big wagon. And I asked him if he knew where Airebell was. He was a good, stupid-looking man, and he said, 'What d'ye want to go there for, sonny?' To find my papa's father, I told him. 'Git in th' wagon, thin,' said he, 'and I'll take ye widin foive miles o' the place.' So I rode with him, oh, half the day, and he gave me my dinner at his farm-house, and his wife wanted to keep me and send me back to Baltimore. But I explained that I had to go, and slipped away. Then I walked, and walked, and walked, asking the way to Airebell, until night came, and I was as sleepy and tired as I could be. So I turned aside to go to a light that I saw here in the woods, but when I'd come so far I lost sight of it. Then I thought, since it was so warm and comfortable here, I'd just lie down awhile—and so I must have fallen off to sleep."

While the little man was telling his tale I was struggling with a strange idea—foolish, wildly foolish, it seemed, but it would not down—he was like—he was strangely like—"Boy!" said I, gripping his arm so tight that he winced and pulled away, "what was your grandfather's name?"

"Why," said he, "didn't I tell you? It was the same as my papa's was—Henry Treadway Moosehead."

"Good God!" I shouted, and caught him up in my arms. For a minute he was badly scared at such a sudden embrace; then he understood—bright little rascal!—and hugged me tight in return.

"Goody, goody, good," cried he; "how glad dear mommy will be—for I've found my papa's father, haven't I?"

"You have, my son!" said I; "and now come home with me, so that we can wash you and brush you, and see what

you really look like, after all!" So I hoisted him up on Dobbin's neck, and the old horse took his nose from the grass by the wayside to whinny pleasantly. Then we cantered back to the sunny roadway.

In looking over the dusty papers which my grandfather, Henry Moosehead, left in his old desk when he died, I have come on the foregoing fragment—written in his own careful hand, and dated the twelfth of June, eighteen hundred and seventy-two. So that little boy whom he found sleeping in the lane was I, Henry Moosehead the third, long-time a grave and sober merchant of the City of New York. I believe that it would have pleased the good old gentleman to have known that what he carefully recorded in the gratitude of his heart should be set forth in print, for many and many a time has he told me, in different words than these—and indeed I myself well remembered it—of the way that I found "my papa's father" in the quiet Lane that leads to the Mill. And I remember, too, my young delight when we came to the fine old mansion on the hill, that had been the home of my fathers for five generations, where jolly Colonel Bill was smoking on the veranda. That noon—after I had been washed and brushed and mended by old Mammy Jane, who "knowed yo' pa! bless yo' soul; I knowed yo' pa 'fore he knowed hisself, honey; an' yo's jest his dead image an' likeness"—Grandfather Moosehead put on his broadcloth coat, and took out his gold-headed cane, and set forth with me, on the train, for Baltimore. I shall never forget, young as I was, the look which came over my mother's face as we walked up the path to our door, hand in hand. She—poor mother!—had just come home, weary and sad, from Washington, to find that her son had been gone, none knew where, for a night and a day! And she was just starting hopelessly forth to find him—she knew not whither—when we came marching in—old man and boy. She covered my proud face with kisses, while gentle grandfather stood looking down at her, his cheeks wet with tears. At last she looked up and began to thank him; but he held out his arms. "Nay, never thank me, my dear," said he, tremulously; "savage old fellow that I am! I owe you far more than you owe me, for I am your husband's father."

And all that dear mother could find to say, as she kissed him, was the phrase which of all phrases we mortals have oftenest cause to use—"Thank God!"



THE WELL IS ON MAIN STREET, AMESBURY, MASS.

THE STORY OF WHITTIER'S "CAPTAIN'S WELL."

BY MARY E. DESMOND.



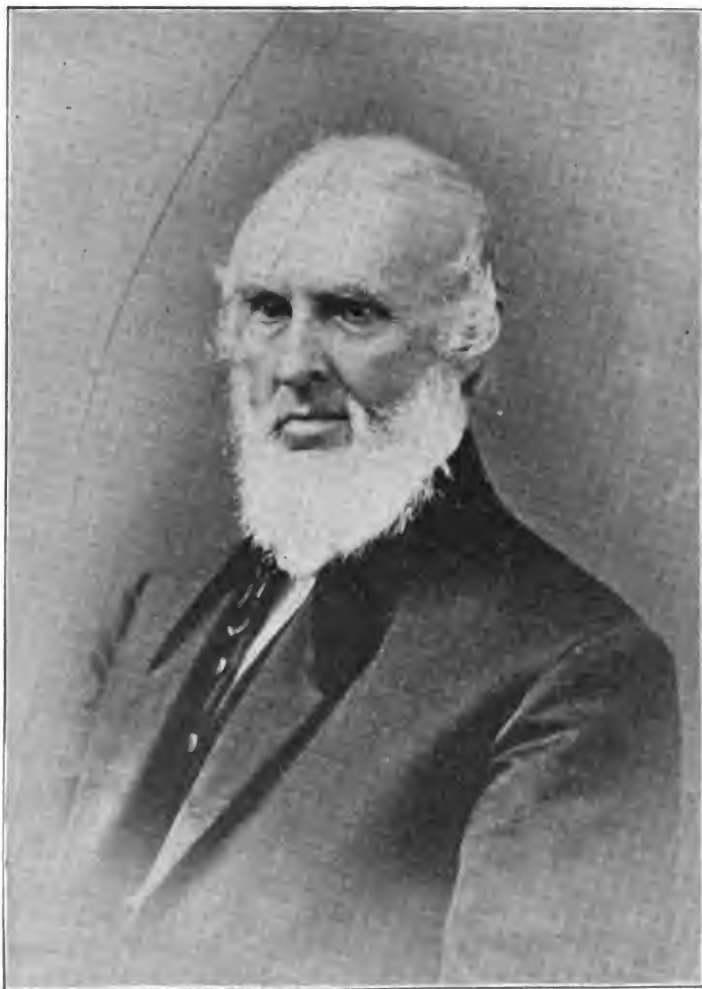
LONG the valley of the Merrimack River, in Massachusetts, are many places made famous by the Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier. The legends and strange adventures of the long ago in that vicinity were woven by him into immortal verse. Many of them deal with homely themes; but the charm of his pen well brought out the joy, pathos, love, and tragedy of the olden days. Whittier saw in many incidents of the past a lesson that was applicable to his own day and generation, and well did he present his themes clothed in the beauty of poetry.

Among his later poems is "The Captain's Well," written in 1890, two years before his death, and which was first published in the *New York Ledger* the year it was written. It was said that Whittier received a thousand dollars for it. The well that figures in the poem is situated on Main Street, in the town of

Amesbury, Mass. This street leads from the centre of the town to the road that runs along the Merrimack River to the city of Newburyport, Mass., which is situated at the mouth of the river. The well, which is about half a mile distant from the business part of the town, near the place known as "Bartlett's Corner," was dug very close to the street in the corner of a large field of the Daniel Huntington estate, now owned by J. R. Huntington. It was dug by Captain Valentine Bagley, or "Val" Bagley as he was better known, in fulfilment of a vow made by him while suffering from thirst when shipwrecked on the Arabian coast, and it was used by the public for many years.

Captain Bagley was a well-known character in the early days of the neighboring city of Newburyport, where he was born in 1773 in the locality known as Annis Rocks. His father was a miller and the remains of the old dam and mill where he toiled are still to be seen. At an early age Captain Bagley went to sea and he soon became a master mariner. He married Hannah Currier, of Newburyport, and was the father of five children, some of whose descendants are still living. He sailed from Salem, Mass., May 4, 1791, on the *Grand Sachem*, on an Indian voyage, as second mate; but he left the vessel December 25 of that year for the brig *Commerce*, of Boston. January 27, 1792, he sailed for Madras and arrived there March 25. A month later he left for Bombay, and July 10 the ship ran aground and the passengers and crew, thirty-four in all, took to two small boats. Finally one of the boats swamped. All got aboard the other and cruised along the coast for some time, fearing to land on account of the hostility of the natives. Food becoming scarce, they were forced to do so, and three of the crew were drowned in the attempt. On landing they divided into two parties, each going in an opposite direction in search of a port where relief could be obtained, and the party of which Captain Bagley was a member suffered greatly from thirst. The story of the captain's vow at this trying time and his subsequent rescue is graphically told in the poem:

"In the Arab desert where shade is none,
The waterless land of sand and sun,
Under the pitiless, brazen sky
My burning throat as the sand was dry.
My crazed brain listened in fevered dreams
For splash of buckets and ripple of streams;



THE QUAKER POET, JOHN G. WHITTIER.

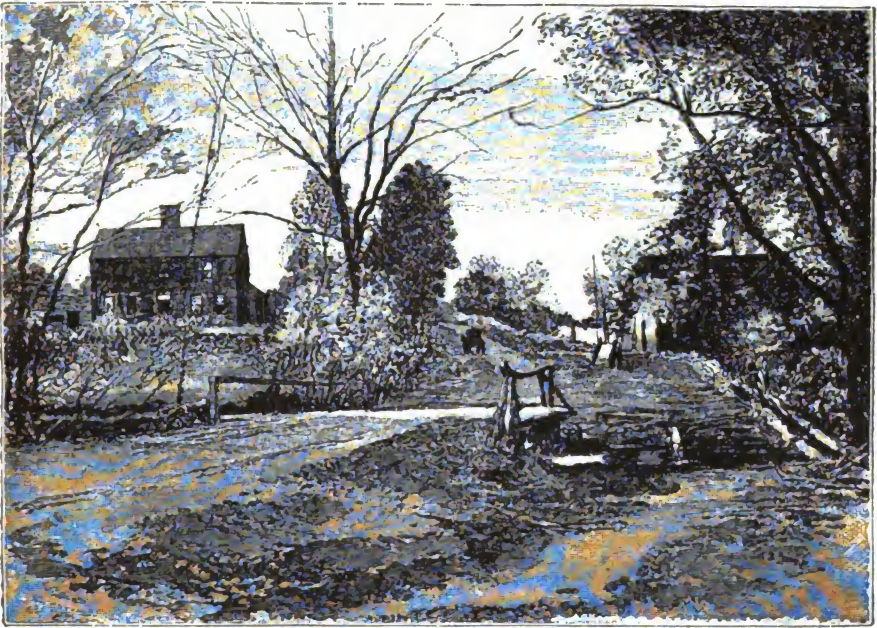
And opening my eyes to the blinding glare,
And my lips to the breath of the blistering air
Tortured alike by the heavens and earth,
I cursed, like Job, the day of my birth.
Then something tender, and sad, and mild,
As a mother's voice to her wandering child,
Rebuked my frenzy: and, bowing my head,
I prayed as I never before had prayed:
Pity me, God! for I die of thirst;
Take me out of this land accurst;

And if ever I reach my home again,
 Where earth has springs and the sky has rain,
 I will dig a well for the passers-by,
 And none shall suffer with thirst as I.
 I saw, as I passed my home once more,
 The house, the barn, the elms by the door,
 The grass-lined road that riverward wound,
 The tall slate stones of the burying-ground,
 The belfry and steeple on meeting-house hill,
 The brook with its dam and gray grist mill.
 And I knew, in that vision beyond the sea,
 The very place that my well must be.
 God heard my prayer in that evil day;
 He led my feet in their homeward way,
 From false mirage and dried-up well,
 And the hot sand storms of a land of hell,
 Till I saw at last, through a coast hill's gap,
 The city held in its stony lap,
 The mosques and domes of scorched Muscat,
 And my heart leaped up with joy thereat;
 For there was a ship at anchor lying,
 A Christian flag at its mast-head flying—
 And sweetest of sounds to my home-sick ear
 Was my native tongue in the sailors' cheer."

Captain Bagley and his party took berth in this American vessel, but many weary months passed before he reached the harbor of Newburyport and sailed up the Merrimack to his home. His family had long mourned him as dead, and his homecoming was made a day of great rejoicing by them and his friends, and the towns-people generally. The entire day and evening was spent in renewing acquaintances; but, in the meantime, the captain was not forgetful of the vow he had made in Arabia when death seemed near.

"But when morning came he called for his spade;
 'I must pay my debt to the Lord,' he said.
 'Why dig you here?' asked a passer-by;
 'Is there gold or silver the road so nigh?'
 'No, friend,' he answered; 'but under this sod
 Is the blessed water, the wine of God.'

'Water! The Powow is at your back,
And right before you the Merrimack,
And, look you up or look you down,
There's a well-sweep at every door in town.'
'True,' he said; 'we have wells of our own;
But this I dig for the Lord alone.'
Said the other: 'This soil is dry, you know;
I doubt if a spring can be found below;



WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE NEAR HAVERHILL, MASS.

You had better consult, before you dig,
Some water-witch with a hazel twig.'
'No; wet or dry, I will dig it here,
Shallow or deep, if it takes a year.
For the Lord be thanked I am back again
Where earth has springs and the sky has rain,
And the well I promised by Oman's Sea
I am digging for Him in Amesbury.'"

The spot being very dry and sandy, the captain toiled many days before there was any sign of water; yet he was not dis-

couraged, but worked on day after day until finally his perseverance was rewarded with success.

"And when at last, from the loosened earth,
Under his spade the stream gushed forth,
And fast as he climbed to his deep well's rim
The water he dug for followed him,
He shouted for joy: 'I have kept my word,
And here is the well I promised the Lord.'"

The place where the well is dug was the old home of Captain Bagley's mother, previous to her marriage; and after the death of her husband she returned with her children and resided in the old homestead. After Captain Bagley's eventful trip he abandoned sea life and settled in his early home, where he opened a public tavern in 1818. He also established a baggage-wagon line between Amesbury and Boston, which was considered a great journey in those days before railroads were built. In 1820 he was chosen selectman of Amesbury, and he was always one of the most honored citizens of the town. The last years of his eventful life were most peacefully spent.

"The long years came and the long years went,
And he sat by his roadside well content;
He watched the travellers, heat-oppressed,
Pause by the stream to drink and rest,
And grateful at heart his memory went
Back to that waterless Orient,
And the blessed answer of prayer, which came
To the earth of iron and sky of flame.
And when a wayfarer, weary and hot,
Kept to the mid-road, pausing not
For the well's refreshing, he shook his head;
'He don't know the value of water,' he said;
'Had he prayed for a drop as I have done
In the desert circle of sand and sun,
He would drink and rest, and go home to tell
That God's best gift is the wayside well.'"

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, the well-known author and poet, resides in a picturesque house on Deer Island, one of the

many pretty little islands in the Merrimack River. This island forms a connecting link for the old chain suspension bridge that spans the Merrimack near Newburyport, and the entire island, which is owned by Mrs. Spofford, is laid out into spacious grounds. The picturesque chain bridge is said to be the oldest suspension bridge in America. The talented owner of this beautiful place, who has been termed by Whittier "the sweet singer of the Merrimack," has also written a poem on Captain Bagley's famous well, the opening stanzas of which are as follows:

"Driving along the Amesbury road,
We have flung the rein loose many a day,
And paused for a draught from the mossy depths
Of an old gray well by the public way,
Where the springs make their dark and mysterious play.
Valentine Bagley sunk that well,
A hundred years since, out of hand,
When he came back from the Indian seas
And his wreck on the fierce Arabian strand,
Where the airs like flames about him fanned,
And the ashes of hell was the burning sand."

Many years ago, when aqueduct water was introduced into Amesbury, the well was deemed useless. Later the top was removed and it was covered with planks, and soon it was almost hidden by the long grass. Not long ago the covering was taken off, and the well has been restored, as near as possible, to its original appearance. A shed-like covering was placed over it,



OLD "DISTRICT SCHOOL" WHICH WHITTIER ATTENDED.

and inside is a crude seat where visitors may rest. An old bucket, suspended by a chain, hangs above the well, and water may also be obtained from a modern faucet. A copy of the *New York Ledger*, in which Whittier's poem first appeared, is tacked on the side of the enclosure and the illustrations bring out vividly the main points in the poem.

Captain Bagley died on New Year's day, in 1839, and he was interred in Union Cemetery, which is on Haverhill Street, in Amesbury, in sight of his home and the well which was for so many years a public benefit. It is the cemetery referred to in the poem, where, in his vision, the captain saw

"The tall slate stones of the burying-ground."

His grave is marked with a plain white stone, which bears the following inscription:

"CAPT. VALENTINE BAGLEY.

Died January 1, 1839,

Aged 66 years.

His languishing head is at rest,

Its thinking and aching is o'er;

His quiet, immovable breast

Is heaved by affliction no more."

Near by are stones marking the graves of his son and daughter and his son's wife, and there are also several unmarked graves in the lot. In the same cemetery, only a short distance from the resting-place of Captain Bagley, sleeps the poet Whittier, whose genius has made the story of the roadside well immortal.

Not far distant is another place made famous by Whittier. On the river road leading to the place known as "Amesbury Ferry" is the site of the old, tumble-down house where lived Goody Susie Martin, the mother of the gentle Mabel Martin, who is the heroine of the poem "The Witch's Daughter." Mrs. Martin was an eccentric old lady, and she was accused by her neighbors of being a witch. She was arrested and placed in jail in Salem, Mass., and later was hung with several other reputed witches on Gallows Hill in that city. Whittier thus describes her:

"That mother, poor, and sick, and lame,
Who daily, by the old arm-chair,
Folded her withered hands in prayer;

Who turned in Salem's dreary jail
Her worn old Bible o'er and o'er,
When her dim eyes could read no more."

Her daughter's lonely life, shunned by her neighbors on account of her mother's reputed crimes, is graphically described. She goes to Esek Harden's husking party, but there the shadow of her mother's fate follows her:

"For Mabel Martin sat apart,
And let the haymow's shadow fall
Upon the loveliest face of all.



THE WHITTIER HOUSE, AMESBURY, MASS.

She sat apart as one forbid,
Who knew that none would condescend
To own the witch-wife's child a friend.
But cruel eyes have found her out,
And cruel lips repeat her name,
And taunt her with her mother's shame.
She answers not with railing words;
But drew her apron o'er her face,
And, sobbing, glided from the place."

Esek Harden was a most just man and also the leading person in the village. Learning that she had departed, he followed her

to her home and there wooed and won her. Returning with her to the merry-making, he astonished those present by declaring the witch's daughter to be his promised wife :

“ ‘Good friends and neighbors,’ Esek said,
‘I’m weary of this lonely life!
In Mabel see my chosen wife!
She greets you kindly, one and all;
The past is past, and all offence
Falls harmless from her innocence.
Henceforth no more she stands alone;
You know what Esek Harden is:
He brooks no wrong to him or his.’
Oh, pleasantly the harvest-moon
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the green elm-boughs!
On Mabel’s curls of golden hair,
On Esek’s shaggy strength it fell;
And the wind whispered, ‘It is well!’ ”

Thus did Whittier weave into verse these incidents which took place in the town where so many years of his life were spent and where he sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. By nature he was sympathetic, and he found in these incidents much that appealed to his sensitive, poetic soul, and from them he drew inspiration. While his fame will ever chiefly rest upon his “Songs of Freedom” and that inimitable New England idyl “Snow-Bound,” yet in many of his other poems are described scenes which appeal strongly to the heart and mind, and future generations will read o’er and o’er his songs of love, tragedy, and pathos, which have made the valley of the Merrimack River famous for all time.

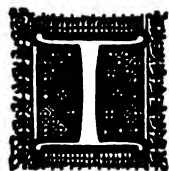
Haverhill, Mass.

THE PLACE OF THE BIBLE IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY DR. B. F. DE COSTA.

II.

THE CHURCH AS THE GUARDIAN, INTERPRETER, AND DISTRIBUTER OF THE BIBLE.



IN the previous article the Bible was defined, in the language of Saint Jerome, as "The Divine Library." But did God leave the Library without a keeper, a Librarian? That was not in accordance with the Plan. The Church became the Custodian of the Library. Truly, considering the agency of the Sacred Penmen, who were Churchmen, in producing the Bible, there can be no question respecting rights and the responsibility of the Church.

THE LIBRARY BELONGS TO THE CHURCH, AND NOT THE CHURCH TO THE LIBRARY.

The Church came first, organized, equipped, full-powered. At a late period the New Testament followed. The Bible is authenticated and rendered authoritative by the Church, and those who refuse to hear the Church have no satisfactory evidence whereby they may prove the divine origin and claim of Holy Scripture. Consequently, the non-Catholic scheme, which held the Bible superior to the Church, has nothing to rest upon, and is falling asunder. In the hands of the Catholic Church the Bible is safe. The Bible has been described as "the noblest, the greatest, the divinest of things unsacramental," but it is not superior to the Church, and is not the sole Rule of Faith. With profound reverence, the Catholic Church holds this wonderful Library, the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, in their integrity and entirety, rejecting the proud opinion of schismatics, who accept what suits their convenience, rejecting the rest. The Encyclical of Leo XIII., *Providentissimus Deus*, 1893, declares the mind of the Catholic Church, saying that "all the Books which the Church receives as sacred and canonical are written wholly and entirely, with all their parts, at the dictation of the Holy Ghost"; and that these books are the "Books

of the Old and New Testaments, whole and entire, with all their parts, as enumerated by the decree of the same Council (Trent) and in the ancient Latin Vulgate, are to be received as Sacred and Canonical."

The Canon of Scripture embraces all the books, while schismatics reject the so-called "Apocryphal" books.

The place of the Bible in the Catholic Church is quite evident from this plain declaration of the Holy Father; but it will be proper to continue the work of illustration, by showing that the Church has ever maintained the defence of the Bible as the plenarily inspired Word of God. She has taken great care to preserve faithful transcripts of the Word, causing the texts to be carefully studied, drawing copiously from all the books for the construction and enrichment of her sacred offices, encouraging their distribution and devout perusal by the people; and she has proved in every possible manner the friend and authorized guardian of Holy Scripture.

THE CHURCH THE DEFENDER OF THE BIBLE.

Still it has been industriously bruited in nearly every part of the world, that the Catholic Church is the foe of the Bible, and opposed to its circulation and use. How did this happen?

First of all, non-Catholics drifted into a false attitude towards the Bible; and fell into the unfounded notion already indicated, that the Bible should be exalted above the Church. Various erroneous views obtained currency, and finally it came to be understood, that a distinguished non-Catholic leader had declared for the dictum "The Bible only the religion of Protestants." This dictum became current at a favorable juncture, and was taken up as the Protestant war cry, having seen service ever since. It has been sounded everywhere in the face of the Catholic Church, which has not hesitated to repudiate the declaration in the clearest and most uncompromising manner. As we have seen, the Church came first, clothed in perfect and unquestioned authority by the Founder Himself, having ample power and guidance for dealing with everything relating to doctrine and discipline. This was the recognized state of the case long before a single chapter of the New Testament was written. The Master told His disciples to go and teach, not write a collection of books for the guidance of the Church. He offered Himself as Guide. Lo, I am with you alway. To one Apostle He gave the headship, with plenary

power. The Bible makes no claim to superiority over the Church. It presents no Creed, no Rule of Faith. The Creed, the Rule, was given orally, and engraved on the hearts of the Apostles. The first book of the New Testament was written years after the Ascension; and in that book we might reasonably expect to find some indication, if any intention of the kind was entertained, that a body of writings was forthcoming which should stand superior to the Church and prohibit for ever anything on the part of the Church not distinctly provided for by the writings. But there is no sign of anything of the kind in the first book, or the last book, or any book. Indeed this preposterous notion was never heard of until fifteen centuries had passed, and Henry VIII., in the interest of his adulteries, quarrelled with the Pope and rejected the authority of the Church. Then, suddenly, it was discovered that, in all the past centuries of the Church, the people had remained in ignorance.

BIBLE NOT THE SOLE RULE OF FAITH.

But if the Bible was the sole rule of faith, it would be interesting and quite proper, at least, for the non-Catholic to show how the Church got along without this all-sufficient and indispensable rule. Nearly a generation of Christians passed away before the work of writing the New Testament books was begun, and about three centuries were gone before the Canon of Scripture was declared. The "Bible-only" Christians must have had a sorry experience during those years. It was not the Bible, but the voice of the Church that was heard speaking with authority all that time. The Anglican doctrine of "the right of private judgment, in contradistinction to the authority of the Church," was unknown. "The supremacy of Holy Scripture," like "private judgment," was itself unknown. But even now that men have "the Divine rule of faith," it is seen that the "Divine rule" is not divine, in that the rule is simply what each individual human fancy makes it, giving many diverse and contradictory rules, which indicate that the rule comes from some god of Confusion. Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Beza were all shocked when they found that this confusion had come of their own teachings. Jenaer, an earnest Protestant, woke up to the insecurity of the Bible as a foundation for the Rule of Faith. Schleiermacher wrote: "According to genuine Protestant principles, it is impossible that the internal dissensions of the Church [Protestant] can be cured, except superfi-

cially; they cannot be stopped by the power of the Church, but must bleed on internally." This non-Catholic notion concerning the rule of faith has no support in Scripture or in the history of Scripture. The Founder of the Church "allowed the very flower and beauty of His Church to pass away before a word was written." We are told that, "the one-hearted and one-souled Church of Jerusalem had drooped and withered; the Chair of Antioch, where Christianity first found a name, had migrated to Rome, leaving only a glorious foothold of the primacy impressed, in thankfulness, on that privileged city; the Church's cradle had been sprinkled with blood before the first reed was dipped in ink, under the Holy Spirit's guidance, to write the first words of the new inspiration." As Irenæus declared, many nations had Christianity without ink or paper. Fourteen hundred years elapsed before the Scriptures were printed and put within the reach even of the minority of Christians. This "Bible-only" theory, in fact, is adapted simply to a state of religious dementia.

A noticeable thing, however, in connection with the subject is, that the writer credited with the theory never taught it, and distinctly repudiated it. Chillingworth, in his *Religion of Protestants*, says that "Scripture alone to judge all controversy in faith" is "a plain falsehood," and that "universal tradition is the rule to judge all controversies by." Yet non-Catholics go on with the old cry, "the Bible only," aspersing the name of the man to whom it is falsely attributed. This lie has shown an enormous vitality. Like the plague, stamped out in one place, it appears in another.

THE CHURCH DID NOT "CHAIN THE BIBLE."

But we must pursue this subject further, and show the place of the Bible in the Church by indicating the work done to secure the circulation and reading of the Bible.

In this connection, however, we meet with another falsehood, not indeed expressed so much in language as by a picture, the famous picture by Ward, the Finding of the Chained Bible by Luther at Erfurt in 1507. It was purchased at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars, and presented to the British and Foreign Bible Society. Reproduced in engravings, it has gone all over the world, teaching that, until Luther's Bible appeared, the Word of God was suppressed and kept out of circulation. The men who make the world's pictures possess an enormous power for good or evil, and in this case it was

for evil. The falsehood will travel on, probably, for generations, and die only when its worshippers are dead. D'Aubigné, the author of an alleged *History of the Reformation*, was the originator of this falsehood, declaring that Luther was a stranger to the Bible until he found the chained copy; while it has been conveyed to the public, that the Bible had little or no circulation until Luther brought out his edition in 1534. If Luther did not know of the Bible until 1507 certainly he was not what people of his school call an "up-to-date" theologian, qualified to lead a reformation. Perhaps, on the whole, it may be admitted that he was ignorant of the Bible, since with a knowledge of the Book he could hardly have gone into the rebellion, if he had had an honest hair upon his head.

The truth nevertheless remains, that the first book printed on the invention of printing was the Bible, and that before Luther was born, 1483, fifty-eight editions of the Bible had been printed in Latin alone; and that prior to Luther's famous chained Bible, in 1507, one hundred and twenty-nine editions had appeared, thirty-eight of these being in the German tongue. In 1507 small and cheap pocket editions were in circulation. Protestants were even obliged to complain, that Catholic countries were in advance of them in the printing and circulation of the Scriptures. The British Museum alone shows nearly thirty Catholic editions before Luther's Bible.

No doubt that there was a chained Bible at Erfurt in 1507. Chained Bibles were found two hundred years later, as chained directories are seen to-day in hotels. The Preface of the pre-Luther German Bibles stated that the book was "for the use of unlettered simple folk, lay and spiritual." They were quoted freely in sermons; and when Luther's edition appeared, Zwingli, a fellow-reformer, charged Luther with changing and mutilating the Word of God, which was deliberately done in the King James translation, as the revised edition now shows. Much of Luther's translation was plagiarized.

The Bible was published in Rome before Luther was born, as well as in cities like Naples and Florence. The Popes contributed to get the Bible into circulation. In France and Spain many editions appeared, and it is estimated that three hundred thousand Bibles were in circulation when Luther "discovered" the Bible in 1507. In 1311 Pope Clement had ordered the establishment of professorships for the study of the Sacred Word; and Pius VI., in 1778, congratulated the Archbishop of Florence on his success in placing the Scriptures in the hands

of the people in their own tongue, as the Scriptures "ought to be left open to every one." The history of the Popes is a history of Bible advancement. Adam Clarke, the celebrated Methodist commentator, declared that the Benedictine Calmet's was, "without exception, the best commentary on the Sacred Writings ever published, either by Catholics or Protestants."

Something like the facts of the case was recognized by an Anglican clergyman at a recent missionary conference in New York. It was admitted that the giving of the Scriptures to the people in their own language was the policy of the Church down to the sixteenth century, but that the Council of Trent, in 1546, took "a fatal position" in opposition to the Scriptures. Here is another of those falsehoods endowed with perennial youth. It is a case calling for a companion picture to that by Ward. We should have now "the Chaining of the Bible at Trent."

THE BIBLE IN ENGLAND.

Now, any one acquainted with those times knows that the sole aim of the Council was to guard the Bible from abuse. At that time revolutionists and regicides had made the circulation of the Bible politically dangerous, while Protestant religionists were distorting it in the most shocking manner in the interests of their fell work. These men who declaim against the Council of Trent may or may not be ignorant of the action taken in England, by Henry VIII. and Cranmer, against Tyndale's translation and all similar works. In 1546 Henry's proclamation required that: Every man, woman, or child possessing any of these books should deliver them to the authorities "to be speedily burnt." The Reformation was ushered in by Bible burning. Scarcely a Bible or Testament was free from comment of the most dangerous character, and inconsistent with the peace of society. The Council of Trent, therefore, very wisely provided for the safeguarding of the Scriptures, which is also done to-day. Now, as in every age, the Catholic Church desires to have the Scriptures in the hands of the people. On the part of Catholics there is no change of front.

Turning to England, we find it untrue that Wycliffe's translation of the Bible was the first. It is also untrue that the so-called translation was really by Wycliffe. He clearly took advantage of the work of Catholic translators. Recent investigations by Protestants have well-nigh dissipated the claim. Wycliffe never advocated the reading of the Bible in the vernacular.

cular, and the professed translation is not quoted in his own sermons. Sir Thomas More testifies that in his day English Bibles were in the hands of the laity, both men and women, saying that he had seen them, and could show them, "fair and old." Archbishop Cranmer testified to the circulation of the Bible in pre-Reformation times; while it is notorious that Bibles were recklessly destroyed by Protestants in post-Reformation days, in their war against convents and religious houses. It was bad translations only that were condemned by Catholics, who always, under proper conditions and true safeguards, approved the circulation of the Word of God. Indeed, the testimony on these points is ample and overwhelming. We may here be reminded of the fact that Pope Leo XII., in 1824, condemned the Bible societies, being followed in a similar vein by Pius IX. in 1850. There is nothing, however, in these cases to prove that the Popes were actuated by hostility to the Bible. The societies have been condemned frequently by Protestants with great severity. The action of these Popes, like that of their predecessors, was justified. The condemnation was justified by two facts, among others: First, that the Bible societies send out bad translations of the Scriptures; and, second, that they send them by agents prepared to make false representations.

The King James version alone contains, on the confession of the authors of the revised edition, thousands of errors; among the false translations being that of the Angelic Salutation, styling the Blessed Virgin "highly favored" instead of "full of grace," *plena gratia*, which the commonest scholar knows is the only true rendering.

Thus the Bible societies have sent their Bibles by the hands of agents to offer them in unsuspecting households, wherever they could gain admission, circulating notoriously false teaching, together with slanders upon the lives of the bishops and clergy, and upon all parishes, churches, and religious institutions. In every Catholic country and every Protestant country where Catholics could be reached the work was the same, and only recently has been moderated in some localities, by the failure of funds resulting from the failure of the Protestant faith, which in its weakened condition now says, instead of "the Bible only," the Bible "only when we think it is right."



ST. PAUL'S PULPIT IN SALONICA.

A NEW JERUSALEM.

BY LUCY GARNETT.

RISING in the form of an amphitheatre from the northern shore of its wide, land-locked bay, Salonica stretches over the slopes of a broad hill-side, flanked on either hand by extensive cities of the dead, Moslem, Jewish, and Christian. Old battlemented walls, cyclopean at the base, but for the most part mediæval, completely surrounded the city some thirty years ago, and still guard it on the west and north. The white Kanli Kuleh, or "Bloody Tower," which occupied the angle of the demolished walls, a massive circular structure dating from the Genoese occupation, still stands, and against its outer courtyard wall the waves wash unceasingly. Intact, too, is the far more ancient citadel dominating the town, its classic name of Heptapyrgion still preserved in the Turkish *Yedi Kuleh*—"the Seven Towers." Below it the red roofs of the houses, interspersed with cypress and mulberry trees, stretch terrace beyond terrace to the water's edge, while above them rise here and there the stately domes and white minarets of some twenty mosques.

Salonica, the Thessalonica of the New Testament, where St. Paul preached to the Jews, and made "of the devout Greeks a great multitude" of converts and "of the chief women not a few," is a city which has played a prominent part as well in the political as in the religious history of the East. Under its more ancient name of Therma, Salonica was occupied by the army of Xerxes, was taken by the Athenians at the beginning of the Peloponnesian War, given up to Perdiccas, and retaken by Pausanias. Cassander, who rebuilt the city in 315, gave to



"MEN GAMBLE WHEN THE DAY'S WORK IS DONE."

it its new name in honor of his wife Thessaloniké, the sister of Alexander. When, after the battle of Pydna, it fell under Roman rule and became the capital of the province of Mace-

donia, its exceptional military and commercial position soon made it the most important place on the west coast of the Ægean. Later, as a reward for its advocacy of the cause of Octavius and Anthony against Brutus and Cassius it obtained the distinction of being created a free city. During the first three centuries of our era, and even after the foundation of Constantinople, Salonica remained the capital of all the country between the Adriatic and the Black Sea.

In the sixth and eighth centuries this Ægean capital was the scene of many a sanguinary encounter with the invading Slavs. In 904 it was taken and pillaged by the Sicilians; and in 1185 the Normans, under Tancred, took possession of the city and treated its inhabitants with the greatest barbarity. At the beginning of the thirteenth century it passed under the domination of the Marquises of Montferrat, who took the title of Emperors of Salonica, was sold to the Venetians by the Emperors of Constantinople, and was finally taken by the Turks in 1430.

The aspect of Salonica has changed with marvellous rapidity since its connection by rail with Belgrade, about a dozen years ago, brought it into closer touch with Europe. On the site of the old eastward walls a boulevard, flanked by handsome modern houses, has sprung up, and a suburb of villas stretches for some two miles along the bend of the shore to the formerly isolated bathing village of Kallameria. That ancient highway, the *Via Egnatia*, which traversed Illyria, Epirus, and Macedonia, and extended into Thrace, runs through the city from west to east, spanned near the Kallameria Gate by the Arch of Constantine, built to commemorate his victory over the Sarmatians. Though in a ruinous condition, a triumphal procession, in which camels figure, may still be recognized on the marble bas-reliefs of its piers. Close by the *turbé*, or shrine, of a Moslem saint projects into the main street its bowed and latticed front, before which the pious repeat a *fatiha* for the benefit of the deceased and the good of their own souls.

This and the other main streets of Salonica, especially in the lower part of the city, present a scene of great animation, in which East and West are curiously mingled. Primitive carts from the neighboring villages, with solid wooden wheels, drawn by yokes of long-horned buffaloes and driven by wild-looking, long-haired Bulgarians in baggy breeches of brown homespun and towel bound head, are with difficulty steered clear of the tramcars which convey passengers from the western end of the city to its eastern suburb. Files of long suffering donkeys

laden with building materials—tiles in panniers and heavy beams dragging behind—are hurried along by merciless Jews, who, not content with belaboring their sorry hides, goad the poor beasts most cruelly, while they harrow the ears of the



"REPRESENTATIVES OF A SCORE OF NATIONALITIES JOSTLE EACH OTHER IN THE NARROW STREETS."

passers-by with their excruciating cry of *Arr-r-r!* Greek peasants in blue breeches and long-tasselled red fez, bringing in the produce of their vineyards and gardens in enormous baskets slung over the backs of mules and ponies, make way for the pasha and his suite on horseback, or the carriage of some foreign resident. Swaggering Albanians in voluminous

white kilts, gorgeously embroidered jackets, and girdles bristling with pistols and yataghans; zaptiehs in green and red uniforms; itinerant venders of every kind of edible, and representatives of a score of nationalities, jostle each other in the narrow streets of the bazaars; the copper-smiths carry on their deafening trade in the little open shops of their quarter, and in the roadway in front of their shops the barbers calmly operate on the chins and heads of their customers, who, seated on rush-bottomed chairs, meditatively sip cups of coffee and smoke nargilehs while awaiting their turn at the hands of the *berber*.

The population of 220,000 souls which this Ægean capital boasted in the early centuries of our era has now dwindled to some 120,000, and it is computed that nearly two-thirds of this number now belong to the Hebrew race; the Turks, Albanians, Greeks, Franks, etc., constituting collectively but a small minority. These Jews belong chiefly to the two sects of the Ashkenazim and the Sephardim. The former includes the descendants of the earlier Jewish settlers in the city, a colony of whom appears to have existed here from very ancient times—local tradition says from the era of Alexander the Great—and the latter the posterity of those who on their expulsion from Spain in 1493 by Ferdinand and Isabella found refuge in the Ottoman Empire. This immigration caused so great an influx at Salonica as to convert the original somewhat insignificant Jewish colony into the largest in existence. The overwhelming numbers of the immigrants quite dominated the existing Jewish element, and the Judæo-Spanish idiom which they brought with them, and which is written in Hebrew characters, is now used both as the vernacular and literary language by this race throughout Turkey.

Although the Spanish Jews during the four centuries since their arrival have in some degree become blended with their Oriental brethren, two distinct types may still be recognized. The Sephardim are of fairer complexion and have much more regular features than the Ashkenazim, the result possibly of some foreign strain acquired during their long residence in western Europe. They have also the peculiarity of the high instep as distinguished from the flat foot of the Oriental Jew, which, with their thick lips and certain other characteristics, may be due, as suggested by some ethnologists, to an original cross with negroes in the Arabian cradleland of their race.

The Jewish quarter at Salonica is almost as overcrowded as a London slum, many families among the poor occupying one



"THE JEWISH QUARTER AT SALONICA IS ALMOST AS OVERCROWDED AS A LONDON SLUM."

house—a practice which is quite at variance with the habits of the other native races of Turkey. This quarter has, too, during the last fifty years largely encroached on the neighboring Greek and Frank quarters, especially in the quarter of St. Nicholas, where the ruins of the Hippodrome are to be found. All that remains of this, once stately structure are four Corinthian columns, the caryatids which, a few years ago, still stood on the architrave having been carried away to France. The name of *Las Incantadas*, by which the Jews designate this quarter, had its origin in the belief that these caryatids were once human beings petrified by enchantment. The upper stories of many of the Jewish tenement houses are approached by outside staircases with wooden balconies, and the poorer streets are dirty and malodorous in the extreme.

Yet, notwithstanding the unsanitary conditions under which the laboring classes of the Jews live, they are on the whole vigorous and healthy. The comparatively low rate of mortality among them is no doubt largely due to the fondness for out-of-door life at all seasons which characterizes the community generally, every species of domestic work which can be per

formed *al fresco* being brought out into the courtyard or to the doorstep. There the women and girls do their washing, cooking, making, and mending; the mothers rock the cradles or comb their little ones' heads; the children play, quarrel, and indulge in their amiable national propensity of stone-throwing, and the men and youths lounge, smoke, and gamble when the day's labor is done.

The Jews of Turkey, both Ashkenazim and Sephardim, differ in their religious beliefs from the Jews of the West not only in being the most bigoted adherents of the doctrines of the Talmud to be found anywhere, but also in observing many rites and usages peculiar to themselves. In the matter of "clean" and "unclean" food they are, as might be supposed, particularly strict, and the preparation of every article for consumption is regulated by many strange and complicated rules. Great attention is also paid to keeping separate the viands intended respectively for fast and feast days, any contact between the two rendering both unlawful. The Sabbath day is,



A JEWISH RABBI OF SALONICA.



JEWISH ARTISANS.

of course, most rigorously observed. Clothes, for instance, which have been worn on working days can never again form part of the Sabbath attire, which must be uncontami-



A GROUP OF THE FINER TYPE OF JEWS.

nated by labor. Tobacco is laid aside, for to smoke would be to "touch fire," which is unlawful. Pockets—or what may do duty for them on other festivals—are emptied of every article, even to the handkerchief, which, if not altogether dispensed with for the twenty-four hours, is worn round the waist as part of the girdle, and so does not come under the category of "things carried."

The wide green expanse outside the western walls called the Meidan, or Common, presents on Friday evenings an animated and picturesque spectacle. Thither resort towards the sunset hour numbers of Hebrew men and youths in their long pelisses of various hues, and, standing about in groups, repeat in concert their sunset prayers. The women take no part in these open-air devotions, but, dressed in their best, await on their doorsteps the return of the male members of the family.

The costume of the daughters of Israel is peculiar. It consists of two or three gowns, or rather long, tight jackets open

from the hip downwards, and worn over full Turkish trowsers. None of these garments meet at the throat, but leave the chest exposed, or at most only partially covered by the gauze vests worn by the wealthy. The materials vary from printed cotton to the richest brocaded silk damask; but the designs are always similar, namely, wide contrasting stripes of various colors and white, with gay flower patterns running through them. The matrons put away their back hair in a rectangular bag of silk or stuff about twelve inches long by three or four in width, the extremity being ornamented with a square of embroidery and terminated by a fringe. This bag is attached to a kind of cap which covers the top of the head, round which fine muslin 'kerchiefs are bound, one of them passing under the chin. In the case of the well-to-do handsome gold bracelets are worn on the arms, and the headdress and throat are decorated with strings of pearls. Pearls are indeed a passion with Jewesses of this city, the dress of only the very poorest being without these ornaments.

A curious spectacle may be witnessed at Salonica on the Day of Atonement, when, in addition to the customary afflic-



"PEARLS ARE A PASSION WITH THE
JEWESSES OF THIS CITY."



"THE MATRONS PUT THEIR HAIR IN A
BAG OF SILK."

tion of their souls practised by children of Israel on that day, those dwelling in this city repair in crowds to the quay and there perform the ceremony of "casting their sins into the sea." A belief is also locally current that their Messiah will, after appearing at Jerusalem, travel to Salonica by water, and his coming is on this day of penitence more especially awaited by the multitudes thronging the long quay.

Strictly, however, as the Eastern Jews observe the ritual of their religion generally, they by no means during the Feast of Tabernacles "dwell in booth seven days." For though to sleep in the tabernacle is believed to insure all manner of blessings, so great is the dread of malarial fever that an occasional siesta only is taken in it. Nor are the booths composed of "boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm-trees, the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook," but for the most part are very lightly constructed of the reeds which grow so plentifully in the vast marshes at the mouth of the Vardar—the ancient Axios—a few miles from the city. Calling one day during the course of this feast on a Jewish family, we were conducted to the terrace which forms part of every Eastern dwelling to see the tabernacle. It was a mean little square construction, just large enough to hold a table and chairs for the members of the household, the flat roof allowing the stars to be seen between the covering reeds, in obedience to tradition. But, the booth apart, a more gorgeous banqueting hall could hardly be imagined. Above, the star-spangled canopy of an Eastern sky; behind and around, the red roofs, swelling domes, graceful minarets, and old walls of the city; and before us the broad expanse of the land-locked bay on the distant shores of which loomed mysteriously the dark mass of Olympus, flanked on one side by Pelion and Ossa, and on the other by the long line of the Cambunian hills.



A MOURNING COSTUME.

TEACHING MODERN LANGUAGES IN COLLEGE.

BY VERY REV. JOHN P. CARROLL, D.D.

PLACE OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

IN our Catholic colleges the modern languages occupy the last place; this is the verdict of our catalogues and of our graduates. If we except those colleges whose vehicle of instruction is German, or which for practical reasons make a course in German, French, Italian, or Spanish obligatory, the modern languages, as a general rule, are omitted, or are elective, or receive scant attention for periods ranging from one to three years.

In non-Catholic colleges, on the other hand, the modern languages are assuming an importance which bodes ill to the ancient classics. It is asserted that the study of the modern is not inferior in mental discipline to that of the ancient languages; that "a man may have a liberal education without knowing Latin and Greek"; that it is more interesting, if not more beneficial to the student, to have spread out before him the literature and culture of modern peoples than to compel him to dig out of dead languages the literature and culture of the ancients. It is recommended that Latin and Greek be made elective after the freshman year. A member of the "Committee of Twelve of the Modern Language Association of America" speaks of "the increasing extent to which the study of the modern languages is superseding the classics in our schools."

Now, what place should the modern languages occupy? I answer, first,

NOT SO PROMINENT A PLACE AS THE ANCIENT LANGUAGES; for to these latter tradition, experience, reason—the very idea of a college—give the first place. For centuries two dead languages—Latin and Greek—have formed the basis of all intellectual training, and the greatest educators have recorded it as their opinion that the study of these languages is the most direct means of developing and enriching the mind of the

youth. Experience has shown that periods of classical revival were also periods of great intellectual awakening, and that whenever and wherever taste for the old letters declined there was felt a corresponding deterioration in intellectual life.

And how could it be otherwise? It is by reason—by thought and speech and, therefore, by language and literature—that man is man and is elevated above everything that is not himself. Hence, the nobler the literature, the more perfect the language, the more potent will they be in developing the youthful mind and imparting to it that strength and fulness which makes man only a little less than the angels. Now, what modern language and what modern literature can compare with the languages and literatures of Greece and Rome? Never did human reason unaided by revelation soar so high as she did on the wings of Plato; never did her plummet sound such depths as it did in the scientific hand of Aristotle. Homer is the world's greatest poet and Demosthenes its greatest orator. If literature is the expression of a people's thought, Greece must have the noblest of literatures; for it was in her tongue that the master minds of the world expressed their noblest thoughts, and the language they used has ever been regarded as the perfection of human speech.

Cicero was not a philosopher; he originated no system of metaphysics, he made no explorations into the arcana of nature, he did not rise with Plato into the realms of the ideal or dive down with Aristotle into the bowels of matter; but coming at the end of pagan domination he wove into one the scattered fragments of doctrine left by the sages who had gone before him, breathed into them the living spirit of the traditions of the ages, and embalmed them in language which for clarity, strength, and rhythm has never been surpassed. Who that has read intelligently the first of Cicero's immortal orations does not find his ears still ringing with the music of those inimitable lines, does not even hear again the thunders of that magnificent voice as it rolls out those grand old periods that swayed the conscript fathers and lashed into fury the popular indignation against Catiline and his fellow-conspirators? The power and majesty of the Roman tongue is incarnated in Cicero.

Our modern languages, it is true, have qualities peculiarly their own: we admire the precision of the French, the simplicity of the German, the ruggedness of the Anglo-Saxon; but these qualities are found in all their combined perfection in the tongues of Homer and Cicero. We are charmed by the

music of the Italian and the sonorousness of the Spanish; yet all this is but as sounding brass compared with the gold and silver speech of our Greek and Latin forefathers.

Greek and Latin are, therefore, the most perfect of all languages, and as, being dead, they are susceptible of no further development, they easily lend themselves to scientific analysis. It is this character of perfection and fixity that makes them suitable models for study and imitation. Being living, modern languages lack both perfection and fixity. They are ever subject to the caprices of usage, "*quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.*" This is why they are incapable of becoming an essential object or a principal means of higher education. As the tyro in anatomy is given the cadaver or the manikin, not of an infant or a youth but that of a full-grown human form on which to base all his studies, so the novice in letters should make, not growing languages but those that have attained their fullest development, the foundation stone of his literary education. It is with the languages as with reasoning. Unless the principles of reasoning be certain and immutable, the conclusions drawn therefrom will never rise above the clouds of doubt; likewise, unless the forms of expression be fixed and stable, the science and the art of language will ever remain an *ignis fatuus*. Like the philosophers of whom St. Paul speaks, students whose literary education is based exclusively on the shifting sands of modern languages will be ever learning, but never coming to a knowledge—a scientific knowledge—of language or of literature. "*Semper discentes, sed nunquam ad scientiam pervenientes.*"

ANCIENT LANGUAGES ARE THE MOTHER TONGUES OF OUR MODERN LANGUAGES.

Another reason why the ancient languages should hold the first place is because they are the mother tongues of our modern languages. To speak only of English—nearly three-fourths of our words have come from the Latin, and all, or nearly all, our scientific terms are of Greek origin.

Again, our modern intellectual civilization is but an outgrowth of the civilization of Greece and Rome; and as literature is the expression of intellectual civilization, it is in the languages of Greece and Rome that we must look for the sources of all that is noblest and best in our modern intellectual life. To substitute, therefore, the modern languages for the ancient in our curriculum of studies would be to for-

sake the original for the copies. Such a procedure would be unscientific; instead of rising from effect to cause and studying effects in their causes, we would be ever groping along in the dark and dismal region of fact, and our knowledge would ever be that of the crowd—"cognitio vulgaris." If, therefore, the college stands for liberal knowledge, and if liberal knowledge, to use the definition of Cardinal Newman, means a knowledge, not of facts but of causes, we must give the first place in our literary courses to the mother languages of our modern civilization, or cease to give the name of "college" to our institutions of higher learning.

TRANSLATIONS FUTILE.

It were vain to urge that a knowledge of Greek and Roman civilization can be obtained from translations. As well might one say, a knowledge of Ireland can be obtained by attending a stereopticon lecture on "A Jaunt through the Emerald Isle." The pictures may be faithful copies of Erin's peaceful lakes and winding bays, of her round towers and ruined abbeys, of her statesmen and her peasants; the lecturer may exhaust all the powers of language in describing the manners and customs, the personal and domestic virtues, the generous hospitality and the unrivalled wit of her people. The auditor is entertained, instructed, accurately and thoroughly informed, if you will; yet he does not *know* Ireland nor the Irish. The reason is that knowledge comes through feeling; it is fed and kept alive by the imagination. To feel one must see and hear, and without feeling the imagination is a dry and barren faculty. Just as to know Ireland, therefore, one must live in that country and come in daily contact with its people, so to know Greek and Roman civilization one must hear the Greeks and Romans speak in their own tongues and not through the unnatural, awkward medium of a modern language. A Greek or Roman author dressed in the English or German or French vernacular looks like David in the armor of Saul. As the tragedian feels and thinks and speaks and acts like Julius Cæsar, and, therefore, to his audience becomes Julius Cæsar, only when he dons the costume of the great dictator, so the student can realize and assimilate the thoughts and feelings of the Greeks or Romans only when he puts on the garb of their language.

Finally, Latin is the official language of the church; it is the language of philosophy and theology. Now, as many of the students in our colleges are making with us their remote

preparation for the priesthood, they should have, on completing their classical course, not only an intelligent reading knowledge but also a fair speaking knowledge of Latin, if they would make any satisfactory progress in their seminary studies.

My first answer, therefore, to the question, What place should the modern languages occupy in the curriculum of studies? is that they should not occupy so prominent a place as the ancient languages. My second answer is that

THEY SHOULD OCCUPY A MORE PROMINENT PLACE THAN THE
ONE WE ASSIGN THEM.

If Greek and Latin are the mother tongues of all modern intellectual civilization, the modern languages, each after its own manner, emphasize peculiar features of the parent sources. The ancient languages are the sun which illuminates the whole intellectual sky and in whose white light are blended the various tints of human learning; the modern languages are the rainbow whose many colors are the solar ray refracted and dissolved by its passage through the prism of political revolutions. Now, if a separate examination of the various colors of the rainbow aids us to a conscious and more thorough appreciation of the peerless blending of the orb of day, surely the study of the modern languages cannot but strengthen and increase our knowledge of that luminary of the ancient tongues whose steady rays they so variously reflect. Analysis is a scientific process. The study of the various characteristics of the ancient languages as reflected in the modern is, therefore, no less scientific; and if scientific, therefore broadening and liberalizing. Hence, the college, which is the home of liberal studies, should give the modern languages a no unimportant place in its curriculum.

Again, science is a knowledge of a thing by its causes. The thing we desire most to know is our own language—English; not indeed for its own sake, but because it is to us the instrument of thought and speech, of communion with self and of communication with our fellow-man; it is the “key that unlocks the treasure house of knowledge; it is the philosopher’s stone, the true alchemy that turns everything it touches into gold.” Now, to know English well, to know it thoroughly, to know it scientifically, we must know it by its causes. These are, as I have said, first of all the ancient languages—Greek and Latin; but after these, several of the

modern languages. English is originally a Teutonic tongue derived immediately from the Low German, of which it is the lowest dialect. In course of time there were engrafted on it many Latin words, so that to-day, as I have had occasion to remark before, English is nearly three-fourths Latin. A great many of these Latin words, however, have come to us through the medium of the Norman-French. To have a scientific knowledge of our language, therefore, we should know both German and French. This is an additional reason why certain modern languages should not be omitted from the college curriculum.

There is still another. One of the aims of the college is to prepare the student for university work. Now, no matter what specialty the student pursue in the university—be it theology, or philosophy, or medicine, or law, or astronomy, or sociology, or economics, or the physical sciences—he will find it necessary, if he would make any original research, to know several of the modern languages. Time was when Latin was the medium of scientific thought, but, unfortunately for science and the scientist, that time is passed. If, therefore, the college would do well its work of preparation for the university, it must give the student at least the beginnings of several modern languages.

AIM IN TEACHING.

The aim in teaching is to give good reading knowledge, so that the student may be able to appreciate not only the newspaper and magazine articles, but also the great master-pieces. His speaking and writing knowledge should be sufficient to enable him to progress without the aid of a teacher. To attain this end three hours a week during three years of the course would, I think, suffice, especially if the Latin grammar were first thoroughly mastered.

METHOD OF TEACHING.

I believe I would lose time in prescribing any special method. The method will vary according to the teacher and the pupil. A living teacher, having a thorough knowledge of the language he is teaching, but especially of the language *in* which he is teaching, will use the proper method. He will pay attention to pronunciation and idiom. He will attach more importance to oral and written practice than to analysis. Remembering that difficulties lie at a more advanced stage than in the ancient languages, he will endeavor to reach that stage as rapidly as accuracy will permit.

WHAT LANGUAGES SHOULD BE TAUGHT?

From a practical point of view : German, Spanish, Italian, and French, and in the order named. *German*, because it is the language of a large and increasing number of our fellow-citizens of foreign birth. *Spanish*, because it is the language of all our newly acquired possessions. *Italian*, because it is the language of the country from which the largest number of immigrants are coming and are likely to come for some years. Moreover, these people are Catholics, and to hold them in the faith those graduates of our colleges who enter the missionary field must for some time appeal to them in their own language. *French*, because it is the most serviceable language for the American traveller, whether he visit the Dominion of Canada or the Continent of Europe. Lower Canada is practically all French, and Upper Canada is fast becoming so—at least in point of population. Outside of England each country, with the exception of France, has, besides its own, another language which serves as a medium of communication with its neighbors and the visiting world generally—a language which is taught in its schools and which ranks in importance second only to its own. Invariably that language is French. I don't say that English has no place on the Continent, for there as everywhere it is the language of commerce; but on the Continent French is the language of international communication in society, in politics, in the professions, while in France French alone is spoken.

From literary and scientific points of view French and German should be taught. *French*, because it is the language of the highest modern civilization, the most perfect copy of the clearness and logical precision of the ancient Greek and Latin, the language of the reason, of abstraction, a language through which has come into our English tongue a large portion of those Latin words which so extensively constitute our vocabulary; finally, its prose is unequalled by that of any other modern language. *German*, because it is the language of the senses, of nature, and for richness of vocabulary and facility in combination of words approaches most nearly to the ancient Greek. Moreover, the Anglo-Saxon portion of our language is derived from the same parent tongue as the German. Finally, as means of catching the scientific thought of the day, while other languages may be useful, French and German are absolutely indispensable.

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INDIAN CONTRACT SCHOOLS.

BY M. P. CASEY.



It is the duty of nations not only to protect their subjects and those living under their constitutions, but to so instruct them that they may become good citizens.

When a race or tribe living under a government is in a state of wildness, uncivilized, and is a source of danger to the commonwealth, because it refuses to conform to the laws of the nation, it is the duty of the government to make use of the means best adapted to civilize this people; to change them from enemies into friends or loyal citizens.

Now, the best means of civilizing a people is to educate them properly. It is the right, as well as the duty, of the nation to supply the means for education; to see that the instruction given is in no way contrary to the constitution, to society, or to the individual; and, moreover, that the education given tends to make good citizens.

The Constitution of this country guarantees religious freedom to all. For the government to insist upon instruction in any particular religious belief would be contrary to the Constitution.

It is universally acknowledged by intelligent and thinking men that without religion there can be no morality, for without religion how can there be any criterion of right or wrong except mere expediency? Without a belief in God how can there be any impediment to vice, wickedness, injustice? What power is there to restrain the passions? Perhaps some one will say, society—its laws, the civil laws. The laws of society do not take cognizance of the guilt. Be the offender ever so guilty, and yet fortunate enough, as is often the case, to escape the penalty of imprisonment, even though the offender be fined, society receives such a one on the old footing, and even often gives him a cordial welcome.

The laws of man can never completely restrain vice or crime, as they do not act until knowledge of the crime is made known; so that the offender has no dread of the law so long as he can manage to escape the eyes of the law. Thus, the only deterrent

to crime is the fear of being found out ; and the only condemnation of the guilt of the offence is the shame, the disgrace that follows conviction with imprisonment. So that the morality, the so-called morality of the world, consists in not being found out ; and if found out, then in escaping conviction with imprisonment. This being the case, it follows that without religion there can be no true morality, no check to the human passions, no restraint to vicious desires, no power to make us fear the commission of evil or acts of injustice. And hence a people, when brought up without the knowledge and fear of God, cannot be or become good citizens ; for there is nothing to check them in whatsoever they desire or aim at, nothing to restrain whatsoever selfish desire they or their friends may have, nothing to prevent them from passing unjust laws or from unjustly discriminating against others.

In order, then, to assist the Indians to become good and peaceable citizens, it is necessary to give them religious together with secular instruction. Some object to the state providing religious instruction, on the ground that it is contrary to the Constitution. The difficulty of this question was settled by the government in an impartial and just manner ; in fact, in the only way that it could have been settled with justice to the religious convictions of the Indians and to the satisfaction of all.

Some years ago this government instituted what is called the Indian Contract Schools. The government entered into contracts with the heads of the different religious denominations whereby they were each to build their own schools, and for every Indian child who attended these schools the government was to pay so much money. Here was the solution of the difficulty in a nutshell. This was giving justice to all, and at the same time it was fulfilling the spirit of the Constitution and proving ourselves what we say we are—a Christian nation. This was giving education in the true sense ; for a knowledge of God, of man's origin, of his destination, the reason of his sojourn on earth, elevates the mind of man, gives a right reason for his actions, a greater respect for lawfully constituted authority, and furnishes him with the highest motives for obeying the laws, respecting authority, contributing to support of government, as well as a zeal for its welfare, and a determination to fight and die for its honor and preservation.

The Indian Contract Schools were instituted with the true spirit—the spirit of fairness and justice—and were doing nicely, when the proverbial tempest in a teapot arose—the result of

which may be partly surmised, and if surmised correctly, the final result will be far-reaching and injurious.

After the contract was entered into, the Catholics, at great expense, built and furnished their schools. The different denominations also erected their schools; but it appears their schools were not a success in regard to attendance, while the Catholic schools had nothing to complain of on that score.

Now comes the story of the dog in the manger. The unsuccessful schools not being able to draw satisfactory appropriations from the government owing to the small attendance of children, determined that the successful schools should also cease to draw satisfactory appropriations—nay, that they should cease to exist. To this end they appealed to Congress to cancel the contracts entered into with the different religious denominations.

It is the case of a beneficent merchant who, knowing that his goods will benefit the people as well as himself, wishes to dispose of them. For this purpose he engages ten agents, entering into a contract to pay them so much on their sales. After a few years nine of these agents finding their sales decreasing, and seeing that it was not proving a paying business to them, call upon the merchant and ask him to rescind his contract with all his agents. When he learns the truth he is surprised at their request. He is willing to release the petitioners; but they can give no reason why he should break the contract with the successful agent. It is to the merchant's interest to continue that contract, and moreover justice demands that after the large expenses this agent incurred in order to insure the success of his contract it should stand. The only reason that he can see for the request of the unsuccessful agents is selfishness—jealousy. His opinion of these agents must be very low indeed, especially as they wish him to break his plighted word. He sees that if these agents had his interest at heart, if they were manly and honest, if they had the least spark of honor, as they could not succeed themselves they would have only asked to have themselves released, and they would have advised him to make the successful man his only agent, inasmuch as he proved that he was fully capable of disposing of the goods and of making them of the greatest benefit to all who used them.

These unsuccessful agents, however, having wealthy and influential friends, call upon them and succeed in getting them to speak to the merchant. They prevail on the merchant to cancel all his contracts, and at the same time a new and simple

way of disposing of the goods is proposed, so that the people would continue to receive them.

The new scheme succeeded as far as the disposal of the goods is concerned, because there was a great demand for them. But after a trial of years it was found that, instead of the people receiving the supposed benefit attached to the use of these goods, these goods were proving to them a real source of injury. The merchant, upon investigation, found, however, that the goods received by the people from the successful agent years before had proved and were proving a blessing to them. Unable to understand this, he called upon the agent and asked him if, and how, he could account for it, saying, "The goods you gave the people and the goods that I am giving them are the same; how, then, does it happen that the goods that I give now do not have the effect that I expected and desired, while the same goods delivered by you bring about the very effect that I desire?" The agent explained that though the goods were the same, and useful to the people, yet as the people were not properly instructed in regard to their use, these goods, instead of being a benefit, only proved an injury; that he himself, at great expense, did everything that was possible to become thoroughly instructed in the knowledge of the use of the goods, so that he was able to impart this knowledge to those who received the goods from him. Hence the people knew how to use them so as to receive their full benefit, and thus appreciated them the more.

This you will find is the case of the government in connection with the Indian Contract Schools. Our nation wished the Indian children to avail themselves of the benefit of education. For this purpose the nation entered into a contract with different religious bodies to educate the Indian. All of these bodies but one failed in getting the Indian children in sufficient numbers to appreciate the advantage of education. Hence the result as mentioned before. The heads of the unsuccessful schools, with their many powerful and influential friends, appealed to Congress to cancel the Indian School Contract, suggesting and strongly urging the government to take upon itself the education of the Indian. If these schools had the interest of the Indians at heart, and a sincere desire for their civilization, would they have opposed the successful school?

The merchant, adopting the system that was forced upon him, of disposing of his goods himself, found that, although the demand for them was great, yet the benefit that should accrue from their use was not obtained; yea, that the goods, instead of

proving a benefit, only proved an injury, because the customers were not instructed in their use. The government did succeed in getting numbers of Indian children to accept secular education, but it was found by years of experience that godless education, instead of proving a blessing, on the contrary proved an injury—a curse.

This is not the pessimistic view of narrow-minded men. It is the view of broad-minded, deep-thinking, and observant men. About a year ago Governor Rollins, of New Hampshire, in order to check irreligion and crime, issued a fast day proclamation, in which he said "that religion in his State was decaying fast." In an address, not long ago, before the Boston Ministers' Union Governor Rollins declared that without Christianity our government must go the same way that other governments have gone, to decay. He also said that Christianity is losing its hold over our people. And he attributed this decline in religion to a drifting away from religious belief. To this decay of religion alone can be attributed the prevalence of immorality and crime.

We have no doubt that godless schools imparting education are flourishing in New Hampshire, and we hear the result from the governor of that State. Can it not, then, be safely predicted that, when such is the result in a New England State, the same system of godless education will prove not a benefit, but an injury to the Indians? Education without religion only puffs up and at last ruins; but with religion it improves, enlightens the mind, and ennobles the man.

The work of civilizing the Indian is a duty we owe to God, to our country, and to the Indian. We have been striving for this object for years, at great expense; and what has been our success? The short history of our country shows us, the newspapers tell us, the death of brave and gallant men only a few years ago convinces us, that our efforts as a nation have been a failure.

Some people think that the Indians cannot be civilized, that the savage nature or instinct is too strong within them. The saying, which has almost become proverbial to many, "The only good injun is a dead injun," expresses the opinion of many as to the manner of treatment they should receive.

Can the Indian be civilized? If so, in what manner and by whom?

Senator Vest, a Protestant, answered this question in Congress when speaking of the Catholic schools. In reply to an

objection of Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, he said: "Let me say a word to the senator from Massachusetts. I do not speak with any sort of denominational prejudices in favor of the Jesuits. I was taught to abhor the whole sect. I was raised in that good old-school Presbyterian Church that looked upon the Jesuits as very much akin to the devil. But I say now, that if the senator from Massachusetts, the chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, will find me any tribe of Indians on the continent of North America that approximates in civilization to the Flatheads, who have been under the control of the Jesuits for fifty years, I will abandon my entire theory on the subject. I say that out of the eleven tribes that I saw—and I say this as a Protestant—where they had Protestant missionaries they had not made a single, solitary advance towards civilization—not one. And yet among the Flatheads, where there were two Indian missions, you find farms, you find civilization, you find Christianity, you find a relation of husband and wife and of father and child scrupulously observed. I say that one ounce of prevention is worth a ton of theory at any time; and this I say, and I know it."

What stronger plea could be made to a body of fair-minded men—to men who had the interest of the nation and the interest of the Indians at heart—than this speech of Senator Vest for a continuation of the Indian Catholic schools? But there is a stronger interest than country and Indian—the selfish interest of the individual, the sordid interest of self. There is no mind so dark and unfair as the mind of a bigot who would shut out the light that he may not see, and then protest, as an excuse when called to account, that as he could not see he could not be expected to decide otherwise.

The assertion of Senator Vest is a challenge to every Protestant denomination; it is a most sweeping condemnation of the policy of the government in regard to the civilization of the Indian. And the conclusion to be drawn from it is that if the government is sincere in its wish to civilize the Indian, its only course is to continue the contract with the Catholic schools, and not to put impediments in the way of Catholic missionaries, but to give them every opportunity for the continuance of their work.

The speech of Senator Vest contains two assertions: one "that out of the eleven tribes that he had visited, where they had Protestant missionaries they had not made a single, solitary advance towards civilization." This is a strong assertion

coming from a Protestant. Has the truth of it ever been questioned? It cannot be a difficult undertaking to ascertain the truth. If untrue, would the Protestant denominations submit to suffer quietly under such charge? However, at the least, it must have been a great surprise and shock to the Protestant denominations.

But was the other assertion of Senator Vest a surprise? When speaking of one tribe, the Flatheads, he says: "Where there were two Indian missions, you find farms, you find civilization, you find Christianity, you find a relation of husband and wife and of father and child scrupulously observed." Were the people surprised at hearing of the success of the Catholic Church with the Indians? If so, they should not have been. If they have read history, and read it correctly, they should know what the church has done in regard to civilization.

History informs us that the torrent of barbarians that swept down from the north, overthrowing the Roman Empire and rushing to many parts of Christendom, threatened to engulf civilization. Wheresoever these barbarians settled literature and science began to decline and ignorance to prevail. These tribes recognized no law but the law of brute force. Who or what was to check or turn aside the evils that menaced the progress of civilization? What power strong enough to cope with that barbarian horde, who feared neither God nor man, and who in their brute strength overthrew the Roman Empire? History tells us it was the Church of God; that under the influence of the teaching of that church the impulses and passions of their wild barbarian natures began to yield to the precepts of the Gospel, and that gradually they began to imbibe and to adopt the principles of civil and social life. This the church has done in the past—yea, has ever been doing, and is doing at the present. It is a work to which she is especially fitted and for which her missionaries receive a special training.

With a knowledge of the success of the church in civilizing barbarian nations—our own wild Indians included—with this success attested to and confirmed by Protestants, who have no love for the church, how, in the name of justice, of Christianity, of civilization, can our nation attempt to suppress the good already done, to cripple that church and its schools, in the work of civilizing the Indian, by curtailing the appropriation, by cancelling the contract entered into, and by substituting godless education for the only agency which can civilize the

Indian. And this nation, calling itself a Christian nation, is about to sanction such, nay, to force its children, the wards of the nation, into a system of education that excludes the knowledge of God!

The aim of the government in educating the Indian is to civilize him—to qualify him to become a good and useful member of the community and a citizen of the United States. Now, whatsoever body of men can point to success in such undertaking, to that body of men should be given the educating of the Indian. To attempt to shackle those who alone have been successful by refusing to assist them cannot be regarded otherwise than as suicidal, and it is evident that the civilization of the Indian cannot be the principal aim of the government.

Those children, wards of the nation, are sending up their piteous cries asking for bread, and their father at Washington is offering them a stone. Their heart-rending cries from the woods, plains, and reservations—"Save us, we perish"—are resounding in our ears. Can Christians close their ears to this cry or harden their hearts against it? This cry is not for the wants of the body, but for the wants of the soul. The people of this nation are most generous in responding to the cry of distress when calamity comes. The knowledge of the sufferings of humanity from shipwreck, floods, famine, and disease is always answered with a generous response. The reports of the sufferings of soldiers in battle—the cries and shrieks of the wounded and the dying, touch a sympathetic chord in our hearts, and arouse us to action, to assist the distressed and alleviate the sufferings, and if possible to prevent their repetition. This is as it should be. The sufferings and cries of distress should always find a responsive answer in the hearts of all civilized human beings. But here is a cry from the soul of humanity—a cry of distress that is more urgent than the cry of distress from the body, and which should never go unheeded, especially by Christians.

The Saviour of mankind tells us "not to fear them that kill the body, but rather fear him who can destroy both soul and body." How as a Christian nation do we receive and apply these words of the Founder of Christianity? Is it by giving secular education, the result of which only makes the Indian more solicitous for his body? Is it by permitting the Indian child to grow up without a knowledge of his soul, of his Creator, and without teaching him the highest reason for re-

specting and obeying the laws—the highest and most noble reason for leading and living a good life?

Now, as the wants of the soul are superior to those of the body; as the effects of sufferings, wounds, and disease upon the soul are attended with more serious and lasting danger than those of the body; as the neglect of the soul produces dangers that may not in the beginning be apparent but will eventually show themselves with grave danger to the individual, the community, and the nation, it follows that the soul crying out from its sufferings, hunger, and darkness for assistance, knowledge, and light should be met with a more responsive and sympathetic answer from Christians.

Yet it appears that the sad, mournful cry from the soul of the Indian—"Save us, we perish"—fails to awaken a response. That cry is echoing and re-echoing through the halls of the legislature in the Capitol at Washington, trying to reach and to touch the heart of the nation; but it appears the ear of the nation is deaf to the voice of its words, and the heart of the nation hardened against it.

This Christian nation soothes its conscience by appealing to the clause of religious equality contained in the Constitution. Now, what does this religious equality mean? What does it forbid? It means that every individual is guaranteed the right of holding and practising whatsoever religious belief he desires. It forbids any interference in religion, any discrimination against any individual or body on account of religious belief. As the avowed purpose of the government is to make the Indian a peaceful and intelligent member of this Christian nation, and as education with Christian instruction is the best and only means of attaining this end—and as the Indian Contract Schools give to all Indian children secular with religious instruction of whatsoever belief they, their parents, or guardians desire—it follows that the Indian Contract School system is not only not contrary to the Constitution, but is the only system that is fully in conformity with it.

PEASANT LIFE IN THE HARZ.

BY CARINA CAMPBELL EAGLESFIELD.



IN no country of Europe is it possible to see such sharply marked distinctions among the different classes or such a variety of types as in Germany. The unity of the empire is almost entirely a political matter, for at heart every German is, first, Bavarian or Saxon or Suabian. He owes his allegiance to his Emperor, who gratifies his national pride; but his affections cling to his own prince, and he jealously preserves the characteristics of his particular corner of the empire.

Yet the march of progress has changed many things in the past twenty years, and ancient local customs are being swiftly obliterated by the temporary fashions of the hour. Of all classes the peasants are most tenacious of their customs, dress, and manners, and even they are succumbing to the spirit of the times. One has to know Germany pretty well before he can penetrate into those parts which are as yet untouched by change; but when found, it is like living in another century.

In North Germany and quite apart from the tourist's path lies a little settlement of peasants, perhaps a day's journey from Berlin, where one can study a people which have changed little for hundreds of years. These Spree-forest peasants, as they are called, cling to their peculiar customs and wear their impossible dress just as they have done from time immemorial. But this region lies far out of the beaten track, and there are many quaint and original spots which are nearer home. Such little peasant villages can be found in the mountain regions of Germany, and the Black Forest or the Harz will amply repay a visit.

In the Black Forest the houses have kept their peculiar character better than anywhere else, but one can unearth little villages in the Harz which are quite as characteristic and within reach of the modern conveniences also, which combination is better suited to the ordinary traveller.

The bright, variegated dress of the women has quite disappeared, but the men still cling to the low tied shoe, the leathern short trousers with their rows of white buttons, and the tall, funnel shaped hat, and one sees many stout figures in



"MODERN BUILDING PROCESSES ARE SCORNE BY THE HARZ PEASANTRY."

loose smocks belted at the waist and reaching sometimes to the ankles. Wooden shoes are worn by every one, and the local policemen stalk solemnly up and down in their trim uniforms and brilliantly embroidered felt slippers, which contrast does not strike the native as unusual in the least.

The Harz peasants are an honest, thrifty lot, very independent and proud, but also full of religious feeling, and a book might be written on their beliefs and customs. At funerals, births, and marriages every act is invested with meaning, and a legend or proverb is quickly brought forward to combat sceptical doubts. Godfathers and mothers to the number of twenty-four sometimes accompany the baby to the baptismal font, and little gifts are exchanged and refreshments of sausages, cake, beer, and brandy are served before and after the ceremony. The young girls wear wreaths, from which they pick flowers to give to the young godfathers, and these in turn present them with an orange or lemon, which they carry in their hands. They have a curious superstition that the child will die if it receives the name of either parent, and this is only done when they wish it to be the last baby in the family. A grand supper of chocolate, soup and roast pork, with preserves, is served after the baptism, and the festivities end with a

dance. Everything begins and ends with a dance in the Harz mountains, and their balls begin at four o'clock in the afternoon.

The peasants are devoted to giving presents, and every opportunity is seized to show such attentions; godfathers and mothers must give the godchild gifts till he is four years old, and sometimes after that.

Many curious superstitions are connected with the first teeth, and woe to the baby who does not have his little white teeth properly hidden or buried! The confirmation ceremonies are also invested with pomp, and lemons, oranges, and wreaths are again exchanged on their way to church. The lemon plays a very important part at such times, and its odor is supposed to be efficacious in fainting. The girls, who are usually thirteen or fourteen years old, always wear a long black dress, white apron, white 'kerchief, and black lace cap, which is often trimmed with twelve long, stiff ribbons, while the boys present a brave appearance in their first white shirt and stove-pipe hat.

After the ceremony they regale themselves with a supper of many different kinds of sausage, and if the weather is pleasant all go to the woods for a walk. The Harz peasant has his own way of getting married, and instead of presenting his bride with a ring, gives her a *prayer-book*, which seems a rather odd substitute to us. When the banns are called it is customary for the bride elect to appear each Sunday in a new gown, with a wreath upon her head. She is expected to make her husband's bridal shirt, knit him one pair of stockings, and buy him a black silk necktie, while he in turn gives her brooch and ear-rings. On the bridal evening children throw broken dishes in front of his house, and the more pieces there are the more happiness will come to the young pair. Guns are shot off at all hours of the day and night; the way from the bride's house to the church is strewn with flowers, and a wreath as big as a good-sized wagon wheel is laid upon the altar. Bridal veils are never worn, as they bring misfortune. That the young bridegroom may not lack for bread in life, a crust is stuck in his pocket and a small piece of money in his boot. Rain is, strangely enough, considered very lucky on the wedding day, and if the heavens are not propitious a shower of barley must be thrown from the bride's window. The bridal procession is usually very long, but a curious custom keeps the parents of both bride and groom at home, which would seem sad enough to us. No matter how dirty the way, the bride is not allowed to lift her dress, and if

either looks backward it is a sign that he or she is thinking of a second helpmate.

Guns are again fired off while the procession is under way, and upon entering the church they circle slowly around the altar and lay upon it the offering for the pastor. The bride and groom then seat themselves in the pastor's chair, and while



"NEW HOUSES ARE PUT UP IN THE SAME PRIMITIVE FASHION."

a song is being sung take their places under the immense wreath. Whoever wishes to gain the upper hand in the married life must see that his foot touches the threshold first.

There seems to be a good deal of eating and drinking on these occasions, and the number of gifts which are exchanged would bankrupt them if the amount were not so infinitesimal.

If these Harz peasants are ushered into life with signs and omens, baptized, confirmed, and married with them, it is small wonder that death is presaged with an infinity of portents. A raven or owl flying over a house brings death, and white clover leaves are a sign of the dread destroyer. As soon as the spirit leaves the body the windows are all opened, that the soul may flit forth, and formerly the night watchmen used to announce each death at a certain hour. Now three large bells are tolled for adults and two small ones for children.

The bells in the little village of Dankerode, where this custom is still kept up, are unusually musical in tone. The greatest care must be taken in dressing the corpse, which must be laid upon a straw bed, and if this straw is fed to cattle they will surely die. No clothing belonging to any one else must be put on, and if possible the bridal garments should be worn. Very often a new shirt is made and a small pocket added, in which a bit of money is placed for the "dead person to use on the way." If a myrtle wreath is worn the bush will die, and it is still customary to lay the playthings or favorite articles in the coffin. The resemblance between the burial customs of all primitive peoples is strikingly shown in this remnant of an earlier age. No tears must be shed upon the corpse, and timid persons can be cured of their fear by touching the big toe, or sick people healed by throwing three crosses into the grave at midnight.

After the funeral ceremonies are over the long procession of friends and relatives to the third degree pass into the church, when each one deposits a pfennig, or one-fourth of a cent, upon the altar.

The singing of these peasants at funerals is strikingly good; the mountaineers all seem to have excellent voices, and the children are taught to sing from the cradle.

The Harz is so popular with the Germans that mountains and valleys are dotted with health resorts, where thousands flock to breathe in the spicy air and drink of the waters; but little towns like Altenbrack, Dankerode, Elend, Königrode, which do not lie on the railroads, are the only places for studying odd customs and ancient houses.

In Dankerode can be found the best pictures of primitive peasant life; here nearly every one owns at least one cow and a small patch of ground, and the proprietor, with the aid of wife, cow, and daughters, tills the soil. Horses there are none, for cows serve the double purpose of draught animal in summer and milch cow in winter. No servants are kept, and in harvest-time each family helps the others out. Most of the houses are thatched and the old Saxon style of building is still in vogue, with gable end towards the street, no front door at all, and the entrance from the court in the rear. Even the taverns are often built that way, and the chance tourist has to step gingerly through the court, past geese, chickens, cows, and goats, till he finds his way into the living part of the house. Many of the houses are only two rooms deep and stretch for forty or fifty feet along the street. The gables are then at the sides,



THE QUAIN T LITTLE PARISH CHURCH.

and the long expanse of green thatch, facing the street, is broken by the tiniest of one-pane windows. In the centre is the living part for the family; on one side are accommodated live stock, with gothic-roofed pig-pens, chicken-coops, and stalls, and in the other end is stored hay and grain. The thatched roofs are very picturesque, and really beautiful when age covers them with moss and lichens, and the ancient stone walls which surround many of the cottages show a brilliant fringe of many-colored flowers. The wealth of flowers in the mountains is beyond belief; over one thousand varieties are said to grow in the Harz, and many clover fields are deeply blue with the lovely corn-flower, of which the old kaiser was so fond. The pale blue of the forget-me-nots and the yellow of the cowslips and buttercups blend in a fringe along every valley, and the gaudy poppies and marguerites spread over hill and dale in the most magnificent symphony of colors.

Modern building processes are scorned by the Harz peasant; he builds his house as his ancestors have built for generations, and, as it will outlast many modern structures, he may not be so far wrong.

New houses are put up in the same primitive fashion, and

they are said to be warm and comfortable. Two are being built in Dankerode now, and we will try to give an idea of their construction. The cheaper and more prevalent style is as follows: a stone foundation from eighteen to twenty-four inches broad is laid, and on this, following the four walls around, is spread a mixture of earth and straw, which, after being beaten hard and smooth, is left for a week or so to dry. Successive layers are added till the proper height is reached, then the thatch roof is put on, and the house is ready for door and window frames. Few or no nails are used, and these are made of wood instead of iron. The other house is on a stone foundation also, and has a stout frame of oak rafters. These extend all around the foundation every eighteen or twenty inches apart, and the spaces between are filled in either with bricks or stones cemented together, or the same kind of earth is used, and is bound or held together by means of slender withes of hazel. These braided withes, filled with earth, make the most substantial houses, and there are several now standing which date from the latter part of the seventeenth century. When not covered with thatch, tiles are used, and these are put on in every conceivable shape and pattern. They, too, make substantial and picturesque roofs; but nothing compares with the softly-tinted greens and grays of the thatch. Often little windows with a single tiny pane are stuck here or there, and when there happen to be two of them on a line they look exactly like huge eyes with overhanging eyebrows. A law has been passed making it illegal to build a new thatch roof, and those now standing command much higher rates of insurance.

Dankerode boasts of a cottage which was built in 1594 by a peasant of the name of Sauerzapf, and his descendants have lived continuously in it ever since. It has a stone foundation, oaken frame, filled in with earth and hazel withes, and a thatched roof. The thatch is mended with new straw whenever needed, but the same oaken beams, carefully carved and black with age, and the same ponderous oaken door, are still intact.

Most of the Harz villages were destroyed during the terrible Thirty Years' War, but the records of this old peasant family show that troops were quartered here and many members of his family served in the imperial army. Besides these old houses, those churches bearing the name of the Virgin Mary all date before the Reformation, and the little church in Dankerode has a tower which has been standing since eleven hundred. The body of the church was injured during the Thirty Years' War and restored about two hundred years ago;

but nothing could, apparently, conquer the old tower, and though its beauty is sadly marred by a coat of white, its venerable age still invests it with interest for the traveller.

The life of these Harz peasants is frugal, industrious, and comparatively moral, and though they make not the slightest effort to beautify their surroundings, they often spend much time in cultivating their inborn love for flowers and music. Really fine violinists are hidden among the peasant hamlets, and one peasant in Dankerode plays with great taste and feel-



"DANKERODE BOASTS OF A COTTAGE BUILT IN 1594."

ing on the piano. The Harz peasant shares with the Swiss his love for his native land, and since 1850 no one has emigrated from Dankerode to America. This holds true of all the mountain villages, and the people are so contented that the most glowing pictures of the substantial comforts of the new world have no effect upon them. They love their homes, and ask nothing better than to be allowed to live unmolested by the hurrying outside world. They are a placid, contented-looking people, and with their flowers, their music and beautiful voices, which are the birthright of the mountaineer, they are not to be pitied by us.

RECENT PROGRESS OF CATHOLICITY IN
NORTHERN EUROPE.

BY CHARLES W. DOWD.



HE church never received any divine promise of perpetual possession of this or that land; no single nation was ever, as it were, made over to it for all eternity. The soul and essence of Catholic doctrine is the free choice of the individual as to salvation or perdition. Alone of all religious and philosophical systems, Catholic theology has through all ages unswervingly taught the wonderful lesson of man's power and obligation to co-operate with the Deity in the working out of his final destiny.

Never was this truth better illustrated than at the close of the nineteenth century. We see a nation like the French, which used to glory in the name of the Eldest Daughter of the Church, bend its neck under the tyranny of atheists; we have heard, not long ago, that most candid and eloquent daughter of Spain, Emilia Pardo Bazán, proclaim to the world that the boasted Catholicity of her people was—at least among the ruling classes—nowadays little else than a delusion; that scepticism had long been masquerading as orthodoxy in universities and legislative assemblies, and that this was one of the causes of the country's present weakness.

There is no reason, however, for Catholics to come anywhere near despairing in view of these facts. In the first place, the very aggressiveness of the enemies of the faith in Western and Southern Europe has already frightened many well-meaning but indolent Catholics out of their apathy, and no one may prophesy what changes for the better the twentieth century will see wrought. And, moreover, whoever is able to watch the church in its thousand ramifications, the length and breadth of the world, will never fail to perceive facts that bring comfort to his anxious soul.

The days of wholesale conversions within brief periods are gone; instead we see individuals slowly but surely plodding along the narrow path, often against the heaviest odds and under the most heart-rending sacrifices, but for all that reach-

ing at last those gates through which alone one may enter into the promised land.

Probably the most remarkable of such conversions within the last decade are those recorded in the North of Europe, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

If thirty years ago any countries might be spoken of as strongholds of Protestantism, it was these little northern kingdoms. The Catholics in all three of them together were but a handful; honest and law-abiding people, doubtlessly, but without social standing or literary eminence, ruled from abroad by foreign bishops.

To-day a very different state of things prevails. Not only have the Catholic congregations increased considerably in numbers, but bishops reside in Copenhagen and Christiania, and men and women of national reputation, sometimes even more than that, have been admitted to the church and become its dauntless champions. *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* a few years ago contained an article or two on this subject; but the work is still progressing, and it is to be hoped that Catholics in America will read with interest a brief account of this surprising development.

As already stated in the articles alluded to above, great credit—perhaps the greatest—for the onward march of the church in Denmark is due to its energetic, truly apostolic bishop, Johannes von Euch. The dignity, learning, piety, and last, not least, diplomatic tact of this schoolmate and chum of the late Windthorst have fixed an image of the Catholic prelate in the minds of the Danes which could not possibly be more favorable to the success of the sacred cause. The conversion of several prominent members of the Danish nobility is mainly, perhaps exclusively, his work. But another important addition to the ranks of the church militant cannot to the same extent be ascribed to Bishop Von Euch's direct influence. When, a couple of years ago, the brilliant young poet and novelist Johannes Jørgensen, in language aflame with enthusiasm, proclaimed his admittance to the fold, it was easy for his many admirers to perceive that the evolution of his mind had followed lines very much akin to those of his beloved Huysmans.

The name of this French novelist may not by all of my readers be read with equal sympathy. I am aware that in certain quarters doubt still lingers as to the sincerity, or perhaps I should say the healthiness, of his religious profession.

At any rate, at the outset of his career as a Catholic writer, there were eminent members of the church in Paris who looked upon his books with suspicion, placing them morally and intellectually on a level with Paul Verlaine's lyrical effusions.

Poor Verlaine had been wallowing too long in the mire of sensuality to be able to extricate himself by one frantic effort. Or rather, the trouble with him was precisely that his efforts were frantic, spasmodic—one might say hysterical—and not of the steady, persevering, patient kind which a sound moral philosophy recommends. And so it came to pass that one day poor Verlaine would lift his passion-beaten brow high into the pure air and chant the praises of the Virgin, the next he would sink deeper than ever in the murky waves of Parisian Bohemia.

Huysmans is a very different sort of a man, cast in a harder mould. He may have emptied the cup of pleasure to the dregs, but he could never for any considerable length of time have lost his self-control.

A glance at the lives of the two writers gives sufficient illumination as to this point. The greater part of Verlaine's later days were spent in hospitals and taverns; at best in garrets, at worst in the convict's cell. Huysmans, a man of about fifty, has worked almost half his life without interruption in the employ of the French government, and unless the rumor be true, that he lately resigned to enter a Benedictine monastery, he is still, as he was up to a short while ago, the head of an important department office, respected by those over and under him for his unwavering devotion to duty.

When such a man deliberately and unambiguously declares that he has returned to the old faith—a declaration by which, moreover, he cuts away from his former literary friends and associates—it betrays little psychological acumen to question his candor. Quite another matter is it that not a few details in his Catholic books may justly be objected to as needlessly cynical or uncharitably polemical.

And even here the fact remains that what Huysmans says of the present deplorable state of church music and church art in France—and not in France alone!—is but too true, and should be taken to heart by all who are able to appreciate the great importance of the questions in point.

To return to Johannes Jørgensen. At an age of little over twenty he made his literary début by publishing, in Copenhagen, a small volume of poems. This was about twelve years ago; and since then he has published regularly every year a volume

or two of verse or prose, always slight in bulk but weighty in quality, From the very first appearance of something from his pen it was apparent to all true critics that a poet of rare originality had arisen—a writer who exhibited an odd mixture of almost scientific exactness of observation with freshness of sensation and depth of feeling.

Some one said of him that he contemplated the world with a naturalist's eye, enjoyed its beauties with a child's simplicity, and suffered from its wrongs with a woman's sensitiveness. What is certain is, that on all sides his great gifts were generously admitted, those radical critics of George Brandes' school, who rule things literary in the North, proclaiming him the foremost of the many singers who have appeared since Holger Drachmann inaugurated a new era in Danish lyrical poetry. Jørgensen was appointed literary critic of a paper edited by one of George Brandes' brothers, and for some years did a good deal of critical work alongside of his poetical production. In the middle of the nineties a series of essays called "A New Poetry" began to appear in the leading Danish monthly.

The authors here treated were Edgar Poe, Baudelaire, Huysmans, Léon Bloy, Verlaine, and others, the main contention of the writer being that in these poets and novelists a new spirit had gradually invaded literature, a spirit which, however perverted might be some of its utterances, nevertheless was instinct with love of lofty ideals, and thus radically opposed to the earth-bound realism that so long had been enthroned in the world of letters.

It was easy to tell that of all these writers those who, like Huysmans and Bloy, had found ultimate rest in Catholicism were nearest to Jørgensen's heart. Still more pronounced was this love of, and hankering after, Catholic peace in a volume called *The Book of Travels*, which Jørgensen soon after published.

This work recalls, through its somewhat rambling, poetry-soaked prose, Heine's *Reisebilder*, but the spirit differs widely. Prominently figures in its pages an artist, Francesco. It was a public secret that this stood for Mogens Ballin, a young Danish painter of much talent, who shortly before the publication of *The Book of Travels* had become a Catholic and entered the Benedictine monastery of Beuron, where he still lives under the name of Francesco. And it was no great surprise to Jørgensen's friends when, not long after, it became known that he too had been received into the church. It had not remained

hidden from them that in him, as in Huysmans, a growing loathing of modern commercialism and materialism had gone hand-in-hand not only with a deep admiration for the artistic and poetical beauties of the Catholic Church, but also with a longing for the uncompromising attitude in matters of morality which is peculiarly that of Catholicism. If Jørgensen had contented himself henceforth with remaining silent or, at any rate, with the production of purely poetical or religious works, he would probably have been left in peace and allowed gradually to lapse into oblivion as far as concerns the majority of the public, which is always guided in its judgment by the advice of the professional critics. Such, however, was not the path which Jørgensen chose to tread.

Feeling a strong desire at once to explain to his former atheistic fellow-writers why he had forsaken their standard, and warn such of them as at all might heed a warning of what that standard really stood for, he flung into the world a little book, *Life's Lie and Life's Truth*, which in a short time ran through several editions, being devoured even by those whose opinions it most bitterly denounced. It was a very open, very honest challenge to George Brandes and his followers, absolutely sincere, but—let it be said right here—not quite wise nor altogether amiable. Whatever Jørgensen thought of the pernicious doctrines of the apostles of free love and general nihilism, he might have remembered that he himself had for years shared, more or less implicitly, their opinions, and that after all there was no little excuse for those who held and defended them. For, were they not the legitimate outcome of the decay of Lutheranism, the inevitable reaction against the soulless dogmatism of the Danish state church? And, moreover, where should men like Brandes have acquired knowledge of better, nobler doctrine?

From the rostrums of the university in Copenhagen, as from those in Germany, came nothing but either galvanized Protestant theology, devoid of all logic and consistency, or downright infidelity. Catholic truth was everywhere stifled, or, if at all allowed to make itself heard, it was confined to obscure corners of the great cities, humble little chapels, or the private dwellings of Catholic laymen—places whither young university students were least of all likely to repair. It must, then, in justice be said that Jørgensen's fierce denunciation of his former allies and leaders possessed some qualities which made the rage at least intelligible with which it was received.

Since then the poet has been the pet butt of the radical dailies and magazines in Denmark, although a very curious exception should not be left unnoticed. The organ of the Socialists in Copenhagen, a daily of great size and large circulation, has for many years employed as its literary critic a young man named C. E. Jensen. This remarkable writer was, while still in his teens, expelled from a Latin school in Copenhagen because of his avowed socialistic sympathies. Almost at once he began to write for the socialistic press, with which he has since remained connected.

Although a radical in politics and a free-thinker in religion, this brilliant man possesses a love of all that is lofty, and an unselfish devotion to ideals that may be called utopian, but certainly are not repulsive or vile, which singles him out most favorably from among the mass of avowed and satisfied sensualists, the pupils of Friedrich Metzsche and similar thinkers, who at present have almost complete control of the press in Germany and the Northern countries.

Jensen has never allowed himself to be frightened by Jørgensen's fervent Catholicity, but always renders full justice to his great gifts. Of the more moderate critics those who, although themselves not positive believers, shun the extreme radicalism, the most prominent in Denmark is Dr. Valdemar Vedel, a man of wide reading and solid culture. He too has never ceased to acknowledge the exquisite melody of Jørgensen's verse, the color and fervor of his prose, and the indubitable candor of both. Among the professedly conservative writers the scholar and poet Thor Lange, who, although a Dane, lives in Moscow as professor of classical philology in the university, remains faithful to the admiration for Jørgensen's genius, which years ago he was one of the first to express.

Of the works from Jørgensen's Catholic period of life the most important ones are a wonderful dirge over Verlaine, and a prose tale, "The Day of Judgment," which deserves to be translated into English far more than some of those insipid French and German tales which now and then succeed in finding a translator on account of their being labelled Catholic. Of other recent Danish converts of the educated classes far and away the most interesting is M. C. Jensen (no relation of his namesake the Socialist), a former minister in the Lutheran state church. This learned and zealous man, who enjoyed the marked respect of his ecclesiastical superiors as well as of his

colleagues and the laity, a few years ago resigned from his charge and went over to Rome, thereby making himself absolutely penniless and without prospects, as his married state prevented him from becoming a priest. Fortunately, another convert, Count Woltke-Huitfeldt (late Danish minister to France, whose son married Miss Bonaparte of Washington), came to the brave man's rescue by offering him one of his farms to hold as tenant for life; and so the former clergyman now tills the fields in the sweat of his brow, only now and then interrupting his labors to lecture on religious questions. Among other places, he has been heard in the radical Students' Club in Copenhagen, an association which, whatever one may think of the opinions of the greater number of its members, certainly tries to show true liberality in the selection of lecturers. The fact that Mr. Jensen was listened to with respect, and his lecture fairly and not unfriendly received even in the radical papers, bears out my contention as to the inadvisability of a general acceptance of Johannes Jørgensen's polemical methods.

After mentioning that the versatile and clever but erratic Swedish novelist August Strindberg was reported three years ago to have joined the Catholic Church, but that the report was premature and now seems little likely ever to be confirmed, I shall say still a few words about some distinguished converts from Norway and Sweden. In the former country the classical scholar Halldan Keisir was lately received into the church. He, as well as M. C. Jensen, is a contributor to a beautiful work in memory of St. Francis which Bishop Von Euch's secretary, Dr. Bernhard Hansen, last year edited in Copenhagen. Of far greater fame is Laura Marholm-Hansson, a woman of half Norwegian, half German birth, who about a year ago, with her husband Ola Hansson, embraced Catholicism. Ola Hansson is a Swede who for years has lived in Germany, where he has made a name for himself as a writer of short stories and critical essays. His wife, with perhaps the more original talent of the two, has written dramas and tales, but her best productions are those studies of feminine psychology which appeared in the most exclusive German magazines, and from time to time were collected in volumes that attracted attention throughout the world. Two of them have been published here in America: one, *Six Portraits of Women*, some years ago in Boston; another, written, as it were, on the threshold of the Catholic Church, last year in Chicago, by

Herbert Stone. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* recently published a long, highly appreciative review of Mrs. Marholm's literary activity. She is a sceptic in regard to the so-called emancipation of women, maintaining, as she does, that all that emancipation has accomplished is to tear woman out of her natural soil and transplant her where at best she may only attain to a hot-house growth. I confess I find some of Mrs. Marholm's contentions exaggerated and needlessly pessimistic; but there can be but one opinion regarding her wonderful psychological acumen, her wit and fearlessness. In more than one respect she recalls another famous feminine convert—the German Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn, whose noble novels and other works are not, I fear, as much read by Catholics outside of Germany as they deserve. A curious, doubtless purely accidental, agreement will be found between Mrs. Marholm-Hansson's views and those recently expressed by Cardinal Gibbons in a much-talked-of sermon. It might interest his Eminence, and would not hurt his American assailants, to learn that a very brilliant, very competent European woman has spoken fully as severely as he of the excesses of the feminine movement of the present day.

In conclusion it may be permitted me to touch on a matter that just now is agitating the minds of the choicest literary circles in Northern Europe.

For the past four or five years a Swedish lady, Selma Lagerlöf, has been universally acknowledged as not only the foremost feminine novelist of her country, but as one of the most original fiction writers of the day. Americans have also translated some of her books. *The Miracles of Antichrist* was published last year by Little, Brown & Co. in Boston. Now, this very novel was recently translated into German, and published with the sanction of the authoress by the exclusive Catholic firm of Franz Kirchheine in Mayence. This fact, in conjunction with a long and searching review of this novel in the organ of the German Jesuits, the *Voices from Maria Lach*, has given color to a vague rumor that Miss Lagerlöf contemplated seeking admittance to the church.

I am unable to state anything authoritatively concerning this question, but it certainly does look as if Catholicism was revealing day by day a stronger attraction for the highly cultured minds of Denmark and Scandinavia. If so, Catholics of other countries have only reason to rejoice.

A LEGEND OF THE NORSE-GOD.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.



HERE is an old, old legend that the god Odin once descended to earth, and, living for a year in fisherman's guise, wedded a young fisher-maid. The story of their only child, who was named Frida, of her life and work among the Norsemen, and of her conversion to Christianity, was handed down among her people for many generations. The blending of the Pagan and Christian makes a most interesting story, and was long told by the simple peasant folk of Scandinavia, even after paganism had disappeared from their land.

They attributed to Frida all the heroic qualities of a goddess, and believed that Odin had appointed her to be the saviour of her people. It is difficult to separate romance from fact; but what seems clear is that a very good and heroic woman lived and worked among the Norsemen, and becoming a Christian, wrought many good deeds in their land. That she appears, up to the time of her conversion, to have believed in her own descent from Odin, the following story will show.

It was evening. The long northern twilight, just fading out of sight, still rested faintly on the steep gray rocks and open sea which surround the coast of Scandinavia. It was summer, and the land which presents itself to our view, although bare of vegetation in comparison to a more southern soil, was yet in reality under most careful cultivation. A few peat huts stood near the shore, while further inland the signs of habitation increased.

It was a strong and hardy race which for centuries had inhabited the land, extending their fame as bold and fearless sea-kings to the more civilized countries of the south. For the past twenty years it would seem as if Odin had granted his people unqualified prosperity. They had been successful in all their battles on the sea, as well as in the increase of their nation and cultivation of their land. But in one respect the god had especially blessed his people, although it was nearly half a century later before the fact became generally known to them.

Some twenty years before the opening of our story the men of Scandinavia were returning from a disastrous battle. Of the fine fleet that had left the harbor only four vessels were left. The largest of these ships had at her prow the figure of a gigantic eagle, and was named *Thiassi*, after the god who frequently appeared in that form.

The captain was standing on this ship one fine afternoon when he thought he descried far off a black body against the horizon. After examining it a few moments attentively, he called one of his sailors, and together they tried to make out what it was. At first the object appeared to be high in the heavens; but gradually, as the ship drew nearer, it seemed to rest on the water. The captain turned to the young sailor, and addressing him in the Scandinavian dialect, said, "Can you make out what it is, and whence it comes, Eric?"

"Yes, my father," said the young man, "it seems to be a boat, though never in any race or country have I seen such a craft. Look! It strikes me that in shape it is just like this noble eagle which is carved at our prow; the sign to Odin that his children, though once defeated, have the strength of the eagle, and will yet conquer all things."

"Surely, my son, you speak bravely," said the old man, his eye kindling; "the eagle of the Norseman must conquer, for she flies high and receives Odin's secret messages. But look! even now the boat draws near to us."

And in truth the strange craft had come very near. After a moment's thought the captain ordered their only remaining boat to be lowered, and stepping into it, was followed by four sailors, who, seizing the oars, pulled toward the stranger. A few swift strokes of the oars and they were within a short distance of the boat, which they now perceived contained a young and noble-looking man, whose tall, well-knit frame, and frank, fearless eye excited the admiration of them all. He seemed to wait for them to speak; so the captain, Sven Frode, rose up in his boat and, first extending and then joining his hands toward the sky, called out in a clear voice:

"Odin's greeting to thee, my son. Speak! whence art thou, and why comest thou so boldly and yet alone to the land of the Norse-god?"

To the surprise of all, the young man answered at once in the Scandinavian dialect: "Peace to thee, noble sir. Thou seest in me one who has wandered long and far, but who claims as his own the country that now lies before him. Never

before have my feet touched the Scandinavian shore; but I know it well, for it is my land—the land of my forefathers. Often in my dreams have I pictured it, and now this dream is near its realization. Odin be thanked for having brought me thus far!”

Sven Frode and the sailors had listened with breathless attention, and now the elder man exclaimed: “Welcome, my son, thrice welcome to the land of the Norse-god, and to us, thy brethren. Come, take sail with us, and we will bring thy boat in our wake, and thus we will all set foot on Odin’s land.”

The young man sprang lightly into the other boat, and they pulled away to the ship. There Nels Valan, as we must now call him, told his story in full. His father had been taken captive many years ago while engaged in a fishing expedition off the coast of Scandinavia. After being captive for years in Gaul he was allowed a measure of freedom on condition that he remained in that country. He married a young Scandinavian maiden who had been taken prisoner like himself. They lived long enough to instruct their son and only child in all the traditions of his race. It became the dream of the young man to escape to the North, which eventually he accomplished. Such was his story, as told by himself, and the simple sailors and peasant folk doubted not it was true. He was made cordially welcome by all, and two months after his arrival in Scandinavia he wedded Gunla, the daughter of old Sven Frode.

For one short year they lived happily, till one fine summer morning, as they were down on the shore, Nels all at once grew silent and thoughtful, and began gazing fixedly at the sky. At last he turned to his wife, and said slowly and gently:

“Gunla, sweet one, the time is now come—the boat is ready and the gods are calling for their chief. I am Odin, and I have visited my people, but it is time for me to return to my seat in Asgard.

“To-night there shall come to you the legacy of the Norse-god to his people. Thou shalt call her Frida, which is Peace; for she will bring to the Norsemen many blessings.”

Saying this he stepped lightly into a boat which stood by the shore, and as it moved off it gradually lifted from the water, and appeared as an eagle against the sky. The form of the god grew gigantic and shadowy, in proportion as the eagle grew larger and more life-like. Gunla remained in a sort of

trance until the objects disappeared from view, and in this state she was found by old Sven and her brothers.

She revived sufficiently to tell them all that had occurred; but her spirit seemed no longer of the earth, and that night, which ushered the young Frida into the world, closed also her mother's life.

The evening following the opening of our story had closed over the land, but the northern light was still shining in the sky, making every object distinctly visible. The door of one of the huts, which stood high up on a solitary rock, opened and a young man strode forth. He paused for a moment gazing out toward the sea, then, leaping from rock to rock, was soon on the shore moving rapidly like one accustomed to constant exercise.

After proceeding a quarter of a mile he stopped suddenly and listened. In the distance he heard a low, clear whistle, which being repeated twice, he answered in the same way, and in a few moments the figure of a man, apparently between thirty and forty, started from the rocks near by and joined him.

They greeted each other eagerly, speaking in the Scandinavian dialect, yet it was observable at once that the young man first introduced spoke with a slightly foreign accent. After a few words of hurried conversation the elder said earnestly: "Whatever thou doest, Thormod, I pray thee be not rash. Remember, the prophetess has declared that Frida must never wed."

"We will see," said the younger man impatiently. "Why give so much heed to the mandates of an old woman who, for aught we know, may be in league with evil, instead of being a prophetess of Odin."

The elder man looked hastily over his shoulder and shivered.

"I pray thee, good Thormod, speak not so rashly. Foreigner though thou art, thou hast grown up among us, loved and liked by us all. But there is not one in Scandinavia, save myself, who would not give thee up to the vengeance of the gods could they hear that speech."

"Well, no one did hear me but thee, good Paulus," answered the other lightly, "and I know thou wilt not betray me; but, prithee, I must away, for yonder Frida awaits me, Fare thee well!"

They parted, and Thormod continued his walk for another quarter of a mile; then his course led up some steep rocks,

involving hard climbing. When he finally arrived at the top he paused to recover breath ere proceeding. No sound broke the stillness save the monotonous washing of the waves on the shore. The young man remained motionless, his tall figure drawn up to its full height, while his eye rested half dreamily now on the sea below, and again on the horizon where the northern light was still playing. A few moments more of silence, and then a hand was laid on his arm, and a low, musical voice uttered his name :

"Thormod, thou hast come !"

The young man turned quickly to where Frida stood, then he moved back, surveying her with a glance that seemed to take in every charm of her face and figure. And in truth the appearance of the young Frida might well excite admiration, as she stood there in the faint light, the dark rocks forming a background which served to throw her figure into strong relief.

The Scandinavian maidens are famed for their beauty, but Frida was exceptionally beautiful. Of a tall and noble figure, whose every motion showed strength and grace, she yet combined a certain feminine tenderness and softness, inexpressibly winning. Her eyes were gray, deep set and long lashed, and around her face floated the beautiful long, fair hair which forms the especial glory and pride of the women of her race. The whole face bespoke candor, trustworthiness, and serenity, while to the close observer there was the capability of heroic self-sacrifice in the steadfast eyes and sweet mouth.

But now they are talking, and it is he who is the first to speak. Drawing her to a seat on the rocks, he throws himself at her feet, and, addressing her gently, says :

"Dost thou know, Frida, the fleet sails to-morrow ?"

She gave a little cry. "Ah no ! I thought it was not until next week, when the tides will be most favorable."

"So it was ; but Sámund, as captain of the fleet, has decided that we must not wait, or we will not be out at sea in time for the best fishing."

She remained silent a moment ; then she said : "So many days and nights before you are back ! But Odin's daughter must not know fear, so I will keep a brave heart for thee, my Thormod, till thy return."

"It is about this I want to speak ere I go, Frida. Thou knowest we all regard thee as a being half divine. Many there are who think I am bold to aspire to thee ; and lately I have heard many rumors that Bryna-brin, our prophetess, frowns on

our union. But thou wilt be true to me, Frida. Nothing can ever part us save for one to be false to the other."

They had both risen as he spoke, and now stood facing each other. In the gathering dusk her beautiful face looked more pure and steadfast than usual, as she answered in a low voice:

"I will never be aught but true to thee, Thormod. Odin's command might sever his daughter outwardly from her lover, but in spirit I must always belong to thee."

A few more words passed between them, and then, having promised to meet the following day ere he sailed, they parted, the young man springing lightly down the rocks in the direction of the shore. Frida watched him until he was lost to sight, and then walking about a hundred feet away from the cliffs, reached the home where the old grandfather with whom she lived had for the past two hours been sunk in slumber.

The following morning the fleet sailed out of the harbor, bound on a fishing cruise. For a few days Frida stayed at home in comparative quiet; then she formed a determination to go and visit Bryna-brin, the prophetess.

Accordingly, one morning she started out, and, avoiding the coast, followed a path which led her for two miles in view of some distant mountains, whose tops, with their clear summits, looked all rosy in the morning light.

The abode of Bryna-brin, which the young girl was now approaching, was situated at the base of the highest range of hills, and was, in fact, a natural cave that some former convulsion of nature had made in the rocks. Frida found her way quickly to the entrance, the opening being three times as tall as herself, but so narrow that only one person at a time could pass through. She entered without hesitation and glanced around her. The interior presented a strange sight. No furniture of even the rudest kind could be seen; but in one corner a large rug, made of the feathers of wild fowl, lay on the ground, while from the rocks which formed the walls hung innumerable strange and rare objects—implements of war, many curious coins, pieces of metal, and in particular a silver hunting horn of peculiar shape and make. The further end of the cave was wrapped in darkness, and a slight smoke was seen ascending to the roof.

Frida sat down on the ground and waited patiently for the prophetess to appear; but as moments went by without her coming, she finally reached for the silver hunting horn and

blew a low blast. This summons produced the desired result, for presently a shadow darkened the entrance to the cave, and springing to her feet the young girl bowed low, even to the ground, murmuring meanwhile: "Frida greets thee, good mother."

"The peace of Odin, and of Bryna-brin his prophetess, be with thee, my child," was the answer. "Speak! hast thou come to question the gods regarding thy future fate?"

As the maiden answered she raised her eyes to the face of the renowned prophetess. Her gaze met the glance of an eye at once keen and penetrating. The countenance was majestic and commanding, and so was the figure, which appeared almost to fill the cave.

She seemed in age to be little over fifty; yet, nevertheless, she had inhabited the land years before Frida's grandfather was born, and no man remembered her as older or younger than she now appeared. Frida knew her too well to be timid; so she stated her errand, which was to implore the gods to give their consent to her union with her lover.

"The gods have not been propitious lately, my child," said the prophetess; "but come with me, and I will commune with them."

She preceded Frida to the back of the cave, and as the passage grew darker, paused a moment and said to Frida: "Give me thy hand."

The maiden obeyed, and they proceeded through the darkness, passing beyond another opening into an inner cave, then up some steps, and so on and on through the gloom until suddenly the prophetess came to a stand-still. Frida was breathless with awe and the subtle mystery which surrounded her; but she remained perfectly motionless until Bryna-brin lifted her from the ground and placed her in what was, as nearly as she could make out in the darkness, a recess hewn in the rocky wall of the cave. The silence became oppressive, but it was broken at last by the deep voice of the prophetess, which said: "The gods will hear what thou hast to say."

Frida breathed a sigh of relief. "I pray thee, good mother," she answered, "question the gods, and in particular my Father Odin. Tell them Frida would fain wed with one she holds most dear."

A long silence followed, and at last Bryna-brin again spoke; but this time her voice was stern:

"The prophetess of Odin has conversed with the gods, and they have spoken: 'Frida, the daughter of Odin, must never wed.' For thy sake, my child, I even ventured to implore the

gods, and they have said thou canst take thy choice. Thou knowest that thou wert born to be the peace of thy people. For twenty years we have had unqualified prosperity. Our fisheries are abundant, our soil yields more to cultivation, we have conquered our enemies and are at peace amongst ourselves. All this the gods promise shall continue for centuries if thou remain in all things obedient to them. If thou wed thou wilt enjoy happiness thyself, but thy people will suffer. Ruin and devastation will lay waste our country, and our enemies shall triumph. Consider well, my daughter, and then decide."

A cry of passionate grief, and a mighty sob pierced the darkness: "I cannot, I will not! Why should the gods demand the sacrifice of me?"

"Because thou wert born to fulfil a destiny, and for that cause came thy father to earth and wedded thy mother."

"Frida loves her people, but she cannot break her troth and be untrue. She has sworn to be faithful to her lover, and faithful she will ever be."

"Didst thou not say to him on the rocks, the night before thy parting, that even if Odin's command severed thee, thy heart would still be his? Thou didst recognize in those words a higher power than thy lover's love. Thy heart may still be given to him, but thy life and thy being are the gods'."

Frida again spoke, but this time her voice was calm:

"Thou knowest, Bryna-brin, that I have no fear. I have sought thee out, and I speak to thee and listen to thee, although all around me is black darkness worse than night. But now I demand one thing more. With Odin himself I will speak; and not in darkness, but with light surrounding us. Let the gods hear, for Frida hath spoken!"

There was a dull roar, followed by a violent shaking of the whole interior of the cave. Frida felt herself thrown violently from her seat, and the next moment a brilliant, flashing light surrounded her. She remained prostrate on the ground for some seconds; but gradually a mysterious power seemed to compel her to raise her head. Where she was she did not know, for she saw neither walls nor roof, beginning or end of anything. The light was not like the light of day, but a pure, cold, glittering atmosphere. She raised her head higher, and immediately prostrated herself to the earth, for she was in the presence of the god. She dared not move or speak until a voice, so deep and yet so low that it penetrated her whole being, sounded in her ear, saying:

"Odin has granted thy request to see him, and now awaits thy decision. Will Frida be true to her destiny, or will she marry and bring the vengeance of the gods on her people?"

"Frida greets her most gracious father. She owns herself subject to him. But she ventures to ask why the welfare of her people cannot be assured in some other way?"

"The course of destiny cannot be changed, nor is Frida a god to penetrate into higher secrets. Odin is pleased at his child's strength of will, but he would remind her that 'wisdom can be gained only by suffering and sacrifice,' and that it is greater to obey than to rule."

The silence again became profound. It seemed to the kneeling maiden as if the air were haunted, owing to the struggle going on in her own heart. The god-like nature within her pleaded for renunciation, bidding her choose the life of utter self-sacrifice; but mingling with these thoughts were others: visions of the intensity of her own and her betrothed's love, and the happiness almost within her grasp. These thoughts rent her heart with a pang of bitter grief. How long the battle lasted she knew not, yet through it all she felt what the end *must* be; and at last, like a tired child, she raised her head and spoke:

"My father, Frida has been weak because she is human, but now her spirit and her will are the gods'. She renounces for ever her lover, although she will love him still; but henceforth her *life* will be devoted to her people."

"The eternal blessing of Odin be with thee, my child!"

The light slowly faded, and again all was darkness and silence. Frida felt herself lifted and borne swiftly through space, until she again found herself at the mouth of the cave. The light revealed the prophetess, who, bending her dark face and resting her hand on the maiden's head, murmured:

"Go, my daughter, in peace!"

So saying, she vanished from sight and Frida retraced her way homeward. But as she passed down the hill-side and across the fields the great, solemn mountains overshadowed her, and the whole earth, with the wind and the sun and the heavens, seemed to whisper around her their blessing of peace.

Frida lived for many years after, ministering to her people until her name became a byword for peace and succor. Before her death Christianity found its way to Scandinavia, and Frida was one of the first to embrace it, and to assist the saintly and

heroic missionaries in their work. The sacrifice of her lover was never put to the test, for his fleet was wrecked and he himself was supposed to be lost. Years after a company of men, under an older priest, arrived in Scandinavia, and in this priest, Father Thormod, Frida found her lost lover. They met with the calm that succeeds a great storm, with the old love purified and consecrated.

Thormod told Frida how he had been wrecked and saved, and carried to far-off Italy, where he had become a Christian and a priest, feeling he owed his life to God, after having so nearly lost it. As soon as he could he made his way North to find her, and teach her the great truths he had become possessed of.

Centuries rolled over Scandinavia, but whether in summer down on the shore, or in winter during the long evenings when they sat around the fire, the brave Norsemen loved to recount the story of Frida's life; and these legends, half pagan and romantic, half Christian and true, have come down to us as a beautiful narrative of one whose life was true to her name and Mission of Peace.

PEACE.

BY HAMILTON CRAIGIE.



NOT in the soft glow of the westering sun,
Or in cool spaces where the murmurous breeze
Plays like a falling water, or where trees
Straight, sable-pointed, strike in the swift run
Of driving clouds! Nor ever is it won
Haply in rich meadows, or in dim ease
Of dull narcotics, draining to life's lees.
Not Peace! Not Peace! Our little life is done.

Not of our nature born, nor of this earth;
Not built of rose-strewn isles in the wide sea!
Alas! alas! the cry rings wearily
From birth to death, and back from death to birth.
In that great good alone which men despise,
There the full peace, too clear for seeing eyes!

THE HOBOKEN CATASTROPHE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER SULLIVAN.



ATE in the afternoon of June 30, standing on the west piazza of the Edgemere Hotel, Long Island, I was startled by a sudden spectacle in the sky.

It was as if a huge building of ebony, square and sky-reaching, had been lifted into mid air. Its rectilinear walls appeared solid, its roof flat. Instantaneously a spiral tower of murky rose tapered from the ebon mass and quivered above its outlines. The vision changed line and hue with every glance. Wind and sun were playing upon it, the one lending the tremor of vast wings, the other imparting myriad successions of brilliant hues, an instant snow-white on the culm of the tower, an instant ruby at its base. All the time the ebon mass was firm and intact, remaining so many minutes, until a livelier gust swept a brown bar detachedly from the ebon and sent it sailing softly upward for a new base to the now vermilion tower whose apex caught a nimbus from the declining sun. Ruskin's "Queen of the Air" flew back from long memory. "As upon the plumes of the bird are put the colors of the air"; on these vaporous shapes the "gold of the cloud that cannot be gathered by covetousness"; the "rubies of the clouds, the vermilion of the cloud bar and the flame of the cloud crest, the snow of the cloud and its shadow, and the melted blue of the deep wells of the sky."

With deeper than emotions of taste came the telephonic news that the ebon mass was the mirage of vast dockage combustion; that the quivering tower of flame leaped from converging fires of tall masts of transatlantic shipping safely sheltered, as had been believed, in the majesty and beauty of New York harbor.

The Hoboken catastrophe is the most appalling in life loss of modern merchant marine, loss appalling from its finality to thousands of families in various parts of the globe, for there is scarcely a port known to commerce whence the North German Lloyd does not give and take cargo and passengers and gain recruits for its crews. Appalling also for the future not

only of transatlantic shipping but of all maritime organization. For the Hoboken catastrophe is not only complete as to its losses but prophecy of catastrophes not only at American shores, whether inland or tide-water, but wherever ships are bound to piers similarly constructed and under fixed conditions of water and land control, or lack of it, is illustrated by the Hoboken catastrophe.

Extraordinary progress has marked naval architecture in a quarter century. The water-tight compartment assures safety against sea attacks that formerly would have been tragedies. The fire-proof compartment must be devised next, and it must be essential alike to ship and to wharf.

The bereaved company will spare neither care nor capital replacing the vanished ships.

What of the charred and charnel docks?

Every port municipality has an inherent right to wall its water front against peril to its homes. Hospitality to the keels that ply the seas or rivers does not imply indifference to

"WHAT OF THE CHARRED AND CHARNEL DOCKS?"



humanity in their hulls or along shore. A perverse breeze that afternoon could have reduced to ashes a considerable portion of the cities in fancied security on the harbor and streams of New York and New Jersey. Burning shipping and wharfage will project flame further and feed fire longer than other combustibles. It is impossible to know when the fire is out in the cavern of a dock or when the last spark has blackened in a dislocated hulk adrift.

Experience in the Hoboken and numerous other water-side disasters teaches that piers suited to their business should be in fire-proof compartments, even as ships should be composed in both fire-proof and water-tight compartments.

Pier floors should be of cement, the walls and partitions tile and metal, the roofs metallic. They should be constructed so that each compartment can be separated from the others by the lowering of metallic partitions, like the separate bulkheads now indispensable in great steamers. Thus a fire in one compartment could be confined to that spot, and the whole water supply and fire-fighting discipline be concentrated there.

The necessity of co-ordinating federal and municipal authority in American harbors was made manifest by the Hoboken catastrophe. The city fire department was competent to put out the ship fires while the ships were tied up. It was impotent to direct a hose or give an order the moment their cables were cut. The federal authority is paramount on the water, but it has no fire-fighting force either to extinguish a blaze on a ship or to balk its fatal contact with other shipping afloat or tied up at wharves to be in turn ignited.

State, federal, and municipal conference with a view to legislation installing authority over fire in ports is one of the practical lessons taught by the Hoboken catastrophe.

The chief features of such authority when established are obvious. For the privilege of safeguarding their interests, human and cargo, from fire, transportation companies should pay for pipe-laying to connect their piers with city water-pipes and for the requisite number of fire-plugs. This should be the rule for railroad companies using piers as well as for vessel companies.

Vessel companies should be required to keep tugs proportionate in number to their traffic, with full crews and full head of steam ready at a moment's notice to tow craft out from the piers to safety in river or harbor, with apparatus always on



THE MAIN AND THE BREMEN GROUNDING AT WEEHAWKEN.

board to prevent contagion of fire from drifting or derangement of steering machinery.

Transportation companies should be required to contract with the port municipality for a disciplined fire-fighting force. They should be assessed for a contingent of firemen, adjustable according to the size of their establishments. The municipal fire department should assign men from its regular force, who should be transferred from time to time, so that the entire department would grow familiar with the piers and no man would degenerate into a dock-idler for lack of actual drill in fire-fighting. Pier and ship fire-fighting plants ought to be maintained in continuous efficiency, laxity being the certain forerunner of fatal detection.

Improvements in municipal fire protection during the past year consist chiefly in improved means of distributing and concentrating a copious water supply. Novel devices for pressure-tests are among the important inventions of this arm of public safety. A new instrument for increased pressure to be directed downwards will be important in the equipment of a permanent fire-fighting pier brigade.

The new building code of New York City contains valuable specifications on the subject of fire-proofing, which can be ap-

plied to pier construction. The British fire prevention committee has also contributed substantial suggestions to improved methods of lessening danger from fire. At Paris the working plants have been rendered more efficient by the introduction of auto-hose carts. Chicago has long had harbor fire-boats.

The Hoboken catastrophe revealed the worthlessness of life-boats to save after fire breaks out in a ship. Lowering of the boats in the presence of real or even suspected fire is necessarily accompanied with special fear. But every one who has travelled much knows that on nearly all lines there is no sincere devotion to the life-boats in hours of tranquillity. In many sea disasters, where the life-boats could have been used with perfect safety, they were either too few in number or could not be detached, or were unsound, or the crew were incapable or unwilling to man them.

In a harbor life-saving code, to be agreed to by federal and state authorities, no steamer ought to be allowed to leave quarantine for her pier without test to show her life-boats in perfect working order. The life boats should be examined, like the passengers. Nor should any steamer be permitted to quit her pier for sea without official examination of her life-boats as to number, soundness, and the requisite number and specific assignment of crews to use all, if required. The hours for making these life-boat tests should be fixed by law and be public. The life-boat tests ought to apply to sail vessels as well as to steamers, and should be modified for adaptation to inland waters.

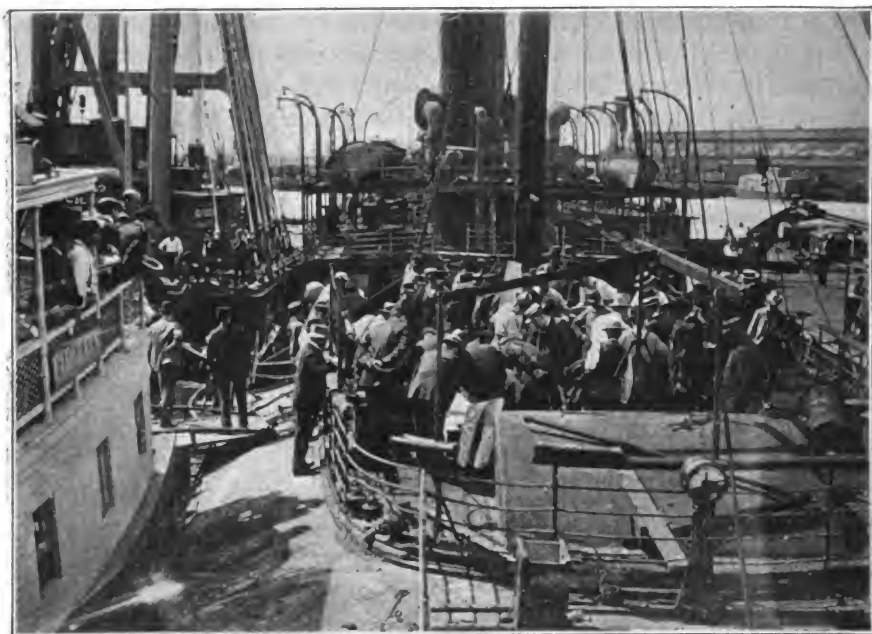
That all vessels should be constructed so far as possible of fire-proof material has been emphasized by the observations of our navy officers in recent conflicts; and the Hoboken catastrophe reiterates that necessity for the merchant marine.

An all but universal city ordinance requires exterior fire-escapes on high buildings. There should be a life-saving port-hole if not in every cabin of marine buildings, by whatever name classified, at least in every hall on which vessel cabins open. For ordinary lighting and ventilation the present port-hole answers well. The present port-hole frame should be surrounded with a larger one of solid metal, to be water-proof and fitted as perfectly into the vessel structure. The larger one, containing the smaller, should be openable for emergency. More than half the loss of life in the Hoboken catastrophe might have been averted by the opening of life-saving port-

holes. There would have been no danger from rushing in of water, for the harbor was calm. Even if water entered through a life-saving port-hole in time of fire, it would only help put out the flames. There would be no danger that such port-holes would be opened unnecessarily. Axes hang in railroad trains to break open windows and doors to save life in emergency. Axes are seen along hotel walls, for like necessity. There is no known instance of their improper use.

To open and close the life-saving port-holes should be part of the regular life-saving drill on all vessels.*

While these observations apply specifically to American



PEERING INTO THE HOLD OF THE SAALE AFTER THE FIRE.

ports, their practical value in all ports is beyond dispute. It is true that fire is more frequent in the United States than in older countries. Our characteristic haste involves inevitable recklessness. Fertile as our inventors have been, their ingenuity has not kept pace with our needs. Carriage of cotton on passenger ships, storage of this and other quick inflammables

* Since the foregoing was written the North German Lloyd Company has announced its intention to rebuild its docks on designs including many of these suggestions. This humane example will have to be generally followed by all lines expecting public confidence and similarly doing their duty to humanity.

where human life in mass is constantly exposed, points to the failure of invention to provide a cheap and sure fire proof material to be used in packing such commodities. Nor is this urgent need peculiar exclusively to our business. Progress in naval architecture proceeds at an astounding pace. Nations have grown suddenly face to face with means of communication. Railway and steamship are now competitors in every quarter of the globe. Dread of fire is great enough on land. It is incomparably greater on shipboard.

How great the need of a fire-proof material for shipping and dockage is shown in the figures of the tonnage for the past year, in which Great Britain leads the world with a total of 1,763,914 tons. The United States come second with 283,964 tons. Other countries follow in this order: Holland, Italy, Denmark, Norway, France, Belgium, Sweden, Austria-Hungary, Canada, Spain, Japan, China. The aggregate of the year was 2,447,538 tons, an increase of 200,000 tons over that of the previous year.

Events occurring in the far East will compel nations to increase their navies largely, while the closer relations of Asia and Africa with Europe and America will induce a correspondingly large addition to the merchant marine. We are only entering upon an era in which the subsoil as well as the soil of Asia and Africa will furnish enormous cargoes of minerals to the arts of the Western world, while the certain if slow assimilation of the awakening East to Western civilization invites European and American manufacturers to prepare for a trade whose boundaries imagination itself cannot forecast. Japan will take the place of Great Britain largely in the Asiatic barter. American mills and factories will feel new pulse as the Siberian railway draws the United States and Russia into more cordial neighborhood. M. Leroy-Beaulieu has recently shown that already the Russians constitute a vast majority of the population of northern Asia. Russia's peaceful expansion in that part of the old world he likens to the development by Western Europe in the new world. While the Russians are prolific in industry and resourceful in availing of the manifold wealth of nature, they are ready to buy where they can buy cheapest, to sell where they can sell dearest; and propinquity as well as traditional friendship makes the United States their preferred market.

Our Pacific coast ship-building will express in another decade the material growth of an intercourse that will guar-

antee to the United States a moral as well as material profit in Asia which ought to inspire invention with promise of rich reward; and in no domain of energy so notably as in reducing risk from fire in transportation.

The loss of human life, aggregating hundreds, in the Hoboken catastrophe is not, never on earth will be known. A Catholic priest, Rev. John Brosnan, was fortunately able to aid a number of the victims.

A new human world, a world on the sea and on the docks of seas, rivers, and lakes, is one of the outcomes of the expanded world of commercial activity. The men who compose this new human world are separated almost completely for long intervals from the influences of home, church, and social surroundings. For them there ought to be in every great port a haven of the soul and mind as for their ships an anchorage. This novel phase of religious and social duty remains for willing workers to undertake.



ST. JOHN BAPTIST DE LA SALLE AND THE FOUNDING OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

BY C. M. GRAHAM.



DE LA SALLE, one of the most remarkable men that Europe has ever seen,"* is, nevertheless, very little known to the American public, and, particularly, to the vast majority of the members of the teaching profession. The great and permanent services which he rendered to the educational world are almost wholly unknown. And we venture to affirm that there never was an educational reformer whose truly brilliant achievements are more deserving of our honest admiration and serious study. Many of the educational principles attributed to Pestalozzi, Froebel, and others are directly traceable to the genius of De la Salle, but his name is not honored in our modern history of pedagogy, or if perchance mentioned, it is merely to belittle him and to cast a slur on his disinterested motives. Withal, the life of De la Salle will bear the closest scrutiny. It matters not how we approach this great genius among educational reformers, he will stand out the peer of any of them. His reforms are in perfect consonance with the most progressive spirit of our century.

Intellectually considered, he was great, for contemporary historians inform us that he was regarded as an *élève d'élite*, who crowned his brilliant university career by taking his degree of doctor of divinity. Abel Gaveau, speaking of the mental acumen attained by De la Salle at the University of Rheims, remarks: "His purity of body gave untold brilliancy to his mind, enabling him to seize upon and appreciate the nicest distinctions in controverted questions, the choicest thoughts in literature, and the pivotal points in historical studies." Morally he was unquestionably beyond reproach, for Canon Blain says: "Grace seemed to have destined him from the cradle as one of its master-pieces." The church has confirmed this dictum, after a most exhaustive and critical examination of his life, by placing upon his pure brow the aureola of a saint, on Ascension Thursday, May 24. As an educator,

* Jacques Droz, French Academician, *Journal des Connaissances Utiles*, 1832.

this paper purposes to accentuate some of his most remarkable innovations and boldest reforms in the then existing methods of popular education, and which have since been sanctioned by the civilized world. Every intelligent reader will, doubtless, be interested in the career of "a man of note, a philanthropist of the purest type, a benefactor," and an educator of undisputed merit, ability, and genius, as well as a great saint.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

De la Salle was born at Rheims, April 30, 1651. The name and family are found connected with one of the famous explorers and missionaries of the New World. Marquette's mother was Rose de la Salle, a relative of the saint.

He comes from the older branch of the family, Louis de la Salle, his father, royal councillor at the presidial court at Rheims, and his mother, Nicole Moët de Brouillet, held an honorable rank among the nobility of Champagne. Their Hôtel de la Croix d'Or was "the favorite resort of the men of letters, men of the gown, and the fashionable society of the place."

La Salle was ordained to the priesthood on April 9, 1678. During the first years of his ministry he was thrown into intimate spiritual relationship with persons devoted to education.

In June, 1680, De la Salle took the first step in forming an association by admitting the teachers to his own table; finally, a year later, he went to live with them in their own house.

"On leaving the paternal home," says Ravelet, "De la Salle broke off with the past. He said farewell to the memories of his childhood, to the joys of his youth, and to all that had surrounded his life up to this period. He had moved farther away than ever from his kinsfolk, friends, and the fashionable world, and he was advancing toward an unknown future, with no guiding star save his love of God."

Touched by this admirable zeal and self-sacrifice of De la Salle, some university bred men presented themselves for admission, at the beginning of 1682, and in the course of 1683.* "Among these," affirms Canon Blain, "there were to be found men who had ability to manage schools, who had solid piety, and excellent dispositions to become his true disciples."† The saintly Founder was not slow to detect those who had no aptitude for teaching. These he dismissed, while he trained

* Élie de Maillefer, *Vie*, p. 20.

† *Vie*, 1733, p. 179.

the others in the art of teaching. To this period belongs the important creation of the *Normal School*, April 2, 1683.*

De la Salle saw himself insensibly drawn by Providence to choose between the abandonment of the Christian schools and the renunciation of ecclesiastical dignities which might hinder the undertaking of the great, holy mission which had been entrusted to him. Evidently the serious crisis had come. The crucial test is the measure of his heroic sacrifice. What more natural, therefore, than the examination of his motives? "What motives," he asks, "should actuate me in this choice? Undoubtedly, my end and aim should be the greater honor and glory of God, the advancement of the church, my own perfection, and the salvation of souls. But if these be my motives, then I should resign my canonry and devote myself exclusively to the schools and to the education and training of teachers who are to manage these schools."†

COMPAYRÉ'S MISTAKEN JUDGMENT.

Now, what could be more heroic or disinterested? And yet, Gabriel Compayré seems to have made a new discovery concerning these motives. "But it is not," says he, "a disinterested love of the people, it is not the thought of their moral regeneration, and of their intellectual progress, which animated and sustained the efforts of De la Salle. . . . Heroic virtues, it may be; but it may be added also, an unfortunate disposition for a teacher of children. We distrust in advance a system of teaching whose beginning was so sad, whose founder enclosed his life within so narrow an horizon, and which, at first, was illuminated by no rays of gladness and good humor."‡ Assuredly, the historian of pedagogy "was enclosed within so narrow an horizon" that he could not grasp the wonderful breadth and depth of De la Salle's character. Strange, indeed, that he should have allowed his better judgment to be circumscribed by such narrow views. Any one who reads the admirable, self-sacrificing life of the Founder of the Brothers, the great genius among educational reformers,§ will blush at the base insinuations of Gabriel Compayré.

How different the tone when Gabriel Compayré speaks of Pestalozzi! "He is pre-eminently great," he says, "by reason

* *Annales de l'Institut*, t. i. p. 21; *vide Essays Educational*, by Brother Azarias, p. 243.

† Canon Blain, 1733, t. i. p. 192.

‡ Payne's *Compayré, History of Pedagogy*, p. 260.

§ Quick, *Educational Reformers*, does not even mention De la Salle, and yet history points to him as the peer of reformers; *cf.* Brother Azarias, *Educational Essays*, criticism of Compayré, p. 264.

of unquestionable love for the people, his ardent self-sacrifice, and his pedagogic instinct."* De la Salle was pre-eminently the peer of Pestalozzi in all these characteristic qualities of an educator. The former held a distinguished rank among the nobility of Champagne, had wealth and social standing, where as the latter could lay claim to no such distinctions. De la Salle was a man of profound science and varied culture; Pestalozzi was ignorant and uncouth, as he himself admitted in his letters. An impartial study of De la Salle's life will convince any unbiassed mind of the unselfish devotion and heroism displayed by him during the forty years of his educational apostleship.

True, then, to his noble instinct and higher vocation, and indifferent to the opinions of men, De la Salle was fully resolved to renounce all honors and distribute his fortune among the poor. The opportunity to do the latter came in the awful famine of 1684. He desired that the spirit of his Institute should draw its strength from absolute disinterestedness, from the love of poverty, from the pure zeal to labor for the salvation of souls in perfect abandonment to Divine Providence.

Those of his adversaries who had most violently censured his conduct heretofore were overcome by the manifestation of such magnanimous virtue. All admired the man of charity, who reminded them of some of the most illustrious saints of the primitive church. Thus did he become voluntarily poor and stripped of all ecclesiastical dignities. He was happy in the midst of his disciples, for henceforth he would be one of them.

BEGINNINGS OF EDUCATIONAL WORK.

Thus far we have studied De la Salle preparatory to his great work. The manner in which he was led to undertake the educational apostleship was most singular, and yet it was the logical sequence of concomitant circumstances and events in his career. Now he stands forth to our view, at the ripe age of three-and-thirty years, with a splendid intellect, a noble heart, and a beautiful soul. He is the very type of noble Christian manhood. His analytical mind prepares him to investigate the laws and principles of education, his keen perception quickly seizes the fallacies of prevailing systems, his sound judgment readily suggests better methods, and his genius inaugurates the educational reforms which will revolutionize the methods of primary and elementary teaching, and indirectly

* Payne's *Compayré*, p. 417.

stimulate secondary and professional teaching. Evidently, he was years in advance of the age. No unbiassed mind can approach this eminent educator, as well as educational reformer, and, after having scrutinized his unblemished life and self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of Christian education, not feel convinced of the debt the educational world owes him, and of which narrow-minded critics endeavor to rob him, while placing the laurel wreath of merit upon less deserving brows.

From the time that De la Salle conceived the idea of renouncing honors and fortune, his Institute began gradually to assume a definite existence. It came forth from the clouds of his first conception and it seemed to form itself on his model. For the soul of the Founder is, as it were, the mould of his Institute. De la Salle depended upon God for the endurance of his work. He was thoroughly convinced that all human efforts, however well sustained, are short-lived. Consequently, placing greater reliance upon God than on man, he laid the foundations upon an immovable and imperishable basis which would in time become as strong as adamant.

Fully imbued with the importance of the work determined upon, De la Salle made a retreat of several days to draw down upon himself the necessary lights. Then he convoked the directors of the schools of Laon, Rethel, and Guise, who, with those of the house, should constitute a legislative assembly. They were twelve in number, and assembled May 9, 1684. For the first time had they the opportunity of realizing the extent of the sacrifices demanded of them to place their nascent society upon a lasting foundation. The uncertainty of their future was still unsolved and the darkness had not yet been wholly dispelled. Neither the church nor the state had, as yet, recognized their society and given to it legal existence. But despite this seeming instability, their zeal was by no means dampened. Emulated by the burning eloquence of their Founder and sustained by his heroic example, they agreed upon some general measures which would tend to insure order, discipline, and uniformity among themselves. Hence, they resolved: 1. To form an association which should be known as the *Society of the Brothers of the Christian Schools*; 2. To assume a new name, being preceded by the term *Brother*; 3. To wear a uniform habit, whose shape and color were to be determined on by De la Salle. This habit was given only at the beginning of the winter of 1684, and is the same which the Brothers wear to this day.

HIS FIRST REFORMS.

In February, 1688, De la Salle went to Paris to open a school in the parish of Saint-Sulpice. Having seriously studied the situation and the needs of the children, he drew up a schedule of study in accord with their actual requirements and condition. But ere he carried out his programme he found it essential to its success to introduce a radical change or reformation in the system hitherto followed in the schools. This bold innovation was the substitution of the *simultaneous* for the *individual method*, which took place in April, 1688. This method has since been universally adopted in all popular systems of education. Its introduction in Paris created a sensation. It was a master stroke of genius.

There was another reason why the Brothers' school would become popular in Paris. De la Salle, with the keen vision of a great reformer, put aside the time-honored but illogical system of teaching reading. With true scientific insight, long before Pestalozzi and Froebel, and with greater success than Peter Fourier, Komensky, Mgr. de Nesmond, and Charles Demia had glimmerings of, De la Salle perceived the absurdity of retaining Latin readers to teach the primary notions of the art of reading. This was neither natural nor rational. He, therefore, effected another one of his sweeping reforms, by abolishing the method then in vogue and substituting his own text written in the vernacular. It was truly a revolution in the educational world of the day. At present it is acknowledged to be the only rational method. We wonder why it was not adopted at an earlier date. The credit of this reform has never been given to De la Salle.

The success achieved by the Brothers in Paris, Rouen, and Rheims soon spread beyond their limits. Several bishops, municipalities, and philanthropic persons requested De la Salle to send them some of his excellent disciples. Happily, the number of Brothers formed and trained in 1698 allowed him to send the Brothers the following year to several provinces where they had been most urgently demanded.

HE ESTABLISHES THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The genius of De la Salle was prolific and far-reaching. It had a wide scope and was stamped with boldness. The closing of the seventeenth century will ever bear testimony to the soundness of his innovations. And when it is borne in mind

that these reforms were introduced in an age not at all prepared therefor, our admiration of him increases. This clearly points out the fact that De la Salle anticipated in this movement the progressive spirit of our own century. Sunday-schools are to-day common and boarding-colleges numerous; but the necessity of these institutions was apparent to De la Salle in 1699. Hence, in conjunction with M. de la Chétardie, rector of Saint-Sulpice, Paris, he opened a Sunday-school, under the name of *Christian Academy*. It is true that Sunday-schools existed prior to De la Salle, but their exclusive object was to teach Christian doctrine, together with the merest elements of reading. De la Salle's conception was more advanced, and assuredly on a broader scale. Only young men who had attained their twentieth year were considered eligible. "The Brothers examined the young men, over two hundred, and took note of the branches each one desired to study. They were classified according to their aptitudes. The lessons continued for three hours. Afterward the students were all assembled and the truths of religion were expounded to them."* The course embraced book-keeping, geometry, drawing, architecture, hydrography, and other kindred subjects. Thus was De la Salle the first educational reformer who fully took in the situation, understood the wants of the times, and possessed both the genius and will of execution.†

THE BOARDING COLLEGE WAS INCLUDED IN HIS SCHEME.

The history of the other innovation which De la Salle introduced at this period, that is, the boarding-college, is the following: When James II. of England lost his crown and throne, in 1688, to William and Mary, he, with many Irish nobles, sought refuge in France. Among these were fifty noble youths whose education was still incomplete. Louis XIV. could not employ them advantageously, owing to their ignorance of the French language.

The Grand Monarque grasped the situation. With a generosity which was equalled only by the delicacy displayed, he determined upon the plan of providing them with a suitable education. But to whom could he safely entrust these noble

* Simon de Doncourt, *Remarques historiques sur l'Église et la Paroisse de Saint-Sulpice*.

† The opening of the Christian Academy precedes the public course of drawing established by Duke Leopold, Florence, 1783, by eighty-four years. The Italian historian of pedagogy, Everardo Micheli, states that Duke Leopold's school "was the first of its kind of which history makes mention." Evidently his researches were not very thorough, for he has overlooked De la Salle, who is unquestionably the pioneer of this kind of Sunday-school.

exiles? Cardinal de Noailles was appealed to, and he in turn consulted M. de la Chétardie. Here was Providence pointing directly to De la Salle. The rector of Saint-Sulpice, who was fully cognizant of this eminent educator's merit, unhesitatingly named De la Salle as the only man who could successfully undertake their education. The choice was both pleasing and acceptable to the cardinal, for De la Salle corresponded exactly to the idea he had conceived of his rare talent and ability. Accordingly, the plan was proposed to the Founder of the Brothers, who immediately consented thereto.

By this action De la Salle gave positive proof that the end or object of the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools was not limited exclusively, as some ignorantly assert, to the sphere of primary free schools, or, in the language of our century, to parochial schools. The enlightened Founder of the Brothers had already taken occasion to emphasize the fact by establishing a normal school as well as the technical school of Saint-Sulpice.

While De la Salle was in Rouen his reputation as an eminent educator of youth, which had preceded him, led many wealthy and noble families to urge him to open in favor of the children a special school at St. Yon, a suburb of Rouen. De la Salle was not surprised at this request. It was, on the contrary, very acceptable to him, for it harmonized perfectly with the broad and fecund idea he had conceived of education. This is another proof that the writer's inference of the object of the Brothers' Institute is not to be confined to parochial schools.

De la Salle was above the narrow prejudices of the age. He cheerfully consented, therefore, to open a boarding-college whose course of study would be even more varied and extended than that pursued in Paris. This college was opened in October, 1705, and De la Salle welcomed with joy all the children of the wealthy and the nobility who were sent to be instructed in the sciences and trained to piety. Therefore, the Brothers are not, according to historical evidence, at variance with the spirit of their saintly Founder in conducting colleges and academies.

MANY OTHER REFORMS AT ST. YON.

Perceiving then that every *grade* of school, from the primary up, laid undue stress on the Latin language, he resolved to inaugurate a system better adapted to fit young men for the

higher business pursuits. Accordingly, he established a course which, reversing the order of things, gave undivided attention to the literature of the vernacular, to the fine arts, and the sciences. A genius only could have formulated, at that period, such a system in the face of preconceived ideas and pronounced aversion to anything new in its educational methods. De la Salle had both the genius and strength of character, hence the system became a reality, and in this he differed essentially from other educational reformers. To appreciate his services to education by introducing this rational method, we have merely to consider the herculean task of overcoming the prejudice of centuries.

Evidently De la Salle felt the pulse of the age and discovered its weakness. Therefore his remedy was heroic. Even in the manner of conducting the studies he anticipated the nineteenth century. That method was elective. Each student applied himself to those branches best suited to his talents, tastes, and calculated to further his pursuit in life. If we take up the catalogues of our great American universities of to-day, we will find this very method prevalent in all of them, and it is being more and more accentuated every year.

To this period likewise belongs the creation of the *House of Detention*, the precursor of our modern reformatories. It was "a house to shelter," says the contemporary chronicler, "the wayward young men of noble families, and thus save them from libertinism. This was accomplished in the house of St. Yon."*

There were, therefore, at St. Yon four distinct establishments, forming undeniably the most general and unique institution then existing in Europe. In one part was the novitiate; in another, the boarding college; in a third, the house of detention, with an apartment for mildly demented persons; and in a fourth, the manual training-school, with its workshops; while outside the walls was a free school for the children of the neighborhood. De la Salle also opened there, in 1716, the Christian Academy in favor of the young Brothers, where they completed their literary, scientific, and pedagogic training. There was besides even a botanical garden, to enable the professor of botany to give practical lessons. Thus we see embodied at St. Yon all the different kinds of institutions that the genius of De la Salle had created.

* *Histoire de Rouen*, 1731, t. vi. p. 449.

THE EXTENSION OF THE INSTITUTE.

The reputation of the Institute caused the disciples of De la Salle to be everywhere in demand. At the request of Monseigneur de Vintimilli de Luc, Bishop of Marseilles, a school was opened in that city, March 6, 1706. The novitiate continued to furnish De la Salle well formed subjects. The majority of the Brothers trained by the wise, learned, and prudent Brother Bartholomew remained firm in their calling and proved themselves able and efficient teachers. The Founder was, therefore, in a position to meet the urgent demands for his disciples, and even to undertake a new series of establishments. Thus, from 1707 to 1711, the Annals of the Institute record that he founded schools in Alais, Grenoble, Mende, St. Denis, Valreas, Versailles, Moulins, Vans, Boulogne-sur-Mer.

With this extension of the Institute De la Salle felt a corresponding increase of care and anxiety to keep alive among the Brothers the spirit of their vocation and to maintain uniformity in methods of teaching. No opportunity was neglected to advance their interests and procure them the best means to attain excellent results. Hence, he frequently assembled the most experienced and enlightened Brothers to discuss and devise means to be adopted to educate youth and inspire them with a true fear and love of God. But, however interesting the arguments touching the religious and pedagogical requirements of the Brothers may be, mere discursive reasoning does not bring about intelligent execution of the plans and methods devised and adopted. It is essential, therefore, to permanency of organization that the Founder appoint efficient men who can carry out his views and see that they are intelligently grasped and executed. De la Salle was too enlightened a man not to foresee this necessity. Brother Joseph was accordingly appointed as the inspector or visitor, whose business it was to examine the pupils, note the methods of instruction of the various teachers, and then make out his report, with such suggestions as his wisdom dictated.

THE ATTACKS BY THE JANSENISTS.

Louis de Bonald, one of the greatest thinkers of this century, speaking of the Institute founded by De la Salle, said: "The Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools is a master-piece of wisdom and knowledge of men." The Jansenists, who had risen against De la Salle in Marseilles, about

1712, held quite a contrary opinion. In their judgment the Founder of the Brothers was inexperienced and incompetent to govern an Institute. Consequently, they used their influence to destroy the schools, and particularly the novitiate. Failing in these attempts, they resorted to calumny, the usual weapon of every weak and lost cause. Even the character of De la Salle was assailed and his faith impugned. Thus they had hoped to force his departure from Marseilles, which would, had they succeeded in accomplishing it, have been construed as a great victory. But they failed to know their man. De la Salle was ready to sacrifice his name and reputation, but never would he have consented to suffer his faith to be questioned. Hence, he prepared a memoir defending his doctrine and conduct. While speaking of his enemies with charity and moderation, he exposed their doctrinal errors with a masterly hand. His victory was complete. His friends, who had known him principally by his virtues, now found, to their great delight, that he was an intrepid and fearless champion of truth. The Jansenists had to bear the full odium of their disgrace and crushing defeat. But the scene of all these vile machinations and sufferings became afterward the theatre of brilliant success for the Brothers. "Future years," writes De Montis, "repay the unjust treatment of De la Salle's early trials in Marseilles; few cities have since done more for the Institute."

Although De la Salle was only in his sixty-fifth year, he determined in 1716 to carry out a project that had long been in his mind, which was to resign his office as superior of the Institute. Accordingly, on December 4, he convoked at St. Yon the principal Brothers and acquainted them of his design. He showed them the necessity and importance of such a step, and that their choice should be one of themselves. He ended his discourse by convincing them of the wisdom of his motives, and sentiment gave way to reason. The Brothers proceeded to the election of a superior-general, and the choice of the assembly fell on Brother Bartholomew. Great was the joy of De la Salle when he beheld the government of his Institute organized as he desired it. Henceforth his work will live. "God be blessed!" he exclaimed when informed of Brother Bartholomew's election; "for now nothing shall be changed!"

HIS DEATH-BED.

But alas! this voice, whose accents had so frequently awakened heroic sentiments in their hearts and inspired noble

thoughts, became weaker and weaker. This light which had illumined the path the Brothers were to tread appeared to be casting its last rays, and was doomed soon to be extinguished. For, during the months of February and March, 1719, De la Salle was suffering excruciating pains from rheumatism and asthma. But he was a marvel of patience. The end of that grand career was near. On April 5 he became sensibly worse. Despite the intense agony which he endured, his soul remained calm and his countenance had always a sweet smile. He lay on his bed of suffering like a victim longing for the moment when his sacrifice would be consummated. "I know," said he with inexpressible joy, "that my sufferings will soon be at an end. I am about to die and shall soon behold my God, my Saviour! God be blessed! I am resigned to his will; my life is in his hands! May his holy will be done!"

A few minutes before his death he was asked if he willingly accepted all the sufferings he was enduring? "Oh, yes," he feebly replied; "in all things I adore the will of God in my regard!" At three o'clock Good Friday morning, April 7, 1719, he fell into an agony which lasted until four. During this terrible crisis his body was indeed agitated, sensible, as it were, of the moment of its dissolution; but the countenance was tranquil. At four he made an effort to raise himself as if to go to meet some one, and with hands joined and eyes raised toward heaven he expired. When his death was announced, on all sides could be heard the exclamation: "The Saint is dead! The Saint is dead!"

Thus lived and died one of the greatest educational reformers of the seventeenth century.

"In prayer," writes a biographer, "he looked like an angel; at the altar, like a seraph; in his conduct, he was truly an apostolic man; in tribulation, he was another Job; in poverty, a Tobias; in abandonment to Providence, a Francis of Assisi; in austerities, a second Abbé de Rancé; in the practice of obedience, a new Dositheus; in the exercise of every virtue, a perfect disciple of Jesus Christ. This is a true portrait of St. John Baptist de la Salle and as he really was."

THE HOMES OF THE TOILERS.

Here dwell the toilers—dingy block on block
Of houses like as kernels round a stalk ;
So many windows, doors ; such space of brick ;
Two steps, and then the street—one's heart grows sick !

All day within the mills the roar of wheels,
Dizzily sliding belts and buzzing reels.
Then home, so weary that the way is dim,
And the brick desert seems to whirl and swim.
But home!—yes, home, despite its meagreness,
With wife and babe and hearth-side cheer to bless.

Yea, when the light shines out, what peace is cast
Before the feet of him who wanders past !
What reck's the outward, if by love's clear blaze
Is crowned the inner altar that we raise ?

These humble walls that shelter human hearts
Need no distinction save what love imparts.
The magic name of "Home" shall ever be
Their badge of beauty and of dignity.

And wheresoe'er the toiler shall abide,
With peace and love to bless his ingle-side,
There homeless wealth may fitly crave a place,
And art a finer charm than beauty's trace.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

THE POETRY OF LEO THE THIRTEENTH.

BY ANNA BLANCHE MCGILL.



N a fountain of a little valley-town of the
Volscian hills there is a Latin inscription which
tells how the water was borne a dark way
'neath the fell, down from the mountain top:

"From Pandolfo's lofty crest,
Noiseless, knowing not to rest,
Joyous to the vale I come.
Princely Pecci bade me—
He who first in purple clad,
Honor-crowned of sacred Rome,
Made his native valley glad."

Often, as a boy among his native hills, Princely Pecci, the Holy Pontiff, sipped from the bubbling stream, and when grown to man's estate, mindful of the corporal as well as the spiritual comfort of his flock, he built the Carpinetian fountain, giving his birthplace a boon of pure water. And there seems to me an analogy between this gift for the people's physical nourishment and refreshment, and another for their intellectual pleasure which Leo has given by calling down from its ancient sources and bringing forth from the centuries' incrustations a precious stream of classic Latinity, fresh and crystal clear as when it first welled in the eternal purlings of Horace or the stately, flowing eloquence of Cicero.

In the age's annals the glory of bestowing on modern literature a Latin increment will doubtless be shared by two other famous figures, the century's two other eminent Latinists, Newman and Gladstone; but in the final reckoning this special glory of the three must be most splendid for Leo. Added to the perquisites of scholarship and natural elegance of expression common to the others, he has possessed this superior advantage—that to him Latin has been virtually a living language, to them a potent weapon they could wield gracefully and successfully, but a lifeless weapon—to him an Excalibur that thrilled at his touch, grew animate in his

grasp. For, over and above the fact that his classical education (as also theirs) was begun practically in babyhood Leo had the good fortune to be born in a country where Latin was once the vulgar tongue, where its remnants in their purest, most intact form yet survive in the Italian language. And paramount still to this and other considerations which made for his greater proficiency was his early affiliation with that body which has always employed the Latin as its vernacular, which has preserved the language through all periods of barbaric ignorance and classic decadence—the Catholic Church. Under these auspicious circumstances has Latin in Leo's hands, though a dead language, become not only vital, but, what is still more difficult, instinct with his own individuality, making the critics marvel and applaud. George Goyan says: "Leo the Thirteenth has accomplished the almost impossible feat of writing in a dead language with a style of his own; this is what characterizes and surprises."

And yet considering the Holy Pontiff's upbringing in the daily use of the language, his early and constant training in its classic literature, the Latin prose of the encyclicals is not his most wonderful literary achievement; it seems rather a natural consequence that "*Immortale Dei*" should be flawless, should stand forth as model Latin diction, whether compared with that of the great Romans or that of modern scholars. But when one remembers his life so occupied, indeed harassed, by the perplexities of church and state affairs—a life which would ordinarily tend to the production of prose alone—the perfections of his poetry must give one pause and reason for marvel. Especially when it is remembered that poetizing, far from being his "sole office upon earth," is his mere pastime; alas! too often his respite from mental and physical pain during dull, "dreary nights and between tardy slumbers." It is to the glory of his poetical facility that such compositions of sleepless vigils bear no trace of the morbidity and melancholy that usually stamp other bards' nocturnal perpetrations; on the contrary, so limpid and lucid are Leo's night thoughts one would believe they were done when "the day's at the morn, the hill-side's dew-pearled," when "the lark's in his heaven."

That lark's song offers, perhaps, the truest similitude for them, since they resemble its pure, simple strain of lyrical delight more than anything else. For whoever tastes the "well of" Latin "undefiled" supplied by the *Carmina Leonis*, expecting to gain therefrom a draught highly flavored with a

rich figurative language, a variety of imagery, new music, powerful epic or dramatic effects, will be disappointed; but whosoever delights in dignity of diction, mellifluous if not original rhythmical charm, a graceful if not an epic versification, will find gratification in abundance.

If the prose of Leo suggests the "conciseness of Tacitus, the richness and elegance of Cicero, and the grace of Sallust," no less does his verse suggest the dignity of Virgil, though frequently some felicitous turn or choice of theme might lead one to expect Horatius Flaccus as the superscription. But what a contrast between the gentle epicureanism of "*carpe diem*," the gather-ye-rosebuds philosophy of the poet of the Sabine farm, and the heroic Christian stoicism of "No trembling fear shall bend me, the lapsing joys of life cannot allure, while yearningly I wait eternity's imperishable peace." In sentence-arrangement and movement of lines Leo particularly resembles Virgil; small wonder, since Virgil is his poet par excellence, his master at the Roman lyre. The same musical instinct which leads Leo to use the majestic-flowing Virgilian style impels him to concords of sweet sounds in his words and syllables. He has a special fondness for such words as *ovili* and *dulce*, whose suavity is of sense as well as sound. The music of many of his lines defies translation; for instance, can one accomplish a rendition worthy of "*Leniter exiliens Pandulphi e colle superas*," or that other—"Spring whose silvery waters the flowery meadows are seeking"? One might as well try English imprisonment for the elusive, immortal charm of Horace's fons Bandusizæ, "*dulce digne mero*." This particular sensitiveness to euphony, as well as the talent for succinct expression which stamps the prose of the encyclicals, gives many of his phrases the subtle grace that will make them pass into proverb; such a happy combination is "*dulce pro ovili sanguinem fundere*," though indeed one thinks immediately of its prototype, "*dulce pro patria mori*."

The figurative language of the *Carmina* is seldom original, nor has it much variety; the favorite similes and metaphors being those of the sea, the shepherd and sheepfold. It is true the Pontiff-poet often brings a very pearl of metaphors from the ocean, and his fond frequency in illustrating by the "flock" and kindred phraseology is pardonable, indeed attractive, considering his eminent office of bonus pastor.

The sentiments that permeate the book breathe principally an odor of sanctity or friendship,—many of the verses being

personal, some few autobiographical. An interesting one of the latter type is that beginning "Quam flore in primo felix":

"How happy was thy life's young dawn,
Those days among the Lepine hills,
Sweetened by thy home's dear charms,
Serene and void of ills."

But the muse rises to the most inspired heights in two odes—in honor of St. Herculanius and St. Constantius. In both poems narrative and apostrophe are deftly combined. Their rhythms swing with stately movement, and their words ring with a resonance worthy of martial Roman odes. In the second mentioned—the hymn to St. Constantius—Leo displays admirable graphic skill, a veritable wizard power in conjuring scenes before one's eyes. St. Constantius was bishop and martyr of Perugia, put to death under Marcus Aurelius Verus. Among his tortures was the torment of burning coals. The Perugians revere his memory annually by a celebration called the Feast of Lights, when the whole town is lantern-lighted, the suburbs ablaze with bonfires. On the vigil of the holiday the townspeople, bearing torches and offerings, walk through the streets in procession to the saint's shrine. This incident Leo commemorates in the ode. Horace's classic outlines of the train of vestal virgins climbing the Capitolian hill come before the mind's eye, as Leo leads along a stately throng of seniors, fathers, mothers, and "maidens with measured tread and suppliant eyes":

"When they reach the Martyr's shrine,
Where brightly blazing tapers flare,
The joyous throng in serried line
Beseech the Martyr's potent care:
'Constantius, guardian, heavenly sire,
List to thy children!'"

This ode and the one to St. Herculanius are the longest, the most sustained efforts in the collection; neither is much over one hundred lines in length. It would seem the Holy Father believes in Poe's dictum: "The greatest poems must be short. For the poetic inspiration is of the nature of a flash of lightning and endures only for a moment." In sooth some of his most delightful lines are found in the numerous epi-

grams which seem fairly to roll off his pen. They are characterized by an ingenious charm, a delicacy and finesse of thought and expression; their spontaneity makes them appear what the word epigram really means—poetic sports. One of the most artistic is that to Serafina Paradiso, a cherished friend:

“Should'st haply ask what name he hath, where dwelleth he,
This painted tablet shall more truly tell it thee.
It saith: his fatherland is Paradise, his name
The glowing Seraphim, as theirs proclaim.”

This epigrammatic skill Leo manifested at an early age; as a small boy he wrote dedicatory verses in such form to his teachers and friends. He was truly an eminent illustration of “*poeta nascitur, non fit*”; when he was only fifteen, he won a prize for the best hexameters on Baltassar's Feast. Six hours were allotted him for writing the poem, no external aid or reference books being allowed; at the end of the time, one hundred and twenty verses, and not mediocre ones, attested his fluency in versification.

Notwithstanding Italy's injustices to Leo his lips often part in eulogies of his birth-land and Dante's; Dante shares with Virgil the Holy Father's devotion. Several stanzas are rapturous with praises of the “sweet Italian plains, the læta Ausoniæ tellus—illustrious in victories, culture, and faith.”

Among the personal poems and those of sentiment none is so beautiful as that to Gertrude Sterbini, his beloved and peerless sister, who, “ripe for Paradise, entered into the peace of Christ.” The lines reveal the unflinching loyalty with which Leo has clung to his family—a loyalty manifested not only in his fidelity to the near and dear ones but in his staunch clan-ship with others of his race. He thus addresses the sister,

“ . . . safe within the haven
Of the voiceless, viewless shore”:
“Beam upon us like a lodestar
Lighting up the trackless plain,
Leading clear of shoals and quicksands
Through the dark, mysterious main.”

With no discourtesy to the worthy Jesuits of Woodstock, who have so lovingly and admirably rendered the poems into

English, one must regret the fettering of the Latin rhythms in our rhymes. The dignity and fugitive grace of the original yet challenge and well-nigh defy translation. One feels this especially of those beautiful lines called Leo's last Prayer to God and the Blessed Virgin, wherein the Holy Father commends himself to heaven in Latin no less noble than the sentiments expressed. Some one, wisely despairing of rendering it into creditable, adequate verse, has judiciously done it into prose: "May I reach heaven, O last boon of delight! And be for ever in the all-luminous presence of my God, and be with thee, O Virgin, whom as a little child I loved as a Mother, and now, an aged man, I cherish still more ardently. Receive me into Heaven, where I, a fellow-citizen of the saints, shall glorify thee eternally." Ah, Scipio, Cicero, Tacitus, have you dreamed anything like this in your philosophy when you, seeing but vaguely, "as in a glass darkly," so valiantly sent

"Your soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell"?

Reading this *Extrema Vota* one feels that at last the Latin language, the glorious instrument of the ancients' ample period, has come unto its own; the expression has found a worthy, tantamount thought, and with genuine pride and gratification one replaces among the "worshipful tomes," the immortal monuments of the wise men of old—Livy, Cæsar, and Cicero, the scholar in politics—the *Carmina Leonis*, the poems of him who has so conspicuously combined statesmanship, scholarship, and a beautiful Christian life with (not the least of his attainments) the gentle office of poet—Leo XIII., Pontifex Maximus—the "noblest Roman of them all."



WHEN SCHOOL-DAYS ARE OVER.

BY HON. JUDGE CORTWRIGHT.



T is a truth questioned only by the thoughtless, that a young man's education is by no means completed when his school-days are ended—be he certificated from a grammar or high-school, diplomaed from a business school, or even degreed from a college or a university. He may leave his Alma Mater loaded with her honors and decorated with medals of distinction, yet if he has not learned to think methodically and to study systematically, he is not only not educated but bids fair never to become an educated man. If he has not learned how to think and how to study, his mind is simply loaded with other men's lumber; or, in the words of Pope,

“He is but a bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head.”

Undigested thoughts, meaningless terms, crude ideas, and isolated facts are there, chaotically jumbled together. He can make no use of them. He knows not their value.

Indeed, it would seem that the day of graduation has been named with a view to remind the graduate that study in earnest is about to begin for him. It is called, most appropriately, Commencement Day. The young man on that day is supposed to be ready to begin a systematic course of study. Heretofore he had been taking general views of things. His mind had been busy about many things. He knows a little about most things and not much, practically, about anything. Yet he thinks he knows it all.

One thing, at least, he should know: and that is, what work or walk in life he is best suited for. He should know enough not to attempt what is beyond his power, or to grasp at what is not tangible. Still, this is what is done by not a few young men. It were well for such to reflect on these pointed couplets of the satirical Swift:

“All human race would fain be wits,
But millions miss for one that hits;
Yet every fool his claim alleges
As if it grew in common hedges.

The dog by instinct turns aside
That sees the ditch too deep and wide;
The foundered horse will long debate
Before he tries a five-bar gate.
But man alone's the only creature
Who, urged by folly, combats nature,
And where his instinct least inclines
Absurdly bends his whole designs."

But let us suppose commencement day passed, and let us further suppose our young graduate to have selected the career for which he is best fitted; how is he to proceed? If he has decided to become a professional man, and circumstances permit him to begin preparations, he must eliminate from his curriculum all studies and authors foreign to his profession. The mind that heretofore had ranged over matters most dissimilar, must now, directly or indirectly, be centred on one. To master the principles of that one (to know all about it, life were too short) all else must be ignored or regarded only in relation to the subject on which the mind is set.

Of course, time for relaxation is needed. Hence occasional rambles with the novelists, odd strolls with the poets, and even whiles, now and then, with the humorists, are not out of place. The young man whom we are now considering is on the right road; all he requires is to keep straight on. But if our graduate lacks the means to begin his professional studies at once, what must he do? He must work to acquire the means—work, if need be, with pick and shovel. He must not be a laggard, for, as says the Scotch poet Mackey:

"He who lags for dread of daily work,
And his appointed task would shirk,
Commits a folly and a crime,
A soulless slave, a paltry knave,
A clog upon the wheels of time.
With work to do and store of health,
The man's unworthy to be free
Who will not give, that he may live,
His daily toil for daily fee."

Let our young graduate do this, ever keeping the end in view, and he will surely reach the goal of his ambition. Though the last to be realized, the end *is* and *must* be first in the intention.

But enough of the College Graduate. The vast majority of

boys do not receive a collegiate education, and most of them eventually become business men, bankers, merchants, clerks, mechanics, and tillers of the soil. The opportunities of many of these to acquire a knowledge of books have been very limited if not entirely wanting, and yet from that class have sprung men renowned in the world of letters—self-made men who have climbed to literary or scientific eminence, while those with all the advantages which an early and thorough training supplies plodded on through life unnoticed and unknown. Others in the political world have risen to distinction and become leaders among men. 'Twere a waste of time to name even some of the self-educated men who have figured in history, and who, even in our own day, have compelled the recognition which well-directed and persistent effort is sure to command.

But how came they to achieve success? How did they rise from the plain of ignorance to the Alpine heights of knowledge they have reached? The answer is simple—the only answer that satisfies the question. It is: by work; earnest, constant, persevering work. Sir Isaac Newton made marvellous discoveries; when asked how he did so, his answer was: "By thinking." Ask an Edison by what wizard power he has realized the electric wonders among which we live and move, and he will answer you: "By thinking, and working to realize my thought." Yes, the ancients were right; there is no excellence without great labor. Man is, emphatically, the architect of his own fortune. That fortune he makes or mars, according to his work.

But let us consider the boy or young man who has been deprived wholly or partially of the advantages of attending school. He had, perchance, before he reached his teens, to join the great army of bread-winners—a disabled father, a sickly mother, or helpless little brothers and sisters called for his feeble strength. He goes to work for them. He gives them cheerfully the little all he makes. He grieves it is not more. How sadly grand—or grandly sad, and how beautiful as well, to see such a boy! He is not a stranger amongst us. Who is there that does not know of such? That boy goes forth in the morning carolling as the lark, and comes home to repose at eventide. Just now he cannot study—labor and fatigue prevent. But his day is coming, and when it dawns the studies he was forced to quit will be resumed—not, perhaps, in college, but resumed they will be, and another name will be added to the long and honored roll of self-made men.

He is, as we have seen, a boy of sense, a generous-

hearted boy, a manly boy—a boy who seeks not a quarrel, but if a fight is forced upon him he will not play the coward. He knows his rights, and knowing, dares maintain them. He is at work. His every moment has its duty. His time for rest is brief; for book-study, almost nothing. Yet he is not mentally idle. He is learning a trade, studying a business, planning for the future. He is modest not boastful, attentive but not officious, observant but not obtrusive. At first his work, whether in store or shop or factory or office, may be crude, but soon his mind will become quick to perceive, his eye swift to discern, and his hand deft to perform. Thus, everything connected with his business he studies. He knows its beginning, follows it through all its stages of development, and finally masters it; he knows that he knows it.

The circle of his acquaintances is now extending. He is thrown in contact with men. He sees the clashing of intellects. He listens to discussions on various questions. He would like to take part, but needs must be silent—he knows not what to say. His curiosity is excited, his ambition aroused. In his mind the germ without which an education cannot be has been planted. He will nurture it, cultivate it, and almost certainly some day he will reap its golden fruit. The die is cast. His mind is made up to study; but how will he begin? Not with the encyclopædia—it never made a scholar, but it has filled the world with smatterers; it is good in its place as a book for ready reference, and should be used just as we use a dictionary.

To master any branch of study we must begin with its first principles. "Every science and profession," says the profound Balme, "has primary elements, terms and phrases, peculiar to itself; we can learn them only in elementary books. This reason alone, independently of any other, proves conclusively that elementary studies cannot be dispensed with."

Not, then, by devouring learned and exhaustive treatises which are far beyond his grasp, but by masticating and digesting the rudiments of a science or art must the bread-winning boy begin his course of self-education. To make progress he must begin at the beginning, meet and surmount each difficulty as it rises in his path; never bother about page two until page one is possessed, and thus, inch by inch, climb up the hill of knowledge, which never is topped at a single bound. Nor must he be cast down or affrighted by obstacles. Frequently they are not real; but, like mountains seen from a distance,

whose summits melt into the skies, and over which, in our childish days we thought it impossible to pass, when we drew nearer, and hence could see clearer, the heavens receded, the hills settled down, and roads and paths we dreamt not of were plain to our eyes and not hostile to our feet.

The young man who has left school should continue his studies, if he would apply himself to books with profit. He must, as has been noted, study with order, with method. He must ground himself thoroughly in elementary matters—they are the foundation. Unless he knows these, he can make no progress. Without them, he may become flippant and superficial, but an educated man—never. Let him remember, too, that the circle of human knowledge is too large to be completely compassed by any man, and that a scholar, in the true sense of the word, is not a man who knows all about everything. He is rather a man who knows much about one subject, and a little about almost every other. Reading well selected, the elements supposed, will give the little about most things, and special, serious, and unremitting study will give the much about one.

I have told you no new truths, advanced no new theory. I have but simply repeated "what you yourselves do know": that "the very best schools and colleges," to use the words of Wirt, "that can fling wide their portals to you, can do no more than afford you the opportunity of instruction, but that it must depend upon yourselves at last whether you will be instructed or not, or to what point you will push your instruction"; that there is no royal road to learning, and that none rises even to the point of mediocrity in scholarship without studious habits, and method in study. Not a man that is justly styled great, not a man who has adorned his age or even the circle in which he moved, not a man that has left a good name and a pleasant memory as a legacy to posterity, but was, in his sphere of life, studious, thoughtful, attentive. Would you attain to such distinction, and transmit to those that are to be a similar inheritance, you too must be attentive, thoughtful, studious. Without these traits you will never leave lasting foot-prints on the sands of time, never rise above the ordinary, never do intelligently a deed that's worth recording.

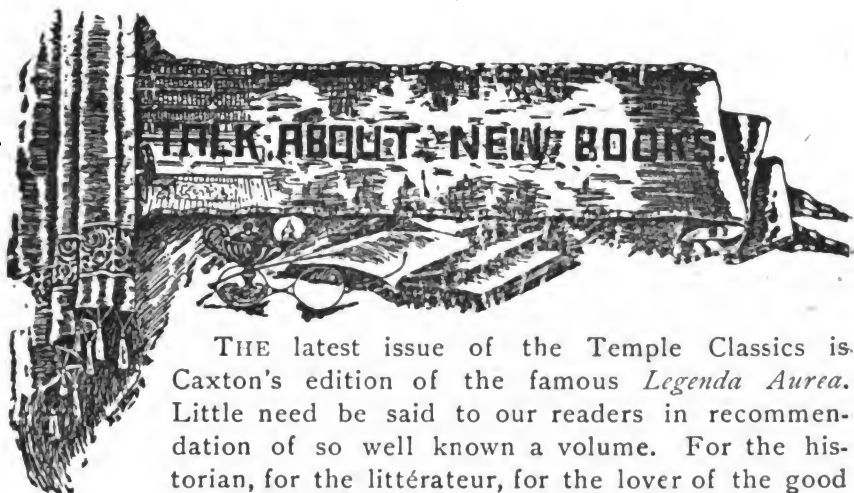
In conclusion I would say to any young man who has left school: Delay not to begin or continue some course of study. "Youth," as says the poet Young, "is not rich in time; it may be poor. Part with it as with thy money, sparing; pay no moment but in purchase of its worth."

THE LEGEND SWEET.



OUT from the choir, down the corridor,
 Slowly she moved, still thinking on what Guest
 She had received but one half-hour before
 So lovingly into her happy breast—
 O that heart!
 Loving heart—
 The Blessed Mother, St. Teresa, who
 Stood speechless suddenly, amaz'd to see
 A little child in robe of snowiest hue—
 Princely the babe, in his sweet majesty;
 Wondering, she look'd and look'd into his face;
 What relative might this be, of which nun?
 And bending toward him, crav'd with stately grace:
 "Tell me, I pray, thy name, sweet little one?
 Who thou art?
 And whence thou art?"

He looked up laughingly into her eyes;
 She put her arms around him: "Tell me thine!"
 He said; his looks were dreams in summer skies;
 "Tell me thy name; and I will tell thee Mine!"
 And he smil'd,
 Sweetly smil'd:
 "Teresa of Jesus," the Holy Mother cried,
 Her face with love in ecstasy aflame;
 And then the wee bright stranger quick replied,
 "And—Jesus of Teresa is My name!"
 Her arms left empty; ah that she had known
 Whither He, in that crown of brighter light
 That playing still amidst the sunbeams shone—
 Whither He'd vanish'd from her ravish'd sight!
 That lovely Child—
 O glorious Child!



THE latest issue of the Temple Classics is Caxton's edition of the famous *Legenda Aurea*. Little need be said to our readers in recommendation of so well known a volume. For the historian, for the littérateur, for the lover of the good old faith, its pages possess an interest quite absorbing. If ever a translation possessed the flavor of an original, surely in this work of Caxton's we find an instance worthy of special notice. One is transported by it back to the Ages of Faith; one breathes the atmosphere of their simple piety, gazes as if with bodily eyes upon the lofty spiritual enthusiasm that wrought out the glories of the chant, the splendor of the ceremonial, the ethereal beauty of the upspringing arch.

It may be that few of those who, from our point of view, most need such books as the present volume, will possess the taste or the patience to con its pages. The language is the quaint old English of full four centuries ago unadorned, and quite too undefiled for the perusal by the people who are constantly telling us what religion was like in Europe before the Blessed Reformation. If one of this class should pick up the *Golden Legend** he would find there, in striking combination, a childlike piety, a marvellous personal devotion to our Blessed Saviour, and a thorough sympathy with the saints, festivals, and liturgical customs of the Catholic Church. Perhaps few books present a better picture of that simple and wonder-loving faith which made much of the saints indeed, and called Christ's Mother "Our Blessed Ladye," but in altogether the same spirit spoke of the "sweet Lord Jesu" in such tender accents as to thrill us with the sense of a pure and unconscious love surpassed in no other generation. This volume, be it remembered, was one of the most popular books in all Europe in the first century of the printer's era. Countless

* *The Golden Legend; or, Lives of the Saints, as Englished by William Caxton.* 2 vols. Edited by F. S. Ellis. London: J. M. Dent; New York: Macmillan Company.

Latin editions, translations into most European tongues, successive alterations and adaptations and additions—these indicate that we shall not exaggerate in asserting its lovable spirit to be in perfect harmony with the universal popular devotion of Catholic ages. Hence, a special reason for according welcome to this new edition, and for hoping that it may contribute its little share to building up “historical” notions of the church’s history.

Father Largent’s *Life of St. Jerome** is a late number in the series of the Saints, and is an excellent addition. It gives the reader a good idea of the great Latin doctor and of the times in which he lived. The biography is filled with copious extracts from St. Jerome’s letters and other writings, which well illustrate his personality. The general appearance of the book is good, but the proof-reading betrays inexcusable carelessness. Such mistakes occur as Labellius for Sabellius, Azanze for Nazianza, Veil ad per—one cannot imagine what. The translation, too, is poorly done; in some places the meaning is positively unintelligible.

It is not often given to a story-teller to please two publics. Those who hold with the Romantic school will usually have none of the analytical novelist, whose devotees in turn have only contumely or supercilious toleration for the romanticists. But here is Mr. James Lane Allen, whose novel, *The Reign of Law*,† appeals to both parties. Lovers of light literature and those who have lingered over the happy idylls, *The Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath*, will find in this new story of the Kentucky hemp-fields the same captivating glamour that colored those earlier volumes, and will scarcely realize that an analytical novel is beguiling them; whereas the more serious-minded readers of fiction, who are wont unflinchingly to track nineteenth century heroes and heroines through mazes of motive and emotion demanding concentrated attention and subtle insight necessary for the unravelling of mathematical problems, will also find gratification in the book, for it is primarily a psychical novel—and nothing else. All the episodes are distinctly spiritual ones. And yet the sober-eyed class must these summer days feel joy in discovering these episodes imbedded

* *Saint Jerome*. By Father Largent; with preface by George Tyrrell, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Reign of Law: A Tale of the Kentucky Hemp-fields*. By James Lane Allen. With illustrations by Harry Fenn and J. C. Earl. New York: Macmillan Co.

in an ore of poetry and romance which makes their charm for the idealists, and which is Mr. Allen's Southern heritage.

This is the frame-work of the story: a son of the soil, David, the descendant of a "grim, old Indian-fighting grandfather, who first built a church in the Kentucky wilderness consecrate to freedom of belief," the heir of his ancestor's religious temperament and tolerance, hears, while working in his father's hemp-fields, communing with nature closely as did the Psalmist, the "commands of the Gospels, the long reverberations of that absolute Voice bidding irresolute work-a-day disciples leave the plough in the furrow and 'Follow Me.'" David responds to the call, and enters Bible College as a candidate for the ministry. There, after the first joyous draught at the fountains of knowledge, he begins to be harassed into doubt and unbelief by his tutors' narrownesses and their unsympathy with his intellectual and spiritual struggles. Through their meagre ability to lead him into the ways of light, he ultimately falls under the thrall of Darwinism and "the new science" evolution. Here the punctilious critic scents anachronism, for Darwin's book, named as the hero's pabulum at this stage of his mental growth, was not published till a date later than the time of the incident. Alack! no such license is allowed the prose-writer, even though it makes for the artistic movement of his narrative.

The heroine, Gabriella, one of those Southern women whose names and natures are redolent of old romance, is a type of many who after the Civil War bore a sharp brunt of the reconstructed social conditions. Cast from the luxury of the old aristocracy, "with the extravagance, the gayety, the pride, etc.," into almost poverty, she was forced to be self-supporting. Grappling with the new and difficult mode of life, she found chief solace in the religion David had repudiated. The contact of her nature with his gives the love-motif and guides him from infidelity to recognition of a God of love.

Mr. Allen depicts with keen intelligence the solitary spiritual life of the young giant as he "broke hemp" or cut "weeds in a woodland pasture," reading two books—the Bible and that great volume, the visible universe—discovering in both the revelation of the Divine Countenance; and very sympathetically are described the student raptures on entering that Mecca, the university—raptures bitterly changed to agonies when doubts and conflicts with preceptors began to cloud his mind. David and Gabriella are practically the only characters. This meagre-

ness of characterization is to be regretted, as Mr. Allen in other stories has already given proof of his ability to create and handle a variety of types—to so place them on his stage that they subserve the chief actors and make for greater breadth of plot and background. The characterization in *The Reign of Law* is affected rather by sketches of the dramatis personæ than by their asserting themselves in dialogue or dramatic incidents; yet so absolute are the grace and sufficiency of the narrative it seems like carping to lament lack either of incident or dialogue. Mr. Allen's style is marked by a lucidity, fluency, and dignity of diction which place him among the foremost literary artists of the country.

Without wishing again to cauterize an old wound, one contrasts with gratification Mr. Allen's choice in the present story of a theme worthy of his powers—the revealing of a soul's lofty emotion, its outreach for religion and pure love—with that other theme used in *A Summer in Arcady*, which, with due deference to Mr. Allen's unassailable purity of moral purpose and refined conception of literary art and ethics, was, to put it most kindly, a portrayal of mere primitive passion, and a descent in theme-selection unworthy of the skill which, as is now proven, can capably concern itself with the finer materials of literature—the mind and spirit of man, so infinitely above the drossy animal nature. Too, one must recognize the nobler employment of the nature-background in this new novel. With felicitous symbolism is shown a similitude between the hero and heroine, distinguished for moral vigor, and the firm fibred plant, used in the landscapes of the story: "Ah, type, too, of our life, which also is earth-sown, earth-rooted; which must struggle upward, be cut down, rotted and broken, ere the separation take place between our dross and our worth—poor perishable shard and immortal fibre. Oh! the mystery, the mystery of that growth from the casting of the soul as a seed into the dark earth until the time when, led through all natural changes and cleansed of weakness, it is borne from the fields of its nativity for the long service."

Considering the late reign of lawlessness in Kentucky, the title of the present story (published in England as *The One Increasing Purpose*) falsely leads one to suppose it touches the political situation. However, Mr. Allen does make one sage commentary on the recent dire happenings when he laments the failure of the Kentucky pioneers to establish in the commonwealth a seminary for Kentucky boys: "Sad chapter in

the history of the Kentuckians! Perhaps the saddest among the many sad ones. For such an institution must in time have taught what all its court houses and all its pulpits, laws human and divine, have not been able to teach: it must have taught the noble commonwealth to stop murdering. Standing there in the heart of the people's land, it must have grown to stand in the heart of their affections; and so standing, to stand for peace. For true learning always stands for peace. Letters always stand for peace. And it is the scholar of the world who has ever come into it as Christ came: to teach that human life is worth saving and must be saved." This is one note of the situation, but not the key-note—so poignantly suggestive of thought is the condition one must make this digression—for undoubtedly the burden of the disasters lies upon the Kentucky churches. Much have they done, it is true, to restrain the lawlessness inbred in the high-spirited, hot-mettled people of the blue grass, but when one considers the statistics of the missions and notes the disparity between them and the population, one sees the very core of the trouble, and one must feel righteous jealousy—nay, indignation—towards that misguided missionary spirit that goes continually and dauntlessly gathering shekels for Chinese and African conversions (lately energetic for the "rescuing of Cuba and the Philippines from Catholic clutches"), when here lies the viper in our own bosoms, the beam in our own eye—one can scarcely heap too many metaphors,—the problem of the spiritually poor, the great unfed within our own doors.

The choice of poems from Wordsworth, the Brownings, Tennyson, Shelley, Keats, Gray, and Coleridge, also the selection of the best passages in the poems, which Mr. O'Hagan makes in his *Studies in Poetry** reflect credit on his literary taste and judgment. But wise words about the masters should glow with more charm of style than clothes Mr. O'Hagan's interpretations. Such a charm he makes one anticipate when he says in his preface: "The primary purpose in the study of poetry is not discipline and instruction but exaltation and inspiration, the liberation of the imagination and the enrichment of the spirit." Verily is this the purpose in the study of poetry, but also is it the duty of the critic who elects himself guide to the Heliconian heights.

* *Studies in Poetry, Critical, Analytical, and Interpretative.* By Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D. Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co.

Now, "instruction and discipline" may easily be gained from the present volume, but not much exaltation and inspiration—none of that rare delight the essays of Matthew Arnold, Sainte-Beuve, or Lowell give through the art that makes their appreciations relished with a zest akin to that the poetic feasts themselves incite.

This with all kindness to Mr. O'Hagan, for we recognize and applaud his fidelity to high literary standards and his loyalty to the cause Catholic, but we must regret that his critical diction and his originality of interpretation are not more tantamount to those of the authorities he appropriately but perhaps too frequently quotes.

One thought only the politicians were distraught about the recently contemplated moving of our star of empire westward over the Philippines, but it appears the Muse has been busy about our interpretation or misinterpretation of the Monroe doctrine. The volume entitled *Liberty Poems** might, we think, more accurately be named *A Defence of Aguinaldo and the Filipinos*, or *A Protest against Imperialism and Expansion*. Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln are in its pages lyrically summoned to hurl anathemas against our grasping policies; Roman autocrats, George the Third, and dread tyrants of their ilk are cited as archetypes of William McKinley and other expansionists. Much turgid rhetoric bemoans the metamorphosis of our eagle into a bird of prey. Little of the rhymed invective can be dignified with the name of poetry. Perhaps the best lines are Richard Le Gallienne's "Cry of the Little Peoples," which has an attractive rhythm and an occasional genuinely poetic line. Considering that the issue is one on which wise men have held with both sides, the sanest utterance in the volume is that of Frances Bartlett's "Peace":

"May our compassion with our strength increase,
And Might and Justice rule with equal powers;
So shall the fever of these restless hours
That mark the century's death be calmed and cease.
Thou who our sires' prayers answered, answer ours,
And give us peace. Jehovah, give thou peace!"

A volume of unusual interest and value is a translation of the Acts of St. Ignatius,† or the autobiographical

* *Liberty Poems*. Boston: James West Company.

† *The Testament of Ignatius Loyola*. Translated by E. M. Rix; with preface by George Tyrrell, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

narrative dictated by him to Father Gonzales. Not to delay on the great value of this first and most authentic of all records of the saint, we owe our congratulations to the editors of the Herder publication, Fathers Tyrrell and Thurston, both too well known by their great merit to profit by any commendation of ours. Father Tyrrell's preface, epilogue, and notes are quite worthy of being published in a separate volume, so remarkable are they for originality, keenness of judgment, and deep critical insight into the subject of the biography. No one who would make himself familiar with the character of this great saint can afford to be ignorant of Father Tyrrell's reading of the main events in the life of Ignatius. And the volume may be considered well worth the purchasing if for this reason alone. Strangely enough, Benzigers have just issued another translation of the very same "Acts of St. Ignatius." While very charmingly gotten up and cleverly edited by the well-known Father O'Connor, S.J., this Benziger publication is without Father Tyrrell's notes, a lack to which we are not at all reconciled by the handsome binding and the real beauty of the illustrations.

One not too common merit must be allowed to Mrs. Meynell's new volume*—it is what it purports to be. The well-arranged alternation of brief suggestive analysis with carefully chosen quotation will make her essay of real value as a hand-book to the student of Ruskin. The writer's work has not been that of a slavish copyist, as is sometimes the case in so-called "studies," but a sympathetic and intelligent appreciation of her subject has given birth to a timely and serviceable expression of his claims on her admiration. The personal aspect is subdued, or rather eliminated, and attention is confined exclusively to the consideration of Ruskin's message to the world at large. His teaching is here voiced in an artistic and discriminating presentation of the theories and principles magnified by him.

If any unfavorable criticism of Mrs. Meynell's work were to be advanced it might be in regard to her language. Perhaps one is prejudiced, or at least made suspicious, by knowledge of her dominant mental characteristics; at any rate it seems undeniable that a less "correct" and more straightforward style would be an improvement in the present instance. Sentences that violate no rule are good, but sentences easily and perfectly understood may be better.

* *John Ruskin*. By Mrs. Meynell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The simple little story* of the Jewish slave-maiden whose brother and master were healed by the prophet Elisha will help to interest the children in Bible history. Quite unpretentious and straightforward, the story should please the little ones all the more as being something of a novelty among the Catholic stories in common circulation. The binding is tasteful and convenient.

Mr. Dill's book† may well be described as a volume of fascinating interest. It presents us with an unusual combination of vivid picture-making and scholarly information. Among the writer's commendable characteristics is his power of disposing subject-matter in most effective proportion. He treats, for instance, such telling figures as Jerome and Symmachus in true artistic fashion, cleverly and entertainingly bringing out in them just what is most serviceable for the creation of a strong and broad impression on the reader. Artistic in this sense the author certainly is; still it is sometimes at the cost of presenting his own conceptions so forcibly as to run risks of becoming too subjective for the demands of thorough scholarship. There is a strong tinge of theorizing here and there in his pages. Again, it might be suggested that a truly historical point of view would have prevented his introducing into a sketch of ancient Rome indications of *his* opinion on such questions as the credibility of the Lourdes miracles.

The volume is sure to be well favored by the intelligent reader—in fact has already met with marked success. Not its least merit lies in the fact that it will serve to introduce the aspiring student to the original and classical works on the subjects treated in its pages.

Oliver Ditson's *Music Review*‡ is an interesting pamphlet of news in the musical world. The first pages of the summer number are devoted to Donatello's picture of St. Cecilia and an account of recent archæological researches which claim to have found the exact room wherein the hallowed patron of melody and harmony suffered martyrdom. Departments of the *Review* are devoted to musical notes, specimen phrases of new vocal and instrumental publications, gossip about the concert

* *The Little Maid of Israel*. By Emma Howard Dwight. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire*. By Samuel Dill. Second edition. New York: Macmillan Company.

‡ *Music Review*: A Review of music and musical literature. Published monthly by Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.

stage, and quotations from the masters apropos of their art, Weber being the spokesman in the present number. Accompanying the review are notices of recently issued Catholic choir music; an Ave Maria by Ernest D'Amico, a Salve Regina by Dudley Buck, and James Rogers' Veni Creator are among the most pleasing.

"I will put a girdle round the world in forty minutes," quotes the modern Puck, the publisher, and all the valuable ideas floating round the globe shall be fettered into all languages and enclosed between elegant bindings for the pleasure and profit of all nations.

The translation of *Currita, Countess of Albornoz*,* retains the Spanish flavor; the prologue is a gem of ethics, and a deep and tender warning of the grave evils at work in Madrid society. This novel is written by a Jesuit, Father Luis Coloma, for the Spanish *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, which is read by all classes in Spain. "And if by chance you marvel who I am, that I enter with so much frankness on such dangerous ground, you must remember that, although I seem to be a novelist, I am only a missionary; . . . for far superior to the charity which consists in giving is that which consists in understanding and supporting human weaknesses. It is that which makes me take my pen to write for them, although at the risk of hearing that the sacerdotal character is lowered by writing such trivial things. As if charity could ever lower itself, no matter how much it stoops."

It is in this beautiful spirit that the writer approaches the worldlings of Madrid society while sparing their vices no scathing or cynical rebuke.

Events of the troubled times of the Spanish Revolution of '68 give the reality of history to this novel and let us into much information about the schemes and dreams of the Carlists, and the intrigues of society women to restore the monarchy. *Currita*, the heroine, reminds one of Ouida's characters, but with this palliative: "A bad Spanish woman is rarely impious. In the depths of her heart she always believes and fears." The admirable traits of the Catholic society woman of the noblest blood of Spain are set in effective contrast to the other, and we are assured, with fine reasoning and many a proverb which frequently lights up this mellifluous language, that good will ever triumph over evil. There are portrayed

* *Currita, Countess of Albornoz*. A novel of Madrid society. By Luis Coloma. Translated by Estelle Huyck Attwell. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

graphically the sighs of the profligate and the tears of the penitent; humor, dignified yet playful, enlivens the book; the idle dandy is described "who is made up of thirty-two false articles," and the Diogenes of society who tells his friends, "No one should boast of his illustrious race who should be a melon and is only a squash."

Every Catholic should read this book, not only to see how good a novelist a priest can be but to learn with what fervor and sincerity our religion is practised by the much-misrepresented Spaniard. One artistically written chapter describes a genuine death-bed repentance, that of Diogenes the cynic, one of that band who often cherish the truth more dearly than the discreet who are ever respecting the prevailing prejudices. It is an interesting novel, with many texts supposed mistakenly to ornament the pulpit but which are needed in drawing-rooms, where the voice from the former may not penetrate, but where a good novel may always obtain easy access.

It is good to have at times of Holy Communion a manual of suggestive thoughts. Father Gracian's *Sanctuary Meditations** are the best thoughts of a devout and prayerful soul. They breathe the spirit of a tender piety and a very warm devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Father Gracian was among the early Jesuits, brought up in Spain in the golden age of its devotional life. He was almost a contemporary of St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross, and was the heir of the spirit of piety that was the best flowering of that time of holy men and women.

There seems to be a constant demand for sermon literature. So inadequate are the modern-day sermonizers to meet the demand that we must go back to the noted preachers of the last century. Father Fabri had a great reputation in his day, and his large volume of *Conciones*† has been a treasury of strong and practical pulpit thought.

One special merit of these sermons is their suggestiveness. It is rarely possible for any one to preach the sermon of another. It is like wearing another's clothes. They never fit. But a good sermon is of value to another only inasmuch as it awakens trains of thoughts or suggests practical ideas. These

* *Sanctuary Meditations for Priests and frequent Communicants; serving as a preparation for, at the time of, and thanksgiving after receiving the Holy Eucharist.* Translated from the original Spanish of Father Baltasar Gracian, S.J. (1669), by Mariana Monteiro. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Fabri Conciones: Sermons of Rev. M. Fabri, S.J.* Translated from the Latin by Rev. M. J. Conway. New York and San Francisco: Christian Press Association Publishing Company.

sermons of Father Fabri are stripped of any unnecessary verbiage, and are terse, pointed, and direct in their statements, so that one easily detects the master hand in their construction. There is also a plentiful use of Sacred Scripture, and this is not the least merit of them. There is about the words of Sacred Writ a sacramental value, and an apt allusion or a fresh application of a well-known passage carries conviction to the mind and compunction to the heart far better than the same truth when clothed in ordinary language or enforced by commonplace illustration. There is a quaintness, too, about the comparisons which readily catches the ear; for example, speaking of the necessity of a little earnestness in working out one's salvation, he says that "if horses, though tired, begin to run as they near the stable, should not Christian men rise from their sleep and gain new strength, running more swiftly to blessedness the nearer they come to it?" The translation is so well done that it adds an additional charm to the discourses.

There comes to the review table a biographical sketch* of Marie Rosalie Cardon Jetté (in religion Mother de la Nativité), and an account of a community which to-day, after fifty-two years' existence, stands as one of America's noblest institutions—one of those consecrated bands of women who, faithfully putting their creed into their deed, worthily represent the Church of Christ. The biography of Madame Jetté is a narrative of consecutive charitable ministrations from her earliest years, through her married life, and her final career as the foundress and superior of the Sisters of Miséricorde.

This order, which gradually grew around the nucleus of Mother de la Nativité's strong and holy personality, is an illustration of St. Augustine's motto: "Do you aspire to become great? Then begin by being little. Do you wish to raise a great and noble edifice? Then let your first care be the solid foundation of humility?" Interesting and edifying is the relation of the difficulties endured and overcome for the upbuilding of this great society, which, with its maternity hospitals, infant asylums, and houses for Magdalens, has begun to ramify through the country, from Montreal, where it was founded, to New York and many other places as well.

The purpose of the order has been the following of Christ in his particular mercy to the woman of Samaria, and to her whose sins were forgiven "*quia multum amavit.*" Like the Supreme Ideal, the nuns have outstretched the mantle of their

* *Mother de la Nativité, and the origin of the Community of the Sisters of Miséricorde.*
Montreal: Printing-office of the Institution of Deaf Mutes.

charity to the unfortunates who have never known Catholic teaching; Protestants as well as Catholics have found harbor, protection, and, best of all, encouragement to better lives, within the institution's compassionate and discreet environment.

The story of the conversion of the aborigines to Christianity during the eighteenth century by the Jesuit missionaries * reads like a wonderful romance. Before the Indians were contaminated by the presence of the frontiersman the missionaries had gathered them into villages, taught them the arts of husbandry, as well as to read and to write, while the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount were instilled into their hearts. It is good to keep this story before the minds of the present generation. The men who did this work were not self-seekers, nor had they any personal ambitions to gratify.

"Not the dark glory of the woods to tame,
Laying the cedars like constables low,
But to spread tidings of all holy things,
Gladdening men's souls as with the morning's wings."

Father Marest, writing from the Illinois country April 29, 1699, gives the details of his life in the following passage:

"Every day, before sunrise, we say Mass for the convenience of our Christians, who go from it to their work. The savages chant the prayers, or recite them together during Mass, after which we disperse in different directions to teach the children the catechism; and then we have to visit the sick. On our return, we always find several savages who come to consult us on various matters. In the afternoon, three times a week, there is general catechism for all the people. From that we go through the cabins to strengthen the Christians, and endeavor to win some idolater. These visits are very useful, and I notice that the missionary never fails to effect some fresh conquest, or to bring back some strayed sheep. The visits are paid one day in one quarter, and on the morrow in another; for it is absolutely impossible to go through all the cabins in one day.

"When we return to the house, we find it filled with our fervent Christians, who come to receive instruction or to confess. It is generally at this time that I explain the pictures of the Old and of the New Testament. Pictures of this kind produce an impression upon the savage's mind, and greatly assist him in remembering what we tell him. Then the public prayers are said, which all attend; and they are followed by

* *The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents. Travels and Explorations of the Jesuit Missionaries in New France, 1610-1701.* The original French, Latin, and Italian Texts, with English Translations and Notes. Illustrated by Portraits, Maps, and Facsimiles. Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, Secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Vol. lxxv. Lower Canada, Mississippi Valley, 1696-1702. Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Co.

a half hour's instruction. After leaving the church, many wish to speak to us in private; and the night is frequently far advanced before we can satisfy every one. This is what we do every day. Saturdays and Sundays are completely occupied in hearing confessions. Thus a missionary is free only at night; and even that time is often taken to teach some of the people to sing the hymns."

I.—ARCHBISHOP IRELAND'S LA FAYETTE ADDRESS.*

Not the least remarkable thing about this address of Archbishop Ireland is the vigorous way in which he stands for democracy and democratic institutions, and this from a European platform and practically speaking to the imperialistic minds of the old world. In one of his most striking passages he says that "the creation of the Republic of the United States was the inauguration of a new era in the life of the human race—the era of the rights of manhood and of citizenship, and of the rights of the people. Such is the true meaning of the American Revolution, the full significance of the work done in America by La Fayette and France. This is the age of the people. Every decade will mark a new advance in the triumphant march of democracy. Political movements do not go backward; the people do not abandon except under duress, and then only for a time, rights of which they were once possessed, or the power which they once wielded to maintain and enlarge those rights. To seek for arguments against democracy in its apparent perils is a waste of time. The part of true statesmanship is to study the perils, such as they may be, and take measures to avert them. The progress of the democracy cannot be stayed. He who would rule must rule through the people, through the individual men who constitute the people. To obtain results in the civil and political world he must go to the individual, enlighten his mind, form his conscience, and thus enlist his sympathies and win his intelligent co-operation. He who does this will succeed; he who uses other methods will fail."

These words must have been read with not a few raising of eyebrows, and probably a little shrinking at the heart, among the monarchy-loving Catholics of France; and if they were telegraphed across to Germany and beyond to the Czar, the "two young despots," as Gladstone styled them, "who reign by divine right," must have felt a chill at the announcement of these democratic facts in the ancient halls of Imperialism.

* *America and France.* An Address delivered at the Unveiling of the Statue of General La Fayette in Paris, July 4, 1900. By Most Rev. John Ireland, D.D. The Columbus Press, 120 West 60th St., New York.

The entire address was a masterly effort from beginning to end. It recalled the magnanimous services of La Fayette and, through him, of France in the days of national peril. The present generation has been facile to forget the helpfulness of France. It is undoubtedly true, and it cannot be repeated too often, that were it not for the assistance rendered in the dark days before and after the winter of Valley Forge we would be to-day in the position of the enslaved and subjugated Boers. That we possess our national independence, that the principles of civil and political liberty for which the American Constitution stands have triumphed, is largely due to the efforts of La Fayette. It was a very wise suggestion to place the project of erecting this statue among the children of the country, that they by their contributions might express the century-long gratitude of the American people for the services rendered by La Fayette. There has been too much clamoring for the Anglo-American alliance and a repudiation of our bonds of friendship with other nations. Because we have become a world-power there is no reason why we should enter into any of the European entanglements or take sides in their political quarrels. It was good to see that the President of the French Republic appreciated the full significance of the event and rose to the occasion. It had been arranged that the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Delcassé, should preside; but when Archbishop Ireland came with a personal letter from President McKinley, saying that the event is one of national importance and that he—the Archbishop—was selected because he better than any one else could voice the love and gratitude of the American people for France, President Loubet changed the arrangements, and went himself to personally preside and accept from the United States the official token that would cement the bonds of amity between the two nations. The whole affair is of the deepest historical significance, and its relation to our international affairs of the highest importance.

The pamphlet containing the address in its entirety, together with a short narrative of the unveiling of the statue in Paris, has been published by the Columbus Press, 120 West 60th Street, New York.

2.—EDUCATION AND THE FUTURE OF RELIGION.*

There is no publisher's name on this pamphlet, and the

* *Education and the Future of Religion.* A sermon preached in the Church of the Gesu in Rome, March 21, 1900, for the benefit of a free night-school. By Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D.

more's the pity, for it should receive the widest dissemination possible. It is the cream of the many splendid things Bishop Spalding has given to the literary and educational world. Very few there are who seem to get at the real nature of things like the scholarly bishop. His thoughts are penetrating and his words are incisive, and in the briefest statement he will lay open a rich vein of thought. His ability is that of a skilful surgeon who has a most intimate knowledge of the lay of the muscles and the location of the arteries, and with one incision of the scalpel will expose to view the inner construction of the body. The bishop is so deep in his thinking and so choice in his words and so skilful in his statements that his language compels conviction. One seems while reading his eloquent passages to be so in the grasp of a master mind that he yields his convictions to the truths as they are enunciated.

There is nothing conventional about either the bishop's style or mode of thought. Combined with a fearlessness of statement there is a breadth of view and a grasp of subject-matter that is refreshing as well as it is compelling. His theme is the need of the widest and broadest culture, and that it is in accord with the divine plan to command all the resources of the heavens above or the earth beneath and make them contribute to this culture. He would place no bounds to it on any side. He would make it the most precious heritage of woman as well as of man. He says: "If we are to have a race of enlightened, noble, and brave men, we must give to woman the best education it is possible for her to receive. She has the same right as man to become all that she may be, to know whatever may be known, and to do whatever is fair and just and good. In souls there is no sex. If we leave half the race in ignorance, how shall we hope to lift the other half into the light of truth and love? Let woman's mental power increase, let her influence grow, and more and more she will stand by the side of man as a helper in all his struggles to make the will of God prevail. From the time the Virgin Mother held the Infant Saviour in her arms to this hour woman has been the great lover of Christ and the unwearying helper of his little ones, and the more we strengthen and illumine her, the more we add to her sublime faith and devotion the power of knowledge and culture, the more efficaciously shall she work to purify life, to make justice, temperance, chastity, and love prevail. She is more unselfish, more capable of enthusiasm for spiritual ends; she has more

sympathy with what is beautiful, noble, and God-like than man; and the more her knowledge increases the more shall she become a heavenly force to help spread God's kingdom on earth. Doubtless our failure to win the hearts of all men is due in no slight degree to our indifference to the education of women."

It seems to be eminently fitting that such words as these should be uttered from the pulpit of the great central church of the Jesuits in the city of Rome.

It would be a delightful task to go through this masterly discourse and cull some of its most beautiful thoughts. The difficulty would be in making the selection. The bishop has such an epigrammatic way of making his statements that each and every truth is like a cut jewel. "If the church is to live and prosper in the modern world, Catholics must have not only freedom to learn but also freedom to teach." Again, he says: "All who have striven and who strive to educate the whole people, to bring opportunity of a freer and more human life to all, have been and are, whether intentionally or not, workers in the cause of Christ for the salvation of men."

Speaking of the necessity of running with the best in the educational world, he says: "If we isolate ourselves and fall out of the highest intellectual and moral life of the world around us, we shall fatally drift into a position of inferiority and lose the power to make ourselves heard and understood." Again, he says that Christ was the world's first gentleman, and therefore his priests should place no limit to either their love for learning nor any bounds to their zeal in acquiring the best culture. "If we build majestic temples, if we construct our altars of costly marbles, if our sacred vessels and priestly vestments are made of gold and silk and studded with precious stones, why shall not they who offer sacrifice and who preach the Gospel be required to be clean and decorous, fair and gracious?"

He pleads for liberty, and has no sympathy with the refractaire who condemns the progressive spirit of the age. "To forbid men to think along whatever line is to place one's self in opposition to the deepest and most invincible tendency of the civilized world. Were it possible to compel obedience from Catholics in matters of this kind, the result would be a hardening and a sinking of our whole religious life."

With but this little taste of some of the good things in this masterly oration, we must send the reader to the Bishop himself for the rest.



THE "Yellow evil" menaces the Christian civilization of the world. The reports at this writing have been so conflicting that one scarcely knows what to believe. Anyhow, enough has come to us out from the darkness to make us realize the enormity of the impending evil.

There are over a million Catholic Christians in China, and if the insurrection of the Boxers becomes an unrestrained rebellion they will be slaughtered by the thousands. Father Gaillard, S.J., writes from Peking in April last;—his letter is published in the *Études*, saying that the Boxers are capable of anything in the way of devastation. Their leaders work them into a frenzy of hate, and persuade them that even if they die in the blessed work of killing the foreigner they will rise again the seventh day. In the strength of this fanaticism they are equal to any amount of slaughtering.

Bishop McFaul, in his allusion to the activity of Catholics in political matters, made it very plain that he did not advocate or even suggest the creation of a Catholic party. The movement on foot among Catholic societies to form a federation is merely an effort to get together not for political purposes, but it is simply an announcement of our strength, so that there may be some recognition made of it. We recognize that there should not be any discrimination before the law on account of religious beliefs. Catholic as well as non-Catholic should have equal opportunities and not suffer any disability for conscience' sake. If the principles of civil and political liberty for which the American Constitution stands are not strong enough to guarantee an equal standing before the law, then it is good to get at it some other way. It is certainly not an unconstitutional thing to secure our constitutional rights by every legitimate means placed at our disposal.

The recent death of Dr. Falk, who, as Bismarck's puppet, gave his name to the anti-Catholic laws which prevailed in Germany

twenty-five years, recalls an interesting chapter in the ecclesiastical history of modern times. Bismarck had been eminently successful in his war against France, and, flushed with his success, he determined to destroy any influence that seemed to curtail his absolute sovereignty. The dogma of the papal infallibility had been recently proclaimed, and all Europe was ringing with the aggressions of the spiritual power and its attacks on the sovereignty of the state. The wisest statesmen misunderstood the purport of the dogma. Gladstone, in England, claimed that Catholics could not be loyal to England and at the same time owe any fealty to Rome. This prevailing sentiment, together with the desire to exercise unrestrained authority within the newly established German Empire, led Bismarck to enact a series of most tyrannical laws against the Catholics of Germany. Fines, imprisonments, depositions from ecclesiastical charges, as well as expulsion from the country, were the order of the day. For many years this policy prevailed, until finally, seeing that it was useless to fight against that deeply rooted adherence to their religion which the German Catholics possessed, the Falk Laws were repealed. The net result of the persecution was to deepen and intensify the loyalty of the German Catholics to their faith. Long years of peace, together with a prevailing atmosphere of infidelity in the universities and the gymnasia, were not wholesome for the spirit of religion in Germany. The church was not making any notable progress there until Bismarck began to stir up the slumbering embers, and by his cruel enactments he fanned into a flame the languishing religious spirit among the Germans, and not a little of the vehement, aggressive spirit possessed by the Germans of this generation is due to the persecutions of the *Kulturkampf*. The church in Germany is enriched in spirit, is more vigorous in its ecclesiastical life, has given many beautiful examples of the spirit of martyrdom, to their fellow-Catholics, while Bismarck was obliged to come down from his seat of arrogance and go to Canossa, and Dr. Paul Falk dies in obscurity, scarcely noticed by short paragraphs in the daily press.

A STORY FROM INDIA.

A CORRESPONDENT, Rev. W. G. Hood, missionary apostolic in Southern India, sends us the following account of the ravages and consequent misery and destruction wrought by the famine in India. The terrible drama of the world's activities is being enacted in another arena, and very little attention has been given to the direful scenes in the famine districts. It does seem inexplicable that on the morrow of the Peace Congress hundreds of millions of dollars should be spent by the foremost Christian nations in savage butchery of their fellow-Christians, while the despairing cries of poor wretches are being hushed in the agonies of starvation. If but a moiety of this vast sum was diverted to the relief of misery or to the drying the tears of sorrow, how much better the world would be! We may well cry out, "How long, O God, how long?" When are these afflictions to cease from tormenting Thy anguished and stricken creatures?

"On the 4th instant I visited Dokad, a large native town about one hundred miles east of Anand, in Gujerat. I am somewhat at a loss to know how to begin anything like a perfect description of this visit. On reaching the station I was informed by the station-master that large numbers of the people that had been employed on government relief works there had been, two days before, removed to another place about twenty-five miles distant. 'But,' said he, 'if you wish to see something of the work of the famine you have only to step down there by our first signal, and you will see the bodies of two persons who starved to death there two days ago.' He deputed a porter to act as guide through the native city, where we went first. Such sights met our eyes! We had never thought that such a state of affairs ever existed in India! On every hand were the dead and dying. Sometimes it was an aged person, sometimes a youth or an infant. The sun beat down almost unbearably. The wind carried the sand in clouds. There was scarcely any noise, though there were many people. They sat or lay quietly in groups of from five to fifty beneath the trees by the roadside. Often one had fallen alone, and was left there to die as he had fallen. The living, the dying, and the dead were all together. If one died in the centre of a group no one attempted to remove the body. Why should they? All have sat or lain down there to die, and one by one they meet death—they all wait for it. They are hopeless, and they say there is no one who will give, so they resign themselves to their awful fate.

"Passing on through the city about one mile, we came to its eastern boundary. In the bottom of the dry river-bed and on its banks were scores of the dead bodies of persons who had starved to death. In many parts of the

city dead bodies were also to be found. At one place lay the body of a woman who died two days before. Still they have what they call a municipality at Dohad. But its members do not care. The heartlessness of those who are within a stone's throw of the sufferers, and who could help if they would, is very manifest. Many we found dying of thirst within half a minute's walk of the door of some rich Mohammedan or high-caste Hindu who, until almost forced to it, would not turn a hand to alleviate the sufferings of the dying.

"It was dreadful to look upon the faces of the small children who had starved to death. Marks of infant beauty, intermingled with those indicative of a painful death, were traceable. What deaths they have met! And near them, on every side, sat others enduring the same terrible suffering and awaiting the same terrible end. Is any one responsible, and will any one have to answer and say why it was permitted to be so? The missionaries are doing much, and would do more if they had the means.

"As we walked about those quiet streets we saw deserted homes, sad faces, and dead bodies—so many that had lain so long in the streets and by-ways that we had to breathe through a well-wadded handkerchief. We longed to be able to picture the sufferings of these people to those who have laid by of their wealth, not for one rainy day, but for thousands of them. One sight would be sufficient to open the long closed purse, and thousands would pour out blessing on the givers.

"Lying in the midst of one of these groups was the fresh carcase of a child. We concluded that the flesh had been eaten from it by the jackals. We saw many carcases, but the peculiar situation of this one brought to our mind what sort of nights the living-dying people must pass in battling with these hungry scavengers. We saw many who were almost too weak to raise a hand, and who, we are sure, could not defend themselves in the event of an attack by a jackal or hungry dog. We saw a dog feasting on the body of a woman. What must be the state of the minds of these people who sit day after day in sight of these awful scenes, knowing full well that they are to be done away with in the very same manner? They are not without this knowledge, but they are without the life and strength to act as we would think they would. One of the bravest acts we witnessed was that of a little girl of about seven years of age, attempting the care of her two little brothers after the mother had given up hope and lain down near them to die. She was feeding a fire which burned beneath a broken pot in which simmered the almost rotten bones and feet of a dead animal.

"The scene was the most heart-rending we ever witnessed. It cannot be painted too black. No account we have ever read of any famine would picture the state of affairs at Dohad."—*Times*.

NOTE.—THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE will transmit any funds that may be entrusted to it for the relief of the famine sufferers.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE International Catholic Truth Society has filed a certificate of incorporation in the office of the Secretary of State at Albany, N. Y. Its principal office and place of business is at 225 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, and its incorporators are: Rev. W. F. McGinnis, D.D., Rev. Thomas Taaffe, William J. Carr, Andrew Devine, and Francis C. Keenan, of Brooklyn; Rev. Henry Brann, D.D., of Manhattan; Rev. Paul Griffith, Washington, D. C.; John H. Farrell, Albany, N. Y.; Rev. Lucien Johnston, Baltimore, Md.

Among the Board of Directors are representatives from the principal cities of the United States and from Quebec, Ottawa, and Montreal.

One of the incorporators of the new society, in speaking of its aims and what it intended to accomplish, stated that the society was organized in Brooklyn about a year ago by Rev. Dr. W. F. McGinnis, under the title Metropolitan Truth Society, and it has already done an extensive work on the lines of its organization: So broad has been its influence and so well has it been received by the hierarchy, the clergy, and the laity that it was deemed wise by its projectors to broaden its scope by giving it an international character. Its correspondence has already extended all over this country and Canada, as well as to Europe and South America, and it has secured not only the approval of the Papal Delegate, Monseigneur Martinelli, and most of the archbishops and bishops of the country, but it has also received the Papal benediction from Pope Leo XIII. Bishop Charles E. McDonnell, of the diocese of Brooklyn, has also given the society his approbation and has accepted the position of honorary president.

The objects of the society are simply to make known the truths that the Catholic Church teaches and believes, to enlighten those who honestly differ with us, to correct erroneous statements as to Catholic belief and practices, to refute calumnies, and to do all this in such a way as to appeal directly to fair-minded and intelligent Protestants. There is a large volume of anti-Catholic literature circulated throughout the country which is unfair and misleading, and while it is not our intention to indulge in the bitterness of controversy, we intend to reply to these attacks upon the church systematically and to defend the cause of the church wherever it is unjustly assailed. One of the objects of the society is to assuage the bitterness that already exists, and to present Catholic doctrines in a fair light and to ask for them an impartial hearing. As a result of the past year's work there is already a better feeling on the part of those creeds whose members have heretofore regarded the Catholic Church with special hostility, and the only reason for this is that the Catholic position has been entirely misunderstood. The society has accomplished much in this particular, and with a wider field its promoters hope to do much more.

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The Rev. Father Rutten, a Belgian, studied with success at Louvain University and became a lector in theology and a licentiate in the social sciences. But it occurred to him that everything was not to be learnt from books—that there are even better means of information with regard to social difficulties.

So, by permission, he donned a blouse, bought a pickaxe, and got a job as a miner. With other miners he went deep into the bowels of the earth and remained there for several months, earning his daily pittance by the sweat of his brow and eating a crust heartily with his companions at meal-times. He chatted with them a great deal, and carefully studied their views on labor problems. His inquiries as to their thoughts on strikes were frequent and searching, and the answers received he committed to paper. Then, having gained the knowledge that he sought, he resumed the clerical garb and wrote an elaborate work. It was a thesis for the diploma of doctorate in science, and the Belgian journals now announce that he has gained his object with distinction. He certainly ought to be able to give a sound opinion on the wages question.

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The fifth and sixth volumes of the English translation of Dr. Pastor's *History of the Popes from the close of the Middle Ages* furnish a most valuable contribution to this branch of church history. Dr. Pastor's untiring industry in seeking and sifting evidence, his skill in selecting and arranging it, his strict impartiality, the admirable balance of his judgment, have won him recognition as a philosophic historian in the highest and truest sense. And in no period of ecclesiastical history were a firmer hand, a cooler mind, and a deeper examination of interacting issues required than in the fascinating but difficult times between the election of Innocent VIII. and the death of Julius II. Its history has been so very much composed that decomposition of a great part of the truth had largely set in. The corruption of individuals, prominent figures, their strange and startling crimes, had hastily or intentionally been generalized into types of the age. Humanist scholarship—admirable in itself—had been blazoned to the exclusion of all other intellectual endeavors. But Dr. Pastor, full of thought for the true meaning of history, has given it to us not only with all its lights and shadows, but with the lights and the shadows set in their just proportions and assessed at their real value. Of how finely faith and its practices entered into the daily life, both individual and associated, of Italy during the Renaissance, fervor in jubilees, pilgrimages, confraternities—nay, the saints who leavened the earth then—he gives documentary evidence. But, even more important, Dr. Pastor brings out once more the fact that the Renaissance, profoundly not exclusively apprehended, was largely a Catholic and Christian movement. Innocent VIII. was not only a patron of art and scholarship, but a laborer for a new crusade a supporter of the Florentine Confraternity of the Misericordia, and an encourager of Rosary sodalities by special indulgences. And if of Alexander VI. Dr. Pastor will nothing extenuate, neither will he set down aught in malice. He proves him not only to have been a patron of art but the sustainer and cherisher of the regular orders, vindicating the rights of the church against secular encroachment, promoting devotion to St. Anne and Our Lady, propagating the faith both in Greenland and in the newly discovered parts of America. And Julius II., great statesman and ruler of men, was no less diligent in the celebration of the divine mysteries and in the government of the church. Checking abuses, he guarded the purity of the faith, laying the foundation of a real reform, and promoted the evangelization of Africa and America. True, he fought rather as a warrior than a pontiff; but it was for the church, her rights, her liberties; never for himself or his family. In fact Dr. Pastor brings out the truth of Gregorovius' dictum that Julius II. was the greatest pope since Innocent III.

Trinity College, America's Catholic College for the higher education of women, has issued its college calendar for 1900-1901. The college exercises begin Tuesday, November 6, at 10 A. M. On the following Saturday a Mass will be celebrated for the founders of the college, and this Mass for the founders, living and dead, will be celebrated every Saturday. Monday, November 12, has been selected for the Mass of the Holy Ghost, and on the following Thursday a Mass for the students will be celebrated. The Feast of the Presentation, November 21, will be observed as the patronal feast of the institution. The Christmas vacation begins December 21, and college exercises will be resumed December 27. A Mass for benefactors will be celebrated January 26, 1901. The semester examinations begin the following Monday, and the second semester begins February 5. The following Thursday, February 7, the spiritual retreat for the students begins. The Easter vacation will begin April 2, and the college exercises will be resumed April 9. Saturday, May 4, will be Founders' Day, and Monday, May 27, semester examinations begin. June 5 will be commencement day.

Trinity College has for its purpose the higher education of women under the auspices of the Catholic Church. As a first step toward the attainment of this end, its courses of study are planned according to the best standards of our American educational system. It is proposed that every facility shall be offered the students of Trinity College to fit themselves for graduate work. As has been announced, only students for the freshmen class and special students of first year, will be received in 1900-1901. When the college is developed, there will be the usual classification of students that is found in all higher colleges: graduate students, undergraduate students, special students, and hearers.

Graduate students will be those who, having taken their first degree at Trinity College, or some college of good standing, wish to pursue the higher courses offered by the college.

Undergraduate students are those who have complied with the established admission conditions, and who are pursuing the courses leading to the degrees of bachelor of arts and bachelor of science. They are divided into the traditional college classes.

Special students are those who do not wish to study for a degree. They must pass the prescribed entrance examination. With the consent of their instructors they may receive certificates on the completion of their course of study.

Hearers are persons who follow some of the courses of the college by concession of the faculty. Although they are not required to pass the entrance examination, they must give proof that they are able as well as willing to profit by collegiate instruction. They must bring close application to the courses they elect; their admission to examinations and laboratory exercises depends on the judgment of the instructors, and at any time their privileges may be withdrawn. Resident hearers will not be received in 1900-1901.

The tuition of all students is \$100 a year. The charge for board and two furnished rooms is \$300 a year. Dinner and luncheon to non-resident students \$100 a year.

Scholarships are endowments the annual interest of which will be given by the college to deserving students. In general the conditions governing these scholarships are laid down by the founders. The scholarships endowed by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur will be bestowed on those candidates whose personality and moral worth, united to their ability to pass the entrance ex-

aminations, will reflect honor upon the college. These scholarships, some of which cover tuition and residence, others tuition only, are granted for four years to undergraduate students; for two years to special students. The cost of books and laboratory supplies must be borne by the holders of scholarships.

It is highly desirable that in the academies of the country there should be uniformity as to the courses of study and requirements for graduation. In view of the differences that actually exist, and in order that the ability of each applicant may be fairly tested at the beginning of her college course, all candidates for admission must take the entrance examination.

Certificates will be given to those students also who pass the entrance examinations simply as a test. In 1901 the examinations will be held June 3, 4, 5, and 6, at Trinity College; also in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Columbus, Pittsburg, Chicago, Dubuque, San José, San Francisco, and Montreal. There is a fee of \$5 for examinations taken at places other than Trinity College.

Blank forms of application may be obtained at any time from the secretary of the college. These applications, accompanied by a deposit of \$10, must be filled out and returned before April 15 of each year. The examinations for matriculation this year were held June 12, 13, and 14.

The system of instruction that has been adopted at Trinity College is partly the once universal college method and partly the elective method. The courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts and to the degree of Bachelor of Science will be the following, required or elective: Religion—Doctrine, Bible, Liturgy; Philosophy; History of the Church; Greek, Latin; English, German, French, Spanish; Mathematics; Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Geology; History, Political Science; History of Art and Architecture; Pedagogy; also courses auxiliary to the study of the modern languages: Anglo-Saxon, Old French, and Middle High German.

Of these subjects, religion, philosophy, and history of the church are prescribed studies extending through a course of four years. English is prescribed until senior year; history until junior year. Students in arts will be required to take an elective course in science for one year. The entire course open to the freshman class consists of prescribed studies.

Each student elects at the beginning of the sophomore year the group of studies to be pursued during the remainder of the course. These groups will be announced in the Year-Book to be issued in April, 1901. They will embrace the required studies of the group and free electives. As it is not possible to equip the Science Department of the college for 1900–1901, special science students cannot be admitted in October, 1900.

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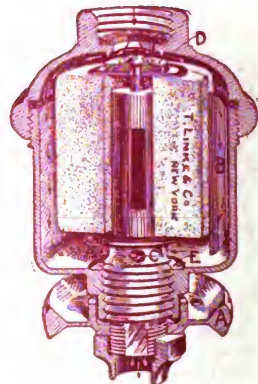
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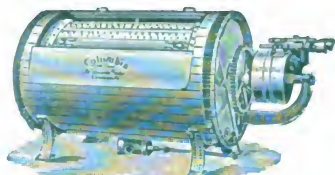
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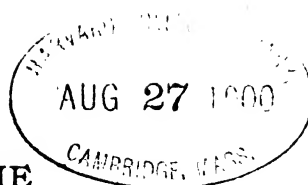
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CAN THE ITALIAN MONARCHY ENDURE ?

BY A. DIARISTA.

THE assassination of King Humbert I. of Italy aroused the entire civilized world to wrath, as being another luminous example of the baleful effects of anarchistic theories when fermenting in the minds of those on whom fortune has frowned and to whom religion has taught no patience. This outburst of general indignation over the tragedy of the occurrence has momentarily obscured all consideration of the enormously important consequences of a change of sovereign in Italy. And yet the change is fraught with such mighty results that, in the judgment of far-sighted European statesmen, events of historic moment may be immediately looked for in Italy.

It is true that in Italy the king reigns but does not govern, but the demise of King Humbert does not simply mean the succession of another figure-head who will sign official documents and at regular intervals review the army. It implies one of those incidents, or starting-points, that men in their counsels, and that the course of nature in its inevitable sequence, wait for to spring forth events of magnitude that in their weight and importance seem entirely out of proportion to the trivial incident that provoked their origin.

That Italy for the last half century has been a kingdom is more or less an accident. Garibaldi, who was the arm that welded Italian unity, was for the formation of a republic. Crispi, who was the thinker and statesman of the latter part of the movement, insisted on the monarchical form of government. Whatever may have been his motives—and it has often been averred that it was in the interests of his own ambition

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE
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VOL. LXXI.—46

that he preferred a king to a president—Crispi's eloquence was effective. "A monarchy will unite us, a republic would divide us," he said; and so a monarchy it was.

The independence of Italy was effected by one of the strangest sequences of luck and incredible good fortune that history can record. How the power of Austria, of the kingdom of the two Sicilies and of the other potentates governing in Italy, withered away before the handfuls of raw levies that the Italian revolutionaries put in the field, must, in spite of the explanation of foreign moral aid, always remain something of a mystery.

But the kingdom of Italy, thus hastily and luckily hatched, must necessarily have required a period of further careful incubation before being able to take up the extraneous responsibilities and cares that an adult power can assume. A great world-power, in fact, does not spring Minerva-like into vigorous existence all in a day, or even in half a century. To have guaranteed its future the kingdom of Italy should have gone slow. The Italians themselves say: *Chi va piano va sano e va lontano*. This is what the best statesmen of the new king-



THE NEW KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY.

dom under Victor Emmanuel realized. But Signor Crispi thought otherwise. He had lived in England; he had been flattered by British statesmen; he thought it would bring honor and glory to himself and his country to embark boldly in a policy of imperialism. That policy was an act of favor to England, but it forced a rupture of good relations with



QUEEN MARGHERITA OF SAVOY.

France and threw Italy into the arms of Germany and Austria, as sole resource for continuing her claims to be a first-class power.

King Humbert, who was always the pliable instrument of his ministers, acquiesced, and all the more willingly as the new policy implied the somewhat idle pomp of a vast army and navy. When, in 1878, the second king of a united Italy ascended the throne, the country was already on the road to a fairly tangible prosperity. The national debt was small; so

also was the military establishment; there were no ambitions for colonial expansion; a gold standard had been established, and the nation had the good-will of its neighbors. After twelve years of Humbert's reign, with Crispi's imperialist policy, the crash came. The national debt had swollen enormously, the army was costing a million francs a day, trouble and disaster multiplied in the Italian colony in East Africa. Then the banking system broke down, commerce and agriculture were grievously affected, and poverty and misery and national despair were induced by the onerous taxation that was imposed to stave off a collapse of the monarchical institution in Italy.

Ten years have not materially altered this state of affairs, and Victor Emmanuel III. reaches the throne to find his country in a condition of semi-bankruptcy, the chief asset of hope for the future being bright prophecies by the cabinet council, though the motive for these prophecies is far from convincing. One thing certain is that the new King is different from his father as day from night. Will Victor Emmanuel III. succeed where his father failed, and bring his country to the forefront among the prosperous nations of the earth? Or will his accession to the throne be the first step to a radical change in the present form of Italian government, to a subsidence from an outward ambitious rôle, and to a new start in the national life of the Peninsula? The subject is one of the keenest interest to every Catholic concerned in the triumph of the principles and aspirations of the Sovereign Pontiff.

The new King is notably and unmistakably anti-clerical. He is an avowed enemy of the church. In this he proves a departure from the traditions of the royal house of which he is the head.

From the days of the Norseman, Humbert of the White Hand, from whom they sprang, the dukes of Savoy—afterwards kings of Piedmont and Sardinia, and finally, in our own times, of Italy—have filled an illustrious rôle in history. The men of the family, it is claimed for them, have been invariably distinguished for their valor, and the women for their virtue. This claim may be fairly admitted even in modern times. The late King Humbert in his young days proved himself a lion in battle, and a hero in the time of the cholera plague in Naples; and his sister, the present Princess Clotilde, has more than once been alluded to by Pope Leo XIII. as a woman of saintly and exemplary life. The family in the past gave a

canonized saint to the church, but it also gave an anti-pope, though ecclesiastical historians agree that this latter was at no time in bad faith, but only in error. Victor Emmanuel II. and his son, Humbert I., were both men of strong and ineradicable attachment to the church, and the usurpation of the Pope's temporal domain by the former and the continuance in possession by the latter, were, it was proved by repeated incidents, the source of continual heart-burnings to them.

Another characteristic of the House of Savoy is that at intervals, in a succession of nobly endowed men, there have been born into it cripples and hunchbacks and idiots. One of Humbert's brothers was a deformed mite of humanity. The reason for these freaks and physical aberrations has been charged to a baneful system of intermarriage that has been common in the history of the family. Both the father and the grandfather of the present king married their first cousin. The best physicians in Italy have since his earliest years devoted an endless care on Victor Emmanuel III. It has been freely admitted that without a perpetual vigilance to the rules of health he would never have passed his twentieth year, and the sole reason for the apprehensions of the doctors was the close blood relationship of the parents.

The King is diminutive in stature, feeble to the point of sitting a horse only with the greatest difficulty, and in expression care-worn and with the aspect of one who looks out on the world with a perpetual bitterness of feeling. One of the generals who had care of the young man's education at a critical period of his career, Count Morra di Lavriano, was reputedly anything but a man of religious sentiments. To this may possibly be attributed the fact that King Humbert's son, when Crown Prince, gained the reputation of being hostile to religion. Many violent expressions of his regarding the Papacy were recorded in authoritative Italian newspapers and left without contradiction, and many are the acts of severity related of him towards those under his command who were devoted to their religious duties.

At the religious solemnization, four years ago, of the marriage of the then Prince of Naples, in the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli in Rome, the present writer had occasion to observe the future king in the rôle of one fulfilling a religious duty. A Mass was sung, and when the sanctuary bell announced the solemn moment of the Consecration, the Queen and her new daughter-in-law were on their knees and the King

was bent in reverent attitude. The Prince, however, seized the moment to make a gratuitously scandalous display of his irreligious sentiments. While the Sacred Host was being elevated in the air, he deliberately gazed around him and yawned with an expression of nonchalance and lassitude. The effect was electrifying and exceedingly painful to all the Catholics who witnessed it.

Similar sentiments actuating a man called to fill the royal throne in a city where the successor of Peter holds his sway cannot but be an evil augury of that man's reign. Independently of the thousand and one little points where the interests of the civil and of the spiritual powers meet, and where an accommodating spirit is an absolute requisite if an unpleasant clash is to be avoided, it is hardly to be expected that the new monarch will lend any co-operation to the Pope's plans and efforts for the remedying of the social evils. In Italy there are terrible national disorders crying aloud for immediate treatment and early cure. A prince imbued with a fanatical spirit of militarism is the last in the world to whom one can look for aid in such an emergency.

Military-mad is an epithet that has frequently been applied to the new potentate. The commanding of men in disciplined squads has been his hobby and his most serious occupation from his early years. It is true that he has learned the business very thoroughly, and that in matters pertaining to the art of war he has reached a high point of efficiency and culture. But a training and occupation of this kind have not taught him to be tolerant of other men's sentiments and feelings, or to brook opposition of any kind to his will. He is accustomed to be listened to and obeyed, and the soldiers and officers who have served under his command in Naples and in Florence relate many cases of his martinet severity, and of his disposition at all times to neglect clemency in exacting the fullest measure of military rigor for offences and shortcomings. It is not surprising to learn, therefore, that this monarch has often shown a disposition to apply to public discontent the measures and resources of military discipline, that he is impatient of the free criticism of rulers, or that he is intolerant of anything approaching socialistic ideas and tendencies. And yet Italy at this hour is seething with social ferment.

The masses of the Italian people, laborious, industrious, are sunk in hopeless poverty. What the landlord does not exact as his rent is squeezed from their pockets by the government.



THE PANTHEON IN ROME WHERE THE LATE KING IS BURIED.

A vast army, useful only for the mere glitter of the thing, and a horde of rapacious office-holders and government heelers, are supported in idleness by the taxation of the laborer, who, with all his slavery, is unable often to procure the bread and cheese, or the polenta, that would keep body and soul together. Patient and long suffering, the Italian has acquired the reputation of being socially and politically incapable. But the hour of reaction inevitably comes in such cases. Glimpses of the awful possibilities of popular exasperation were witnessed three years ago.

The so-called "bread riots" started in the centre of the kingdom, and spread like wildfire both north and south. Milan,

the commercial capital of the country, and the only Italian city where industries flourish, was the centre most affected. Not that in Milan the people were in absolute want of bread, as they were in other parts of the country; but the Milanese had suffered in other ways to a point where further submission seemed to be a crime. Milan, in its prosperity, was being taxed and drained by government exactions to make up for the extreme poverty in the centre and south of the country. Its inhabitants had long been galled by the yoke, were discussing changes of government, and had sent to the national parliament representatives pledged to socialist and republican principles.

The bread riots proved to be the spark that started the tinter-wood in Milan into flame. A veritable revolt occurred. The government woke up to the seriousness of the situation. A prompt and bloody repression was decided on. Five of the northern provinces were placed under martial law, the gates of Milan were closed, the telegraph and postal system suspended, Gatling guns were placed on the public squares, and for nine days the streets ran blood. The hundreds of dead were heaped into a pit and covered with lime; their exact number was unknown; journalists and chroniclers of the country were forbidden to deal at any time with the repressive measures employed, and the true history of the occurrence will probably never be written. In Naples the repression of the revolt was accomplished more easily, and in a manner that was considered a good joke by the sleek and well-fed government employees. The prefect of the city had four hundred-ton guns planted at the head of the principal thoroughfare, the Via Toledo, and requisitioned a number of soldiers to bake a huge quantity of bread, which was sold at a nominal price to the populace.

But the measures adopted in the quelling of the disorders left a feeling of deep exasperation. A sign thereof was the rapid development of organizations of republicans, socialists, and anarchists, and the spread of newspapers representing these bodies, springing persistently into renewed existence in spite of almost constant suppression by the authorities. In the recent Parliament the strength of the representatives of the elements of Italian discontent revealed itself as a surprise to the outside world. These representatives, though not a numerical majority, were strong enough to entirely obstruct the business of the Parliament. They freely indulged in the expression of their anti monarchical sentiments, and created so much general

scandal that the only resource left to the King was to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies.

The republican leaders themselves always admitted a certain sentimental feeling for and a disinclination to struggle against the past two kings—Victor Emmanuel II., who had been the symbol of Italian unity, and Humbert I., who had valorously fought in the battles for independence. But they have openly asserted



HUMBERT AND THE QUEEN AT MONZA.

that with the disappearance of the latter all their hesitations about endeavoring to overthrow the monarchy would disappear.

Around the personality of the present King there never has been any of the glamour of popularity. He has held haughtily aloof from the people, and no single act of his has been such as to attract wide-spread and sympathetic attention. His wife is a foreigner, a cultured and virtuous lady, but timid and retiring, and endowed with none of the characteristics that would attract Italian regard or affection.

Nor can any of the prospective heirs of the Savoy dynasty claim to have a shadow of prestige with the general public. The three adult cousins of the King—the Duke of Aosta, the Count of Turin, and the Duke of Abruzzi, the first of whom is the heir apparent to the throne—have all failed in making any impression on the esteem or the good feeling of the Italian people. The last mentioned of them is a taciturn naval officer, known only as a mountain-climber, and at present leading an expedition towards the North Pole. The Count of Turin, any Italian will at once explain, is a mere fashion-plate

dandy; and the Duke of Aosta is characterized as poorly endowed with brains, and is married to a French princess, who has freely and frequently scoffed at all things Italian.

With the country in a serious financial crisis and seething with sedition, it would require a very optimistic spirit indeed to forecast anything like stability for the throne of the dukes of Savoy. The project that of late years has been crystallizing itself in the minds of agitators and reformers is the establishment in Italy of a federated republic on the principle of the United States, or the Swiss Confederation. There is no doubt that this form of government would remedy many of the most serious difficulties that at present militate against the existing *régime*. An important one of these is the radical difference that exists in needs and interests between the various portions of the kingdom that were formerly under separate sway. The Milanese, for instance, and the Neapolitan are engaged in very different pursuits, speak practically a different language, have different customs and institutions, and require different forms of legislation. Under the present centralization of government both are seriously handicapped.

Another advantage advocated for the proposed federated republic is that it would furnish a means of satisfying the just claims of the Sovereign Pontiff for temporal independence. The canton or state of which Rome would be the chief city would be under the supreme direction of the Pope, and possibly also a certain dominant controlling voice would be given the Holy Father over all the laws and decisions of the central administration of the republic.

That the project is not displeasing to the Vatican has been frequently asserted. It has been affirmed that it is fully in accordance with the ideas and desires of Cardinal Rampolla, the present Pontifical Secretary of State. How true this may be it is not easy to state. Possibly it is based on the fact that an article, alluding to the federated republic project as an adequate solution of the Roman question, was some time ago published in the famous Catholic review, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, and it is known that prior to publication the editor, a distinguished Jesuit, customarily submits to Cardinal Rampolla all articles regarding the policy of the church. However this may be, several of the most far-seeing of disinterested Italian observers hold that the actuation of a radical change of government in Italy is logically and inevitably an occurrence that must soon be witnessed.

HOME-RELIEF THE BEST FORM OF ORGANIZED CHARITY.

BY JOHN E. GRAHAM.



IT is a well-known fact that misguided charity has been productive of much evil in the past. Far from lessening the number of social parasites, it has only tended to increase it. And this is but natural, for as long as the purse is open to every chance comer irrespective of worth there will always be a horde of lazy impostors ready to pounce upon it. The notion that such indiscriminate alms-giving constitutes true, genuine charity is a mistaken one. By reason of the giver's good intentions it will indeed be meritorious in the sight of God, but it certainly is not the most effective means of assisting the neighbor. Instead of helping the indigent forward on the road of life, it often serves only to cast a stumbling-block in their path, thereby retarding the progress they might otherwise have made. To be truly beneficial, our charity should be judicious. The most efficient way to aid the poverty-stricken is to set them on their feet and give them a chance to help themselves—to procure work for them. But, unfortunately, this cannot always be done. Sickness, hard times, a wide-spread financial crisis, or other circumstances beyond our control, may sometimes render it utterly impossible. It is to such cases as these that we wish to call attention in order to learn how they may be most effectually dealt with. We do not presume to suggest a new method, still less a flawless one. It is not new, for it has been more or less in vogue since poverty was first known and felt. But the trouble is that it has not hitherto received its due meed of recognition, especially in the sphere of organized charities. Neither is it without its flaws or shortcomings, since no system of relief is absolutely perfect, and, despite the efforts and proposed remedies of economists and philanthropists, the words of Christ will remain true: "The poor you have always with you."

While the world goes on opportunities will never be wanting to lighten their hardships and bring a little sunshine into their dreary lives. Still, though neither new nor flawless, it is

susceptible of newer and more scientific methods by means of which it may easily be rendered less flawless, or rather, more perfect, than it is at present. The system referred to is the relief of the poor in their own homes. By many, whose practical knowledge gives them a right to speak with authority on the subject, it is considered far superior to all other proposed schemes. It numbers among its advocates, not only local philanthropists, whose experience is necessarily limited, but likewise men of science who have thoroughly investigated the matter and tested the various systems in all their different phases.

The result of even a superficial study of prevailing conditions will be a hearty endorsement of this view. In the first place, home-relief is certainly preferable to the system of public institutions for housing the destitute, as also to the distribution of supplies from public centres such as soup-houses, police-stations, etc. Apart from the loftier motives which ought to guide us in works of charity, our system is by far the most commendable even from a merely economic stand-point. For as long as the family remains undivided it is possible, in most cases, for its members to help one another—to contribute in some measure to the common maintenance. In this way they will cost the state much less than if the whole burden of their support be thrown upon it by resorting to its public institutions. But, besides, it is of all systems the most kindly and considerate, the one which gives the broadest field for the exercise of true charity. When carried out in a brotherly and Christian spirit, as it should be, it spares to a great extent the fine feelings of the proud, or rather self-respecting, and worthy poor, to whom their condition is sometimes as bitter as gall and wormwood, and who would almost prefer starvation to public beggary. In addition to this, by enabling the family to remain united it prevents the heart-ache, the not infrequent demoralization of children, and other evils which often result from enforced separation. The efficiency of the system, however, depends in large measure on its controlling power. Sometimes this power is the state; sometimes, benevolent societies or individuals. Under state control it is, as a rule, liable to many and great abuses, from the fact that it is often in the hands of unscrupulous politicians whose desire to secure a large following induces them to make of it little more than a political corruption fund. Often the vast majority of the beneficiaries are their tools, and by no means the poorest in

the community, while the most deserving are frequently left to shift for themselves. These are the causes which led to the abolition of the system in Brooklyn and Philadelphia. To get an idea of its practical working in the former city, the reader may refer to the report of Seth Low, under whose administration as mayor the change was brought about.*

In Germany and France, owing to the judicious manner in which the system is carried out, it has proved most successful. That it has not given satisfaction in some parts of our own country is entirely due to mismanagement. But the subject which touches us most closely is the relief given by charity organizations and private individuals. In this case there is far less danger of abuse because there are no selfish political ends to be attained, while owing to the difficulty often experienced in raising supplies, the donors cannot afford to be overlavish in their distribution. Their sole aim being the relief of the most needy and deserving, they will exercise better judgment and discrimination, and thus render imposture more difficult.†

Among the organizations whose object is the carrying out of this system of relief there is none, perhaps, more efficient, more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Christian charity, than the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, founded by Frédéric Ozanam and his little band of fellow-students in 1833, and now known in almost every country of the civilized world. Its efforts are rarely misdirected. There is seldom any reason to complain of imposition, since a careful and judicious investigation always precedes the giving of alms; and even after the need and worth of the parties have been ascertained, the society in many cases guards still further against possible abuse by giving tickets for food and clothing, instead of money. Nor is this scrutiny made in such a way as to wound the feelings of the recipient. The very life and soul of the conference is the spirit of Christian brotherhood, and where its members are animated with this spirit they leave no means untried to impress it on those whom they visit. By procuring alms from those who have something to spare and carrying them to others who have less than they need, the unselfish disciples of Ozanam play the part of mediators between rich and poor, bring about a better understanding between them, and thus help to do away with a great deal of the class hatred so prevalent in this age of ours; and in this connection

* Vide Warner : *American Charities*, p. 168.

† On this subject see Professor Warner's *American Charities*, p. 175.

it is highly important for us to realize our own duties. If the faithful at large are expected to contribute to the alleviation of distress, the obligation is still more binding on their spiritual guides and rulers—the ministers of the God of Charity.

In every great Christian social movement for the relief of suffering humanity the priest should be found in the vanguard fighting valiantly. None should be better acquainted with the needs of his flock and the best means of providing for them. By failing in this respect, he may cause a great part of his spiritual ministry to go for naught. By fidelity to his obligation, he will endear himself to the hearts of his people and produce a favorable impression on the outside world. The standard by which we are judged—the test of our genuine worth—is a deep, heart-felt sympathy in all that concerns the flock of Christ. He who possesses it will find in his people true, loyal, and loving followers, ready to stand by him in fair weather and foul. He who lacks it will succeed but poorly. If he pays little heed to the temporal welfare of his parishioners, many of them will, in return, pay little heed to his spiritual guardianship. One of the best means of fulfilling his obligations in this regard is the encouragement of the organization just referred to—the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul.

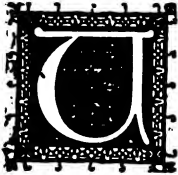
The spread of such an association, with a rigid adherence to the spirit and aims of its founders, will doubtless prove, in course of time, one of the strongest bulwarks against the prevalence of the communistic and extreme socialistic principles towards which a large number of the poorer class are, consciously or unconsciously, drifting.



THE SHIPWRECK.

(After the manner of Spenser.)

BY CHARLESON SHANE.



UPON my grassy couch I lay at eve :
 Above me stretched the mountain's tow'ring
 height ;
 Afar the rays of dying sunshine cleave
 The western sky and paint with glorious light
 The lowering clouds, forerunners of the night
 That fain would scowl with rude severity
 And solemn meaning as the gladsome sight
 Of beauty thus revealed lets them see,
 Beneath, the hidden storm unknown to you or me.

Then in the sea that stretchèd from my feet
 The sun descended and withdrew the day ;
 Against the shore the dashing breakers beat
 And seemed to shout to me as there I lay,
 And roar like baby lions at their play
 That frisk and gambol while they rest alone ;
 But let the roving eye encounter prey
 And all the playfulness aside is thrown—
 Upon the beast they spring and rend him bone from bone.

Without the sun, doth soon the sky grow dark ;
 Beneath the sailing clouds the moonbeams lie ;
 The air feels chill upon my brow and, hark !—
 The sullen thunder ! From the storm clouds fly
 The forkèd lightnings. Mark Dan Vulcan ply
 With might and main his bellows, till the glare
 Spreads from his furnace over all the sky.
 Then from Æolus' bonds the wild winds tear ;
 At length the waves, awaked, the general uproar share.

Then far away out on the stormy sea
 A white sail glimmers through the closing night ;
 A-beam the wind—the rock-bound coast a-lee :
 Up to my feet I start, in sudden fright.

May Heaven pity now the luckless wight
That paces yonder doomèd vessel's deck,
Now quick uprising to a dizzy height,
Now gliding fathoms down! She soon must check
Upon the hidden reef and sink a hopeless wreck.

The wild gale drives the wretched vessel near,
The foaming waves rush round in mad delight.
Scarce had the hapless crew rushed forth in fear,
When that the flash which showed them to my sight
Blazed on the jagged rock. They shriek in fright;
And some cry help to me, in voices hoarse;
And some leap in, to test their puny might
Against the raging tempest's awful force;
But scarce ten paces gone, each sank a lifeless corse.

Then forward dashed the ship, and with a crash
She struck the cruel rock and there stood still,
As o'er her stern the foaming breakers dash:
Her hold the hurtling water 'gins to fill,
Fast streaming through her sides in many a rill.
While most the crew stood still, some few did climb
The quivering mast, for it was standing still.
Beneath them climb the water, and what time
The vessel sinking was, each took farewell of prime.

Below the dismal waves they slowly sank,
While round about the rocking waters fought.
Their cries I heard, a-kneeling on the bank,
The air with prayers and curses was yfraught;
And soon the wind the wild refrain had caught,
And howled the wailing through each rocky cave
(I ween to chaunt their requiem it sought).
One corpse was washed from out that wat'ry grave—
A mother and the babe she tried in vain to save.



THE GARDENS OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE, PEKIN.

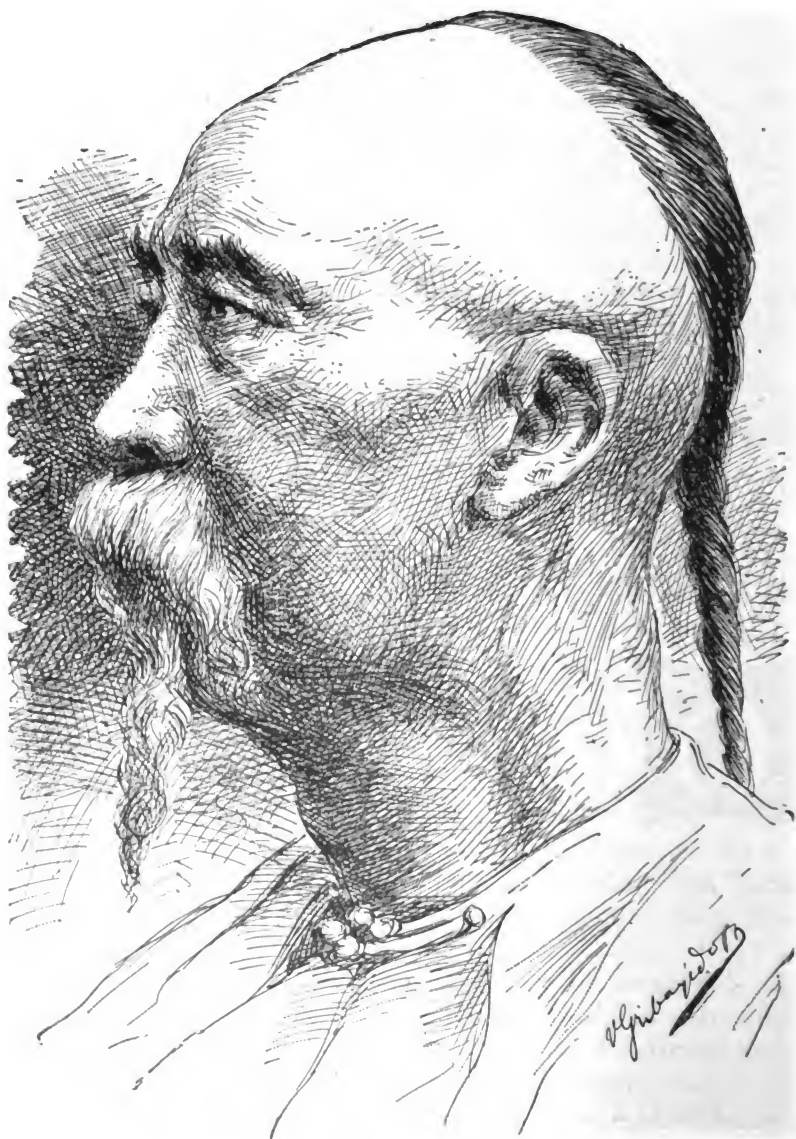
THE PROSPECTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CHINA.

TO those interested in the spread of the Gospel, and in the progress of civilization which it involves, no region of the world is a subject of deeper interest than China. Here dwell over one-fourth of the human race, a heathen people, but not by any means a savage one; a people of paradoxical habits and modes of thought, and, as a result, the most misunderstood people in the world.

To the spread of Christianity in China there are obstacles and difficulties of a radical character. The Chinaman has a civilization of his own. He is satisfied with it, and he is certainly convinced that no foreigner can bring him anything that will be an improvement on it. Furthermore, he is conservative. This is a basic principle of his whole code of ethics and morality, and on this principle he will raise his hand against

738 *PROSPECTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CHINA.* [Sept.,
innovations, even though they would obviously be beneficial
and desirable.

The man of new ideas and stirred by the unrest of modern
civilization is out of place in China. There a condition of
seriousness, tranquillity, and contentment is the ideal to which
men aspire. The system of government itself is entirely
satisfactory to the governed, for it is based on the great princi-

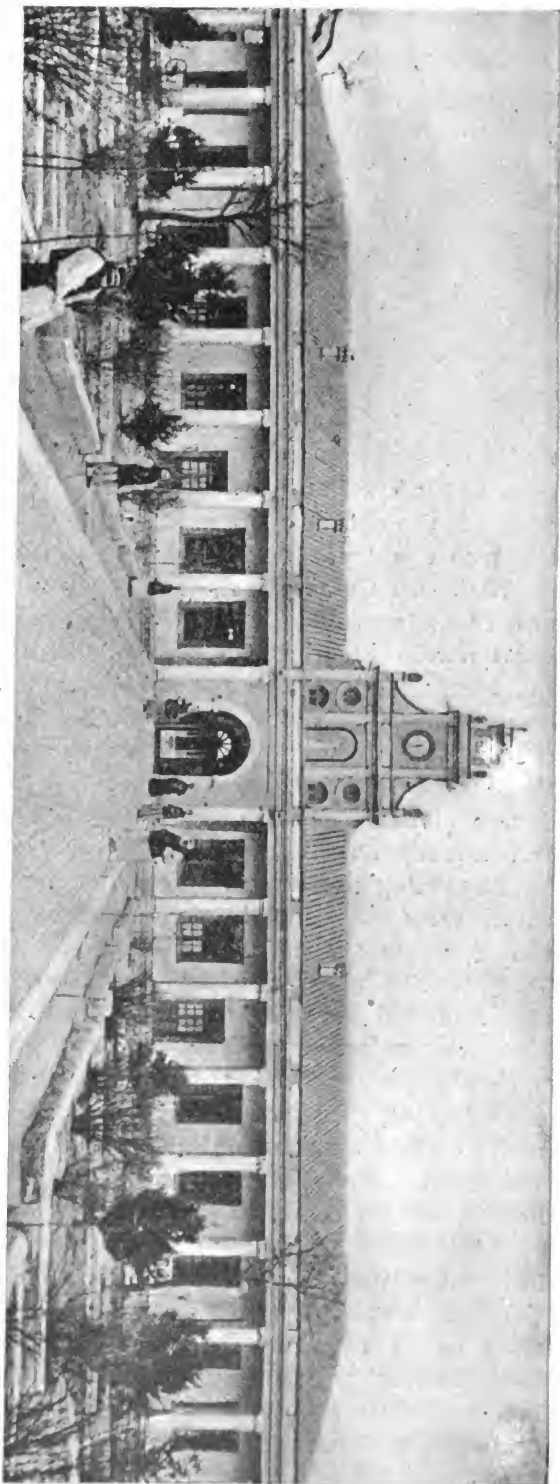


LI HUNG CHANG.

1900.]

ple of Chinese morality, the devotion of children to their parents and ancestors. It is patriarchal and parental, as the Emperor is recognized as the father of the whole Chinese family. The laws are mild and humane, and perfectly pleasing to the people. The system of rewards and punishments that obtain are naïve and primitive, but again entirely to the liking of all. From our point of view it certainly does seem a little strange to hear, for instance, of Li Hung Chang, the famous warrior and statesman, petitioning the Emperor to punish him because a river in his province has overflowed, and to learn that in consequence the imperial ruler has deprived the viceroy of the privilege of wearing the yellow jacket.

RESIDENCE OF THE MISSIONARIES ADJOINING THE CATHEDRAL AT PEKIN.



Or, again, it comes to us as a surprise that, because there is a satisfactory rainfall and drought is averted, certain mandarins receive the peacock's feather, or the sable robe, or the privilege of entering the outer gate of the palace on horseback. But then these belong to the old-time traditions of the country, which the people love, and besides, the punishments or rewards really alter in no way the position of the person affected by them.

A point we generally fail to realize is, that the government of China is very far from being despotic or tyrannical. In reality a very democratic spirit is prevalent; the officials are in the vast majority of cases drawn from the common people—Li Hung Chang, for example, comes from the lowest and poorest class of the community—and the free and open criticism of the acts of the officials is as great and as general as in any Western country.

With this Chinese lack of receptiveness and assimilation of new ideas from without, it will be readily understood that a great barrier stood in the way of the introduction of the true religion. And yet it found an entrance, and it has happened in the history of China that a Catholic priest was at one time the highest minister of state in the country, and that, over three centuries ago, the Catholic religion was by an imperial decree placed on the same footing with the chief form of worship already existing in the country.

Regarding the existing or native form of religion in China three sects or denominations may be distinguished: that of the Scholars, called Joo Keaou, or Confucianism; that of Buddha, Fuh Keaou; and that of Tao, Taou Keaou. Of these the Buddhist form is the most wide-spread. On the whole, however, the native religion of the Chinese includes no distinct belief in the individuality of a supreme being, or in the immortality of the soul. A species of pantheism is prevalent, but to the Chinaman religion is primarily a code of morals, and treats chiefly of honor and respect to parents, ancestors, heroes, and to the dead generally.

Spiritualism, mesmerism, clairvoyance, palmistry, and magic have also their large part. The modern literature of the Celestial Empire is greatly concerned with them, and superstitions based on phrenology and the like "sciences" receive a large portion of daily attention. Mr. Robert K. Douglas, the famous British scholar and expert in the Chinese dialects, thus translates a portion of what would correspond to a universal



CHINESE CONVERTS TO CHRISTIANITY.

prayer-book among the Chinese : "The face of a man favored by fortune should be long and square, but for the man with a face pointed at each end like a date-stone, poverty is in store. High cheek bones are a sign of a cruel disposition, and a matron so distinguished is likely to prove a husband-killing wife. A broad chin belongs to a man whose lot it is to be poor. A man whose jawbone is so wide as to be seen from behind the ears has a heart full of poison. The possessor of a high forehead will be held in esteem and will live to old age ; but he whose nose is long is a man devoid of a fixed purpose. If you cannot see the ears of a man when meeting him face to face, ask who he is, for he is somebody. If you cannot see the jawbones of a man under like circumstances, ask where he comes from, that you may avoid him. A large face and a small body are signs of happiness, and the reverse is an omen of evil. A man with a narrow head and long hair will encounter difficulties, and death from starvation will overtake him whose hair grows long down to his ears. He whose

hair turns white at an early age will not be fortunate ; but for him whose hair after turning white should recover its original color, great happiness is in store." With theories and investigations of this kind the average Chinaman of education interests himself, as do Western scholars with the great principles of theology.

The history of the introduction of Christianity into China in relatively modern times is full of interest. Two famous Venetian travellers, Niccolo and Matteo Polo, father and uncle of the still more famous traveller, Marco Polo, paid a visit to the great Tartar prince, Kublai Khan, at Yenkin. This was in the second half of the thirteenth century. They told him of the Christian religion, and when they were setting out on their return to Europe Kublai sent with them one of his officers as an envoy to the Pope. This envoy, according to the travellers, was "to request His Holiness to send to Kublai Khan one hundred men of learning, thoroughly acquainted with the principles of the Christian religion as well as with the seven sciences, and qualified to prove to the learned of his dominions, by just and fair argument, that the faith professed by the Christians is superior to and founded upon more evidence than any other."



ENTRANCE TO THE FRENCH LEGATION, PEKIN.



THE CHINESE SECRETARY'S HOUSE AT THE BRITISH LEGATION.

Gregory X., in 1274, responded to this request by sending three Italian missionaries. From the further narrative of Marco Polo we are given to understand that the monarch was greatly impressed by what he learned of Christianity, but that his own conversion was not encompassed simply because the right man, capable of inducing him to take the step, had not been sent to him. Had it been otherwise and Kublai become a Christian, there is little doubt but the history of the world would have been greatly modified.

In the fourteenth century Pope Clement V. named an archbishop of Peking in the person of the monk, Fra Giovanni da Montecorvio. But it was in the seventeenth century that the first great missionary harvest in China occurred. Jesuits, Dominicans, and Franciscans were already in considerable numbers in the country. Shun-Chi, the first of the Manchu rulers, decided to seek a general education at the hands of the German Jesuit, Father Adam Schaal. So satisfactorily did this famous priest acquit himself of the task, that he was soon appointed by the emperor to be first minister of state. Then it was that the strange fact verified itself of a Catholic missionary actually governing the empire of China. Shun-Chi,

however, died quite young, his son and successor, Kang Hi, being then only eight years of age. A council of four ministers acted as regents. They were old men who had felt bitter mortification at the honors lavished by the late monarch on the Christians. They accordingly inaugurated the new reign by a persecution. Father Schaal was seized and cast into prison. Catholic churches were destroyed, and native Christians who refused to abjure their new religion were punished by imprisonment, torture, and even death.

As soon as the young emperor grew old enough to assume the reins of power he quickly stopped the persecution of the Christians and proceeded to make some reparation for the wrongs done them. Father Ferdinand Verbiest, another Jesuit who has acquired rank in history, was selected by Kang Hi to fill a position almost equivalent to that held by Father Schaal in the preceding reign. Verbiest soon grew to be a figure of awe and admiration in the eyes of the Chinese authorities, because of his ability as an astronomer and because he knew how to cast cannon, which were of service in Kang Hi's wars. This monarch issued in 1692 an edict which was regarded as a species of Magna Charta by the Catholic Church. It decreed that the Christian religion should, with regard to privileges and immunities, be placed on the same footing with Buddhism, which, as has been said, was the most prevalent form of worship in the country. This official act of tolerance made the Catholic religion very popular, and in a brief period it developed a flourishing condition. In the provinces of Nganhwui, Kiangsu, and Kiangsi alone there were soon as many as one hundred churches and over 100,000 Chinese converts.

A couple of years later a Jesuit missionary writing from Peking stated that in that city the priests of his society were then annually baptizing an average of six hundred adults as well as several thousands of children.

The official summary of the condition of the mission, sent from Peking to Rome by Father Francis Noel in 1703, contains an interesting account of the progress of the faith.

"To the joy of seeing our flock daily increase," writes the missionary, "is added the joy of knowing with what fervor the majority of the Chinese Christians acquit themselves of their duties. The associations of our Saviour's Passion and of the Blessed Virgin contribute largely to keeping them in holy dispositions. These assemblies are held every month, and sometimes more frequently. After the customary exercises of de-

votion, five or six of the most fervent and capable members of the association are deputed to visit the houses of the Christians in general. They find out if all therein are baptized, if the morning and evening prayers are regularly said, if the sacraments are approached, if the sick are visited, if holy water is kept, and finally if efforts are made to gain infidel souls to Christ. At the following meeting these deputies render an exact account of their mission. We have found by experience that



THE RUSSIAN MINISTER'S HOUSE, PEKIN.

this plan, more than all others, is qualified to entertain union and piety in the churches where these holy associations are established. The women, spurred on by the example of the men, have also formed among themselves societies wherein they practise almost similar exercises and methods. There are about eight hundred ladies in Peking who meet in different quarters of the city, and who communicate to each other the best method of employing their zeal to instruct and to win to God the pagan women with whom they come in contact."

An interesting incident showing the prestige of the Catholic missionaries in China in the second half of the long reign of Kang Hi is related in a letter by the French Jesuit, Father Jartoux. A famine, resulting from an inundation, was during

this year devastating the province of Shantung. The mandarins were unable to cope with the evil. A number of them were punished and many others fell into disgrace. It was then that the emperor summoned the missionaries to his presence. He informed them that it was their co-operation alone that he desired in combating the dreadful scourge. He placed some thousands of taels in their hands and requested them to go forth and take measures for the relief of the suffering. It is a charming picture that the missionary draws of the troops of starving Chinese flocking to the Catholic priests with the confidence of obtaining relief; of the method of the latter in cooking and apportioning in the various districts the huge quantities of rice and herbs necessary to satisfy the urgent needs, and of their carrying out the whole arrangements with a discipline and order as perfect as if a highly trained European army were concerned. This was in the year 1704, more than a century before the first Protestant missionary set foot in China.

It will be seen that the Catholic missionary had known how to triumph over the conservatism and distrust of the foreigner that are deeply imbedded in the Chinese. Unfortunately, however, many things have occurred in the present century to stir up the worst elements in the make-up of the people, and the progress of religion has, in consequence, suffered at times. But in all fairness it must be admitted that the Mongolian, even if sinning, has also been much sinned against.

First and foremost, the great European powers have shown a desire to seize for themselves the choicest morsels of the Chinese Empire. Again, Great Britain impeded China when the latter desired to legislate against the use of opium. A marked discrimination has also been made by this country against China. Thus, the United States and a number of British colonies have passed laws against Chinese immigration, when no such opposition was made to the incoming of the other prominent member of the yellow race, the Japanese. Some twenty years ago the Chinese government sought the permission of the United States to have a number of its students trained and educated at its expense at West Point and Annapolis. The request was urgently repeated at intervals during three years, for the Chinese government was well aware that at that very time a number of Japanese students were receiving their instruction at Annapolis. When finally it was evident that further appeal was vain, the Chinese government desisted,

and then decided to withdraw the so-called Chinese Educational Mission, which has been described as the most practical scheme ever undertaken by China for placing herself in line with modern ideas and methods. In the great naval fight during the recent Chino-Japanese war many of the chief officers on the latter side were graduates of Annapolis, and it has, consequently, been more than once conjectured that the action of this country in granting to Japan a favor which it refused to China had considerable influence in deciding the issue of the fight.

Calamities of many kinds had recently fallen on China, inundations, drought, and famine, involving terrible suffering and a serious loss of life. These, added to intricate and bewildering diplomatic craftiness by the foreign powers, served to drive the Chinese to a condition of frenzy and desperation. Unfortunately, this people of strange contradictions, from being naturally long-suffering and peace-loving in normal conditions, develop, when aroused by real or fancied grievances and wrongs, a cruelty and vindictiveness and barbarity of disposition that cause civilization and humanity to stand aghast and horrified.

But as to the outlook of religion in China many persons are probably allowing themselves to be so impressed by the



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR ROBERT SEYMOUR, OF THE
BRITISH FORCES:

present regrettable circumstances that they draw unduly pessimistic conclusions. China, we are assured on every hand, is hastening to its ruin. There is a Sick Man in the far East, we are told by the would-be political prophets. But it has often been observed that threatened states live long, and the Sick Man of the Bosphorus, whose early end was freely prophesied a few years ago, is certainly showing a great deal of vitality. Whatever be the outcome, there ought, even humanly considering the subject, to be no reason to despair of the faith in China. Catholics may suffer grievously during the present crisis. But then the harvest has been sown abundantly. There are well over a million Catholics in the Empire; all the Protestant denominations claim for their creeds is a total of only some fifty thousand converts. And the outcome of the trouble with the foreign powers will have the inevitable result of bringing China into closer touch with Western civilization.

Even in recent years the usually conservative and uncommunicative viceroys and mandarins have issued flattering statements regarding the religion of Christ. The Tsung-li-Yamen itself, the chief body of Imperial ministers, came forth from its reserve some five years ago to treat encomiastically of Christianity and the missionaries in a memorial to the Emperor. "The religion of the great West," they said, "persuades people to follow the paths of virtue. It has been propagated in the Western countries for many years. The hospitals for the sick and asylums for infants are all good works. Of late years in all the places in the different provinces visited by calamities there were many missionaries who contributed large sums, and helped to alleviate the sufferings of the people. Their love to do good and their generosity in giving are certainly commendable." Again, only a year ago the Chinese government conferred high official rank on the Catholic bishops and missionary priests throughout the empire.

The omen, then, for the Catholic Church is good, and for China herself there are indications which do not suggest a despairing forecast. As good an authority as Mr. Chester Holcombe, who for many years was United States acting minister in Peking, says: "It seems impossible that any one should come to know them [the Chinese] well without reaching the conviction that there is a great future before the nation, and that China has yet an important part to play in the history of the world."

In 1865 a treaty was entered into with the government

whereby the missionaries could buy property without the consent of the mandarins. This provision was allowed for some months, but when it was discovered how far it would break in on the authority of the mandarins it was repudiated until the Tsung-li-Yamen was compelled to define with more precision its position and yield again to the missionaries this privilege. During the past year, before the outbreak of hostilities, the progress of Catholicism was quite notable. In the mission of Chang-tong there were 5,085 conversions; in Kiang-nan more than 2,500; in Kouang-tong 2,627. There was a corresponding



A TYPICAL VILLAGE FORT.

growth in each of the other provinces. Of course in Manchuria, where the dominant policy is Russian, there is more opportunity offered to the growth of Christianity. Under this Christian influence the missionaries were able to receive and baptize, during 1899, 85,643 babies, who had been practically abandoned by their mothers. In the various provinces there are established the houses of various religious communities. They have their orphan asylums, hospitals, and dispensaries.

A very accurate estimate of the present condition of the church in China may be seen from the following summary of missionaries and of souls under their charge: The Society of

Foreign Missions in Paris has 269 priests and 181,015 Catholics within its jurisdiction. The Franciscans have 126 missionaries and 109,428 of the faithful in their nine vicariates. The Lazarists have charge of six vicariates, with 85 missionaries and 103,000 Catholics. The Society of Mary Immaculate has 69 Belgian priests and 30,242 Catholics. The Society of Foreign Missions of Italy has 17 missionaries and 12,885 Christians. The Jesuits have 170 religious and 160,000 Catholics. The Dominicans in their two vicariates have 23 missionaries, chiefly Spanish, with 40,000 Catholics. The Augustinians have 10 missionaries and 3,000 Catholics. The Seminary of Sts. Peter and Paul in Rome has 15 missionaries in charge of 120,000 souls. The Dutch Society of Foreign Missions has 14 missionaries and 10,000 Catholics. Besides, there are a few hundred thousand Catholics spread through Cochin China and Cambodia. In all there are about 1,000 European priests, with half as many native priests, and twice as many catechists. There are 3,722 churches and 2,663 schools, and over 72,000 pupils.

This wonderful growth has not been without its sacrifice of men and blood. It may be checked by the present war, but the net result will be the opening of China more and more to European influence.



THE BIBLE IN THE LIFE, THOUGHT, AND HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

BY DR. B. F. DE COSTA.



ABOUT one year ago a celebrated Protestant dignitary, notorious for the patronage he has bestowed upon the Higher Criticism, in dwelling upon the benefits derived from the work, declared that a modern fetichism had "dishonored the Bible by claiming to be its elect guardian," and had thus shut it up "within the walls of a dreary literalism, robbing it alike of interest and power." This was a remarkable discovery, quite as remarkable as some of those made with regard to the condition of the Catholic Church in the Philippines, after standing a little while, perhaps, on the pier at Manila, viewing the ecclesiastical condition through a spy-glass. The Bible, from the early centuries until now, has been a pre-eminently free book, free to every abuse. It has stood the pride and glory of all nations, proving an uplifting force in civilization.

But, three hundred years ago, far-seeing men anticipated the present results of the so-called Reformation. The flight of time has brought the Catholic Church into relations with the Christian world the supreme importance of which must ere long be recognized by thoughtful Christians of every name. Protestants began by substituting an infallible Bible for an infallible Church, and now that they no longer recognize any infallibility, the Catholic Church remains the sole defender of the Bible in its integrity and entirety. The Church formerly credited with hostility to the Bible is found to be its only reliable friend. The real attitude of the Catholic Church to Holy Scripture, defined by the Councils of Florence and Trent, has been restated by Leo XIII., and the position is one from which the Church can never retreat. The Catholic Church holds the Bible as plenarily inspired and without error, and, consequently, authoritative. Any attempt to break the force of the Papal declaration by reference to unimportant misreadings of texts, will not avail. The Church can never change her attitude toward the Word of God. Thus the Catholic Church stands in a relation of supreme importance to the revealed

will. To the surprise of non-Catholics, the Church is now exclusively commissioned with a work once supposed to be the great and unique task of the Protestant Reformation, the guardianship of an inspired Bible. The occupation of the Reformation is gone, and in the eyes of the world the Church now more and more appears devoted to a work that she never relinquished, or even wearied of. With the patience of the ages, she stands the unshaken defender of "the Divine Library," the Word of God. This is a great and noble mission, and angels who were bearers of so many Bible messages to man now look down, viewing with infinite solicitude the manner in which the Church performs her task.

The Catholic of to-day is called to a work of unparalleled importance. The eyes of the world are fixed upon him. He must now appreciate as never before the character and magnitude of his calling, doing everything in his power to make the most of a situation that is challenging universal attention. The practical uses of the Bible demand his most serious thought, and, by every means in his power, he must make the Book of all books a living Book, and thus demonstrate that now, as in former days, the inspired record is instinct with Divine power.

Let us, therefore, glance at the manner in which the Bible has entered into the life and thought of the people in past centuries.

Wherever the Sacred Scriptures have been borne by reverent hands they have proved "quick and powerful," energizing the intellect and inspiring the soul. This was true of the Old Testament Scriptures, in which Apollos, the convert of Alexandria, proved himself "mighty" when preaching in the synagogue of Corinth. The Bereans were elevated and ennobled by the study of the same ancient Scriptures, in which Timothy was trained from a child by his grandmother, Eunice. In the second century the Books, afterwards pronounced canonical, were in part or whole translated into the Syriac, for long generations the vehicle of Syrian thought and literature. It was the policy of the Church to place the Word of God in the hands of the people wherever it could be successfully done. The sacred books reached Ceylon and China in the sixth and seventh centuries, and in the ninth century were telling upon the conversion of the Saxons, having long before become household treasures in Britain and Ireland. St. Aidan, at Lindisfarne, knew the importance of the work, recognized by Cædmon (660-80), in popularizing the Bible by metrical translations; while it is observed that "Ireland may be justly proud

of the Book of Kells. This copy of the Gospels, traditionally said to belong to St. Colomba, is unquestionably the most elaborately executed manuscript of early art now in existence."

The offices of the Church, besides a mass of lesser devotional books, were constantly employed to bring home the Bible to the hearts of the people, and enshrine it in their lives. With the invention of printing, the Church, in the most liberal spirit, set out upon the work of giving the Scriptures to the people in vernacular tongues. The history of the Bible in the Catholic Church abounds with the grandest encouragement for laboring to place the Sacred Word in immediate contact with the life and thought of the present generation. By her monuments, sculpture, painting, and architecture, indeed by every department of art, the Church has sought to advance the Bible in the estimation of her children. The work that ended in the bronze gates of Florence was begun in the Catacombs. Ruskin shows how chisel and pencil were employed to popularize the Bible, and declares that the Church of St. Mark, Venice, with its Byzantine splendor, was really designed to be "a type of the Redeemed Church of God, and a scroll for the written word of God." It was to be to the Venetians "both an image of the Bride, all glorious within, her clothing of wrought gold; and the actual Table of the Law and the Testimony written within and without." "Not in wantonness of wealth," he says, "were the marbles hewn into transparent strength and the arches arrayed in the colors of the iris! Never had a city a more glorious Bible."

Newman shows, in his own incomparable English, what a Bible can do for the people. Speaking of its influence upon the Englishman, he says: "It is the representative of his best moments," while "all that there has been about him of soft and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him for ever out of his English Bible." It is only with a large qualification that one can now continue to quote: "It is his sacred thing, which doubt has never dimmed, and controversy never soiled." Long years have passed since Newman wrote these words, and if he could return to-day he would be astonished to learn how the Anglican has fallen, rendering the reverse of nearly all his predictions true. The same revolution has taken place among Protestants in this country, and an Episcopalian bishop at Washington writes: "Under the influence of the 'Higher Criticism,' thousands have lost their faith in the Old Testament as the inspired word of God," while

"the faith of multitudes is so shaken that even Sunday-school children speak of the Scriptures with an irreverent freedom that would have amazed the preceding generation." It remains, therefore, the peculiar duty of the Catholic to stand fast in his devout acceptance of the Word, giving a most loyal support to the declarations of the Holy Father in his Encyclical *Providentissimus Deus*, 1893.

In the life and thought of the people, first of all, the Bible should have its place as a holy book, and of this something will be said further on. It is desired at this point to impress upon the mind of the reader the large place that the Bible should have as literature, combining as it does prose and poetry of the most exalted character, by the remarkable commingling of which the reader has, in the most charming form, parable and history. The education of that man is neglected whose culture has not passed under the literary influence of the Old and New Testament. The Bible is a rich mine of literary thought and illustration. It abounds with the most exquisite poetic ideas and the grandest imagery. For massive simplicity of style it can never be excelled. No mere human intelligence has ever approached the first verse of Genesis in stating facts of a sublime character. No Homer or Milton in their loftiest flights ever equalled the splendor of Nahum, who, speaking of the clouds, describes them as the dust of God's feet. The reading of the Scriptures uniformly tends to assist in the formation of style; while many of the noblest writers confess their indebtedness to the Old and New Testaments. It offers most invaluable lessons to all who appreciate clearness, simplicity, and force, and who, in bringing home charges to the individual conscience, desire to know how to say, "Thou art the Man." Joel's discourse has been likened to a rapid, sprightly stream flowing along a delightful plain; Osee being a water-fall plunging down over rocks and ridges. Isaias is a mass of water "rolling heavily." Ezechiel is described as a gigantic appearance, a spiritual Samson. Passing over to the New Testament, we find competent critics declaring that St. Peter's discourse at Pentecost excels Cicero's oration against Catiline, while St. Paul stands on a higher level at Mar's Hill than Demosthenes in his oration on the Crown. No oratory was ever so effective as that of Pentecost reported in the New Testament. Where outside of the Bible do we find such an exquisite idyl as that of Ruth, a parable of such literary interest as that of Jotham, when the trees went forth to choose

a king, or the tenderness and pathos of the Prodigal Son? How could one compare any of the boasted letters of classical antiquity with the exquisite exhibition of friendship and love in the Epistles? One who has wandered far and wide in Palestine, who has mused on the Mount of Olives, watched in the starlight at the Jordan, scaled Lebanon amid its tumbling cataracts rushing to pour into Abanor a tide better than all the waters of Israel, and sailed on the Sea of Galilee, along the towns and villages of old Judean days, journeying everywhere with the Bible in his hand as companion and guide,—need not be told how true, how invaluable are the pictures of life, manners, customs, and scenery so graphically portrayed by the Sacred Writers, each of whom might be credited with the trained touch of St. Luke's artist hand. The literature that is all uninfluenced by "the Divine Library" may know the sweet influences of the Pleiades in vain. The Bible is a blessing and an education.

We must turn, however, to glance at the place of the Bible in the Home. We may learn its true place by the efforts already referred to and which the Church has made to establish the Word of God in the Family. Whoever has any doubts on this subject may again be invited to inquire into the history of the Bible in the Catholic Church. From the days before the invention of printing, when Bibles were chained to pillars of churches, down to the present day, though properly guarding the Word with especial care in perilous times, the Church has always encouraged the proper use of the sacred volume among all classes; though no invitation was ever given to the ignorant to expound the Word to their own destruction. As an example, take the Letter of Pius VI. addressed, in 1778, to the Archbishop of Florence, thanking him for sending out an edition of the Bible in the Italian tongue for the free use of the people. He tells the translator:

"You judge exceedingly well, that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures; for these are the most abundant sources, which should be left open to every one, to draw from them purity of morals and of doctrine, to eradicate the errors which are so widely disseminated in these corrupt times. This you have seasonably effected, as you declare, by publishing the Sacred Writings in the language of your country, suitable to every one's capacity."

He adds:

"You have not swerved either from the laws of the Con-

gregations of the Index, or from the Constitution published on this subject by Benedict XIV."

This action of Pius VI. truly represents the mind of the Church; and, in addition to the encouragement given by Leo XIII., in 1893, for studying the Scriptures, by a special Indulgence of December 13, 1898, he grants to all Catholics who spend at least fifteen minutes daily in reading an approved edition of the Bible an Indulgence of three hundred days, and to those who are faithful to this practice for a month, a plenary Indulgence, on the usual conditions of going to Confession and Communion and praying for the Pope's intention.

The Catholic may, therefore, find a pathway to Heaven through the pages of the Bible, which should be the book of his best moments; a holy book that doubt never dimmed or controversy soiled. Every chapter read should prove a rich means of grace, and a waymark of progress in holiness.

It was at a very early period of life that the writer, then a reader of *The Pilot*, saw the true place of the Bible in the Catholic family. The Bishop of Boston was careful to recommend the Bible for every household. Later, among the hills of Berkshire, he found a beautiful example of the Bible in the Catholic family, when he saw a devout old countryman regularly calling his household to the evening devotions. A plain, hardworking but God-fearing man was this old countryman, with his deep, rich voice and strong but harmonious brogue. A simple mantel, adorned with the picture of the Virgin and a pair of candles, served as altar. Seated in his arm-chair, patriarch and priest, he received the great clasped quarto, reverently brought and laid in arms weary with the labor of the day, yet at the touch of the Book gaining new strength from Him who said, "My burden is light." The volume was carefully opened at the place, and the day's lesson read to an attentive and devout circle, in tones that floated out through the open window, falling upon the ears of neighbors who were Protestant at the polls, but godless in the family circle. Next a prayer was said, a hymn sung, and then the toilers soon retired for the night, resting securely, "under the shadow of the Almighty," fitly symbolized by the shade of grand old Mount Graylock, dominating northern Berkshire. Here, all unknown, from the wilds of Kerry, dwelt a humble Catholic family, daily exhibiting the type of what every Catholic family in America should be. It was a picture worthy of some great artist, showing the Place of the Bible in the Catholic Church.

THE ROBE OF MATER PURISSIMA.

BY B. NASH-O'CONNOR.



HE colonel's regiment was under marching orders to the front. There was the blare of martial music and the glitter of pageantry, but—the parting hour had come, the last words were being said.

There were tears, and there were sighs,
Broken laughter—heart good-bys.

“Remember you are soldier-women,” some one had said; “so be brave as soldier-women should be.”

“Aye, a country is not worth the calling if it is not worth the fighting for,” the gallant colonel added; “and its soldiers are its men and women,” he continued.

There were dusky cheeks and pale brows consecrated at this hour when hearts were throbbing and words were voiceless.

“But when one has no courage left, how may one be brave?” cried the colonel's wife. “I know there are all the others, but theirs are theirs to joy or sorrow, and mine is mine,” she continued.

Oh, the misery of it all!

The colonel's words were lost in the last embrace as he hurried away with eyes dimmed and heart overfull of sorrow.

The colonel's command was to join Doniphan's division in its dread march over the country then belonging to Mexico. Over an arid soil of dry alkali dust, cursed with drought—no vegetation, forest, or shrub to ease the miles that lay between the post and the nearest point of coalition with Scott's army—trooped these rugged soldier-men.

All the hardships of this active campaign of invasion were brooded over by those who waited.

The days and months dragged themselves slowly on with the colonel's soldier-wife. Victories there were; which was well. At what loss? was the soldier-woman's concern.

But to the colonel no hours of delay nor despair came, for these months had been hastily consumed in reaching the scene of action, where the colonel's command was in the brunt of

attack with the forces forging south in triumph, piling victory upon victory, till to reduce or capture the great capital city of Mexico was all that remained for the American army to accomplish. And it was on an afternoon in mid-September, 1847, when the great issue was to be decided.

The invading army was intrenched without the city's wall; its living tentacles spreading out on all sides in watchful array, awaiting the ending of the three days' armistice asked for by Santa Anna. The hours grew burdensome as the last moments sped on and no result seemed to be reached on this, the third day. The sun's heat poured down on the sweltering men as they sought shade from any promising quarter while the earth baked under their feet. Out over the brown reaches the cacti held strong arms aloft, and bleached more colorless as the hot rays feasted on their thorny points. Flowers of the hills and valleys hid their heads in the dried sward, or died outright on its breast, so fierce was the spasm of fire. The earth in seams opened wide as if to bury its scorching foe within its bosom. The grass spears forgot to live, and clung to roots in seared heaps. Animal and man were alike distraught. Only the lilt of insect or buzz of bee gave a thought of life still stirring; all else was parched in the toils of burning misery on this memorable afternoon.

Within the city's gates the air was heavy with a suppressed action that could be felt through the dense heat that pressed down on the dry earth. But at the Presidio all was teeming with stir and bustle. Affairs were assuming a readiness that suggested immediate action. As one or another worker was stricken with the overpowering atmosphere, others arose to the tasks, who in their turn succumbed to the oppressive heat.

Still the sun swung on in his blazing course till his mid-day life was spent. Then in his merciless joy, conscious that all things animate and inanimate had bowed to his resistless power, he drew a mantle of clouds airily about him, and with measured dignity crept slowly down the western horizon, till in the plenitude of one day's labor he resigned himself to other fields where again his life wound on.

The people, sheltered within the thick adobe walls of their low, rambling buildings, lived the day in peaceful ignorance; was not the great Santa Anna, their idol warrior, there with them? So the time-honored siesta hour slipped on in dreamful enjoyment, laying no burden on the sleeper who was a stranger to wisdom.

It was so in one of the more pretentious homes whose white walls glistened in the sunlight, and whose square court was green with foliage and vines that twisted their way in weighty profusion along the corridor walls, and climbed overhead to shade the inclosure from all but the spicy atmosphere exhaled from flower and shrub that rioted in full blossom.

A low bench rested in the shade, and there seated, la Señora Serra spoke in the soft tones of the southern tongue.

"I go now," she said, "and will not trouble about thee again; but I will tell thee," she added, arising, "it be not well to loiter from thy madre's casa when the devils there may be everywhere."

"But I only go at sundown, madre mia," said Estella Rosa, "to ask that Don Pedro be made well of his malady."

"And what do you that you should be heard?—think you not of that?" asked the mother.

"A regina and rosary always," answered the daughter, "besides a lighted candle for nine days before the Mater Purissima; is it not enough?"

"Think you so? Not I. I should quicker give that I should be the better heard," answered la señora, closing the slatted blinds of the windows facing on the corridors to exclude any ray of sunlight that might find its way within.

"Ah! madrecita, think'st thou I should go empty of hand and full only of heart to the Mater Purissima? Not so. I ask my favor without good grace of gift? Not so again. What shouldst I give but only my best offering? Canst thou tell what 'tis?" asked the daughter smiling.

"Steh! I am not of the angels," said the mother.

"Well, thou shalt know," answered the girl. "My prayer goes with that which cost me hours and days of labor, when I should like better to dance to the chords of José's lute, or to listen to his song of l—" her words tripped—"to the song of glory," she finished; "for thou must know, madre, José's voice is one of glory."

"But thy work of labor—what may such be? The plaiting of thy hair is labor for thee. Is't that thou say'st? Maybe no. 'Tis thy labor to listen to Miguel tell of his sheep and oxen and herds on the ranchos beyond the hills of Chapultepec when thy brazen feet would carry thee away. Is't so you mean? no."

"Tsch! madre, why prattle so of nothing? Repose thee for siesta. I too take mine now; and lest thy dreams be silly,

madre cariçiosa," she added, "I tell thee I shall offer the Mater Purissima my finest wrought image of Jesu—where his face dwells among the stars and roses of drawn threads. Thou must mind thee of the stuff the padre brought from afar; it was woven across the seas, and quite melts in one's hands, so fine, so very fine its meshes."

"It should be well so," called la señora from her reclining couch. "And see that thou hast done thy work well, that no thread be wrongly drawn—the least hair makes a shadow—that no miscount there be, or thy prayer works not well; nay, works but wrong to thee and all belonging to thy casa. If all be not perfect in thy gift, thy madre is in no mind to be called to reckoning for thy waywardness, thou rash one. Tsch! the thought near wakes me from my rest. Here, thou Agreda, come with thy fan, or I die with the fury of no breeze blowing, not a leaf stirring its face. The buen Dios means it well, maybe, but why make one suffer pangs? Cui bono?" Thus la señora continued her mutterings of censure till quieted at last by force of habit, which at this hour for years had been to repose both body and mind, while old Agreda, bent over with weight of years, took her lowly place beside la señora, seating herself on the floor, with knees within easy resting place for her aged, wrinkled chin, and beat to and fro the palm-leaf fan, that her mistress might know no more of the discomforts than possible.

Thus la señora and la señorita separated for the afternoon hours, that were pulsing in the heat which overtakes the days in southern Mexico during odd seasons of summer and early fall.

Scarce had the hours died away in the coolness of the setting sun before Estella Rosa, dressed in the degree of costume suitable to her birth, with head and shoulders clouded in softest lace mantilla, and toying in her hands a folded fan, ventured forth from her mother's casa.

She had chosen this hour as one when few frequented the church which she was on her way to visit. It was her wish that her mission might be secretly performed, but before she had crossed the plaza facing her home she heard her name called in melodious tones by José—he of the glorious voice.

"Where goest thou, Rosita mia?" he asked, catching her gait and accompanying her.

"Where shouldst I at this hour," she replied, "if not to some good place?"

"Always so, caricia. Dost thy madre know thy absence?" he continued.

"How canst thou ask such?" she replied petulantly.

"Dost thou not know there is fear abroad?"

"Well, if that is why thou askest, I will tell thee; I go to the Mater Purissima to ask for—"

He did not let her finish. "Ah! hermosa Rosa, to ask something for thy José? no. Thou wouldst say such"; and he carolled a laugh that the choirs might hearken to.

"Conceited one! a lariat about thy tongue would service thee much abroad." But her severe attitude did not abash José, for he continued:

"What wouldst thou? That I be dumb to thee, amor mia, and not sing thee my love, nor tell thee my heart?"

"Tsch! ever thyself. Canst not think of other things? I go to offer for Don Pedro and to crown my novena to the Mater Purissima."

"And I go with thee, cariciosa? no, to say a regina, or troll a stabat, that the Virgo hear thee more quick?" he persisted.

They had now reached the church and entered it together.

There were benches and seats scattered here and there; but the vast body of the building was open for the worship of the faithful, who knelt during the services on the bare flagged surface, when not standing at the Gospel and Credo. A few there were who rested themselves by making of their heels a seat, or with knees raised to their chins, in primitive fashion, sitting on the stone flags and clasping hands about them, thus resting well and picturesquely.

There were a few devout ones kneeling about, telling their beads, or prostrate before a station doing penance for past misdeeds. The sanctuary lamp, as ever, burned low; a few tapers did homage to the St. Joseph's and Virgin's altars. No sound entered the spacious precinct; and nothing but the click, click of the slipping rosary past the fingers of some faithful ones or the low murmur of prayer broke the calmness of the evening hour.

Estella Rosa and her young lover made their genuflexion and, reaching for the holy-water font, crossed their bosoms devoutly, then proceeded to the altar of the Virgin.

There rested the beautiful statue of the Mater Purissima—mother most pure. It was carved in ivory and of exquisite workmanship. The features were of beatific mould; and in

chastest grace of pose the figure stood draped as only a master-hand might chisel. A crown of gold studded with gems formed a glittering aureole about the head, and gleamed in the semi-darkness fast gathering throughout the great edifice.

About the shoulders, and sweeping to the feet of the statue, there falling in voluminous folds, was a mantle of sumptuous beauty, which had been the gift of some long forgotten grandee, who to celebrate his conquests had generously bestowed of his reprisals. It was the admiration and pride of the faithful, and thought worthy to clothe the statue of the Virgin they devoutly loved. Gems rich and rare were encrusted in its borders and it shone like a sheath of molten gold, with jewel stars sparkling forth their prismatic hues when caught by the slightest glint of light. It was held together above the Virgin's breast with huge clasps, weighted with precious stones of great size and brilliancy. Whatever feelings of cupidity the sight of these valuables may have raised in the minds of the beholders, the reverence for sacred things quite overcame them at their inception, if any such existed.

After the young pair had offered their devotions together at the rail, José arose and retired to a distance, hoping Estella Rosa might soon be ready to follow. Instead, when she had finished her petitions, she entered beyond the railing, and, reaching the altar steps, ascended to the feet of the statue. Reaching to her fullest height, she dextrously twined the beautiful scarf she had brought as offering around the Virgin's outstretched hand, and, carrying it across, draped it over the other one, letting both ends sweep to the feet of the statue and there intermingle in the fulness of the robe.

Finishing her task, she stepped back to gain a view of the effect, and while lost in the intricacies of her thoughts was startled by a terrific noise, echoing with the chiming of the Angelus bell ringing its evening call.

"Boom! boom!" broke forth from the commingling.

"Jesu, miserere nobis!" she screamed, falling where she stood but a moment before.

"Boom! boom!" and she buried her face in her hands. "Sancta Maria!" she cried. Her words were lost in the uproar without.

She believed the world had come to an ending, or that the earth had burst its bonds and was about to swallow all mortal things in its gaps.

"Boom! boom!" again resounded.

José had at last realized the calamity, and rushing to her side clasped her in his arms and whispered to her dulled ear: "It is—el Americanos! el Americanos!" His cheek was paled, but his eyes showed a steady light, while his voice thrilled but with firmness.

"Stay thee here, mia; do not venture out," he hastily said. "Mater Purissima will care for thee while I go—*con Dios!*"

"But where goest thou?" she tremblingly asked, still clinging to him.

"I go to defend the gates with others against el Americanos," he replied.

"But were we not to have peace?" she asked.

"Caricia mio, it must first be bought with warm blood, knowest thou not that?" he answered.

"Buen Dios!" she gasped. Then José, loosening her grasp, hastily fled from the church, while Estella Rosa, unnerved by the still resounding crashes of cannonading, fell again in a helpless heap at the altar steps.

How long she remained thus prostrated with fear she did not seem to realize, when, hearing the confusion of strife and the crying of many voices, she awakened from the stupor of fear and, looking around, beheld a surging concourse maddened to frenzy, as a body of belligerents pushed its way forward, slashing from side to side among the multitude now defending the portals of the church.

Already one gate of the city had been taken, and at once entered the vandals, brigands and rurales, which in that country attach themselves to a moving army. They had started on their carousal of pillage, looting, and depredations, and were now slashing their way into the sanctuary of the church of Mater Purissima. It was the nearest point of interest encountered, and the sacrilege was not within human power to prevent.

Estella Rosa at one backward glance saw the fierce banditti magnify into a crowd of blasphemous, cursing creatures, finding its way by the dim lights of the altar tapers; in straggling groups spreading out on all sides and coming nearer at every move. In a passion of dread she flew back past the altar, through the sacristy door at a bound, out into the open air, and crossing her breast, begging Heaven for protection, she sped across the roads and paths to her home.

The detonations still resounded from afar outside the city's

walls, and spoke of the work once begun still going on. The American army had grown impatient of the delay, and fresh from the triumphs at Matamoras, Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Vera Cruz, Churubusco, Chapultepec, they were still a generous foe; but when the time arrived for the conclusion of the armistice, and no treaty was offered, the bombardment began.

The attack was as relentless as ever attack had been, for it was soon realized that the interim of delay had been utilized by Santa Anna and his men in raising defences and strengthening fortifications.

War was now unleashed. The Stars and Stripes of the American nation carried their message of victory into the very heart of Old Mexico. Treachery would now receive its chastisement at the hands of an honorable enemy.

War is war. Fast and furious was the charge. The invading army, that had tramped the dreary waste of arid lands, that had rested tired limbs on bed of stubble cacti, that fretted the plains across the dry deserts; the weary men who had plodded thousands of miles through the blistering discomforts of a summer's campaign, were now striking doubly vengeful.

The defences soon began to waver; the ramparts once taken, with an onrushing no human power could withstand General Worth captured the first gate; and so it happened soon within the walls of the beautiful capital city of Mexico that Americano and Mexicano were alike commingled.

Night, the soother of many ills, stole on apace, and soon darkness covered enemy and foe alike.

In front of the ramparts the invading army stretched its tired limbs on the dewy slopes outside the walls, while strong bodies held guard over the captured entrance. On their victorious arms they slept peacefully, not knowing what the awakening might mean—death or life.

So crept the hours till the stars began to hide their heads and let the morn arise. Then again arose the din and roar of attack and clash of defence. Horror was rife again, and the wages of war were fast telling the dues in blood and limb and life, as ever war must.

When Estella Rosa gained her mother's home she was faint from her exertion. She found her way to la señora's side and beheld her prostrate before her saint's image, which was surrounded by blazing candles in full profusion. Her

apparel was disarranged, and her tortoise comb that always fastened her hair had fallen away, so the coils of hair were hanging undone about her shoulders. The numerous servants made no effort to restrain their outcries, and paid little heed to the distress of their mistress, and fleeing hither and thither with lighted candles in their hands, but added to the pandemonium.

As la Señora Serra slowly comprehended that Estella Rosa was near her, she raised her voice in anger.

"What is this trouble thou hast brought upon us, thou upstart one?"

"I bring trouble, *madrecita*—what shouldst thou say?" replied la señorita.

"Didst thou not take to the Virgin some offering of poor worth? no; and has she not scorned thee and it? Steh! such trouble to bring down for thy pride, I tell thee, *stúpida!*"

"*Madre mia*, thy tongue runs wild between thy teeth. Canst thou not stop it before thy words hurt me or thee?" softly pleaded Estella Rosa.

"Untaught one, the devils go with thee—having the earth rock under my very feet, for all of thy doing"; wherewith la señora grasped a candlestick near by and, with its lighted wax, hurled it close to Estella. For a moment it seemed to strike her, but turning quickly she avoided the blow. Her face all a-startle as another wave of cannonading resounded on their ears, she cried: "Knowest thou not it is *el Americanos* who have come, and—" but all else was lost on la señora's senses for a few moments.

"*Buen Dios*, be merciful!" at last she exclaimed. "I will give of my sheep many, aye, one-half, and of my wine that is in the press many pig-skins, if I be but spared, *Dios*," she prayed fervently, throwing herself again on her knees.

Then, as the din again arose, she called loudly: "*Agreda*, *Agreda*, thou old saint, carry thee my mantilla, that I may be well to look at when I am butchered by the foul fiends, *el Americanos*—" saying which, through utter exhaustion, la señora became listless, and calmly awaited her supposed doom, while the old servant hobbled obediently away to do the bidding of her mistress.

By this time the people of the household, supplicating each the patronage of his favorite saint, had changed the atmosphere of fear and chaos into one of serenity by their prayers, and a

serious tranquillity seemed to displace the past few hours of terror and noise.

Estella Rosa tremulously approached her mother and said: "Madre mía, José is of the many that are out to-night, and my heart is pained for him. Let us ask the Virgo to spread her mantle over him and keep all harm away."

"It is well," answered la señora, "to pray; but it is of profit to give also. I give one pig-skin more, Dios, that José be spared"; and so saying the poor overwrought brain of this ignorant señora, filled with a belief that oddly confused her supplications with a value in material kind, was mercifully overcome by sleep.

As the battle outside subsided soon, la señora was followed by her household of dependents, who gave way to their fatigue and slumbered where they fell.

For hours seemingly José had been in the midst of the battle, sturdily defending the entrance to the city.

As the walls were scaled by the enemy they were driven back from their post of vantage by the gallant defenders. When battering rams did their deadly work and opened seams in the masonry, the apertures were guarded by bayonet and shell. Faithfully and well was the carnival of blood carried forward by both forces, till superior skill and dashing bravery took the ramparts and, driving back the defending patriots, captured the first gate.

It was then José recalled Estella Rosa as he left her stricken at the altar steps, and, seeing scattering soldiery winding their way along the byways back through the city, he with difficulty tried to gain his way to the church of the Mater Purissima.

When he neared the sacred edifice his heart was stricken with a great fear. He heard the clash and rattle of conflict at the very portals, for the humble natives in the district, at the unwonted sounds of musketry and artillery, flocked in droves to the protection of the church, and there-ensconced resented the sacrilege of its capture and entrance by the outlaws now forcing their way into its sacred confines.

Perceiving at a glance the progress so far made by the intruders, José rushed to the front on witnessing the advance towards the Virgin's altar. But he was too late to stay the hand of the desecrator.

Already the leader, riding his horse forward to the rail,

leaped it with a bound, and reaching over to the Virgin's mantle, unfastened it; then, raising it aloft on the point of his sword, turned his charger's head towards the doors.

Without an instant's warning José struck the sword from out the upraised hand, and for a brief moment clasped the Virgin's robe in a firm grip; but the next moment he lay prone on the ground with a wound across the forehead and loosed his hold upon his prize. Soon he revived and struggled to again regain the precious robe, but another well aimed blow and he fell reeling under the feet of the maddened crowd, while the robe of Mater Purissima disappeared as if by magic. So the ivory statue of the Virgin stood clothed only in its chiselled drapery and the swaying folds of Estella Rosa's offering.

And now the war was over. The American army returned to the Rio Grande to cross its banks, that they might again be on their native soil. The war just concluded proclaimed it so, and the maps ever since record it so..

It was at this point the army men bethought them of other things than battles, victories, or defeats. It was now they welcomed the sweet restfulness of peace, and breathed deep and well in the assurance of having bowed to duty's call. But as they turned their faces homeward their thoughts were carried back to the comrades left behind sleeping where they fell; human tributes strewn plentifully about, sanctifying the spots where lives went out.

It was a time of solemn sadness to the surviving army, and a chorus of subdued prayer, often formed in unwonted phrase, went above to ease the soldier-heart at his loss.

The good colonel was among those who were spared, and his kindly heart desired to carry to his soldier-wife some trifles as mementoes of this beautiful land, abounding in blessings. So he looked about him for suitable tributes. A measure full of jewels was selected; opals, rubies, sapphires, turquois, emeralds, brilliants, garnets, all shone together in a heap of dazzling splendor—enough to ransom a princess; and all the products of the native mines.

Still there were other things to be had here at the boundary line, where a small army of dealers had ensconced themselves, awaiting the passing of el Americanos. So things in silver and gold filigree, and of tortoise shell and ivory, were added to the souvenirs. Still it seemed more was to come and in

unbidden fashion; for early one morning the colonel was accosted by a voice, which at first startled him, as he was within his tent scarce ready for the advent of a visitor. A dusky head intruded itself between the flaps of the colonel's tent, and soon the fellow was making his obeisance.

"Servidor de V. buen amor, I offer thee, for little silver, things of beauty, for la señora may be, no—or la señorita."

"I will but kiss thy feet shouldst thou take," he proceeded, as he unloaded his bundles from under the serape worn about his person.

"Serenísimo maestro, I will show thee a trophy of great worth. It is to thee who can buy I come, for"—and lowering his voice to a confidential whisper, he continued—"I saw with my own eyes el Americano capture it."

He had said a few words too many, unfortunately for him. The matter appeared in an atrocious light to the colonel.

"An American soldier captured this trophy, and you dare tell me, an American commander, that you have it for sale?" And firmly grasping the fellow by the collar, he shook him hither and thither, administering with his boots prods that fell where they hurt the most.

"Now, whatever trophy you have, leave it in this camp, and ride your broncho as fast as the wind out of it; or if it be your heels, take to them; ten minutes more in this place, and your life will pay the penalty, for at daybreak you shall be shot by my orders," said the colonel in most severe tones and relaxing his hold.

"Por amor de Dios!" the intruder cried. "It is well I take my head also," he added.

This episode caused the good colonel to pace to and fro in his small confines, fuming and sputtering words that men sometimes use; and exercising on various impedimenta that his feet stumbled against till his eyes rested on the package that lay at the farthest end of his tent. It was in process of being unfastened when its owner fled, so the colonel drew it towards him as he took a seat on the nearest camp stool, and proceeded to loosen the restraining cords.

He expected to unfold the flag or colors of the vanquished foe, or some similar ensign; but he was in no way prepared to see the actual contents of the bundle, for as it unrolled before his gaze his wonder was beyond expression for a few minutes. At last he said: "Bless my soul and boots! what

have I here? This is no flag the scoundrel had." And the colonel turned the thing around the better to view it.

"Great Scott!" he continued, puzzling over the affair, "it looks like something or other." Then a bright thought came to his rescue. "To be sure it is; my stars! of course it is; odd I could n't see it before," he continued. Then, being satisfied, he started whistling, as men ever will do under any provocation. "Some sweet señorita's gown," he mused (why not some demure señora's, I cannot say). "But where did the fellow—how the — did he come by it?" he asked. "Stole it! By gum! stole it, as sure as snakes," he decided.

With which thought uppermost in his mind the colonel left his tent hurriedly to scan the horizon for the retreating form of the late possessor of the questionable article. His experienced eye quickly told him many miles lay between them, for the broncho and his rider lost no time.

After satisfying himself as to that fact, the colonel again re-entered his tent, and more deliberately decided the article was some royal robe, for it dazzled in its many folds with sparkling threads of jewels, and its golden sheen stood out magnificently against the barbaric surroundings of the colonel's tent.

It was in this way the good colonel was possessed of a piece of finery that was finally laid away among the gifts for his soldier-wife, to whom he was marching homeward on the wings of happiness. Again there would be blare of martial music and glitter of pageantry. The ranks would be closed to shut out the spectres that ever accompany the returning troops. In vain would loving eyes run down the lines, looking for well-known faces. Empty arms would dangle by the sides for loss of loving form to clasp, and

There would be tears,
There would be sighs,
Broken laughter—
And woman's cries.

The colonel's soldier-wife had dragged her life along for months of suspense, till at last hope had died within her, and, frail at best, she finally succumbed to illness that brought despair with it. It mattered not what wealth of treasure or love was given her now; victory had brought its last glory and defeat its last pain. All meant so little now, as the great con-

queror of all things was drawing near, almost keeping step with her returning hero.

The good old colonel scarcely reached home in time to bare his head as the great commander Death approached.

It was a sad home-coming! No breaking of the news to him before he reached his home, to soften the severity of the blow. Standing beside the bier of his nation's dead, he was with others in his grief; but now—he must weep alone.

In words of endearment he pleaded the wavering spirit not to hasten from him. He scattered broadcast around the calm presence the loving tokens he had sought out—hoping some rainbow tint might awaken sight to their glory; but her eyes would not feast on this lordly gift, nor turn to him in recognition.

His poor starved love begged but a word; a look for ever so brief a time, to spare an eternity of longing.

What paths hope leads to!

The colonel again bethought him of the other trinket gifts, and trusting they might hold some charm to win back life, showered them in full profusion; but they carried no message of life.

Sadly this grim old warrior thought of the bitter battles fought; and slowly he realized 'twas only now he was called upon to resist a foe he could not vanquish. He knelt beside his dying one, and bowed his head and wept as only strong men do. What matter glory and blazonry of war to soldier-man or soldier-woman now? Still hope dallied and the colonel's heart was the toy. His stricken soul would yet stay death. In delirium of despair he would once again cried "Halt!" to the advancing enemy.

So this bronzed soldier, with hands used only to steel trappings, shook forth the folds of the jewelled golden trophy, the one gift still remaining unoffered. He swayed its mazy fulness about, hoping the rustling texture might draw a sigh or smile from the closed lips.

Slowly and with no premonition the tarrying spirit took heart. The dying woman opened her eyes, then calmly raised them. She lifted her head from off the pillow, and gazed long and steadfastly at the thing of beauty before her. She touched its hem, and a sweet smile spread over her features. Then, in clear accents, she spoke in a tone of command that could not be forgotten:

"To the Church of Mater Purissima give back this Blessed

Virgin's Robe!"—the first words uttered by the mute lips; the first thought framed by an unconscious mind for days and days. Finished speaking, her head fell back to its resting place and she slept on.

So Death dropped his scythe and passed on, forgetting to mow down the trembling reed that but a moment before impeded his way, and the old hero of living battles was again a hero who defied the great chief in his own camping ground.

With small hand clasped in the iron grip of her soldier-lord, the soldier-woman was wooed through the dreamland of repose by a force all compelling, and strengthened by some mysterious benediction.

And so again it happened that joy was supreme one summer day when all the populace turned out to participate in the feast of the Mater Purissima.

With lighted candles the procession traversed the streets and, entering the church, told their rosaries in fervent tones before the ivory statue of the Virgin Mother, who was again adorned beneath the golden rays of her beauteous robe. And to this day it is told how the robe of Mater Purissima came back on angel wings, that no mortal hand was known to clasp it on the Virgin's breast.

Be that as it may, there it is to-day, shrouding the Mater Purissima in its folds; and there too is the scarf—now turned yellow with its years—that on one memorable day in history was the offering of sweet Señorita Estella Rosa—she of la casa Serra, who afterwards was espoused to the brave José—he of the glorious voice.



A MÆDIÆVAL MAGDALEN.

BY CONTESSA F. GAUTIER.

"From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers."



T has been contested by critics that Macaulay was no real poet, and it may well be that his reputation as the most brilliant English "prosateur" of our century is sufficient for his fame; but whatever may be the opinion as to the poetical quality of the "Lays of Ancient Rome," there can be no doubt as to the extraordinary accuracy and aptitude with which their author seized, and in a couple of lines described, the picturesque or salient features of the places where he passed or paused, as in the pre-railway days he travelled in the pleasant, lazy, vetturino-fashion, under

"Ausonia's blue and sunny sky."

Those days, not so long past, but seeming so very far away, when there were no trains to catch, no vulgar crowd, or flurry; when one stopped at all sorts of quaint, out-of-the-way places, and took "pot-luck" (sometimes, indeed, far from good pot-luck), and it was possible to linger lazily through a land in which it seemed "always afternoon." But in spite of all the changes in travelling since Macaulay's time, his descriptions still hold good: still do the juices of the purple Tuscan grapes foam into "the vats of Luna"; still stands "the far-famed hold" of lordly Volaterra; the traveller through Umbria may still see the beautiful white oxen grazing by the pellucid springs of the Clitumnus; and if there are no longer any stags on Monte Ciminio, there are plenty of water-fowl still dipping in the waters of the lovely lake of Bolsena, while the travellers who pass Cortona on the much-frequented main line between Florence and Rome will recognize the wonderful exactness of the description of the position of the town in the lines which head this article.

The railway runs at the foot of the hill on which the city stands proudly, as if conscious of her claims to the remotest antiquity, for it is asserted that a prince of Cortona, when travelling to Phrygia, founded the famous city of



THE MUSE OF CORTONA WAS AT FIRST MISTAKEN FOR A REPRESENTATION OF THE
MADONNA.

Troy, and became the ancestor of the "pious Æneas," who centuries afterwards was to return to the country of his forefathers. However this may be, there can be no doubt as to the real antiquity of Cortona. It was one of the twelve great cities of the Etruscans, but was probably founded long before that enigmatic and mysterious people arrived from

their Asiatic home, by the still more ancient race of the Pelasgians. The tomb misnamed the "Cave of Pythagoras," owing to a confusion between Cortona and Crotona in Magna Grecia, where the celebrated Greek philosopher lived and taught, may belong to the Pelasgic age. In construction it resembles the cromlechs of Northern Europe, and it stands like a miniature Stonehenge at the end of an avenue of funereal cypresses, whose dark green foliage contrasts with the gray of the ancient monolithic stones, which, though in many parts fallen from their original position, still retain their sharp-cut edges, as if fresh from the mason's hand which has been dust for countless centuries. This tomb, Mr. Dennis, the great authority on Etruscan antiquities, considers "coeval with the walls of Cortona," which are ancient among the most ancient of the so-called Pelasgic walls, constructed of great irregular blocks of stone, put together without cement, but so closely fitted that not even the blade of a knife could be introduced between them. Such walls are found in many of the old cities of central Italy, but few are more perfect than those of Cortona, which in one spot still rise to the height of over one hundred feet, while the modern walls are raised on the same foundations, and in many places are merely restorations of the old ones. But venerable as these walls are—and Mr. Dennis refers them to the eighth century B. C.—they perhaps only occupy the site of others which guarded the city when Dardanus left it, and journeyed as far as the Hellespont, where he founded a city to which he gave his name, which is mentioned by Homer in the *Iliad*, and whose memory still lives in the modern name of the Dardanelles. He is said to have married the daughter of Teucer, a chieftain of the province afterwards known as the Troad, and his sons or grandsons—for some uncertainty is permissible when it is a question of such remote, if not mythical times—Ilus and Tros founded the city which afterward became famous as Ilium, or Troy. Thus it shows that Cortona existed before Troy was founded, and, as Mr. Dennis writes, "such is the ancient legend; wherefore gainsay it?"

There is, at least, no doubt that the Etruscans considered Cortona a very ancient and important city; it was even, perhaps, the metropolis of Etruria, and Etruscan money was all coined here. Nevertheless, except the magnificent walls, the tomb already mentioned, and another subterranean one near the station, there remain but few relics of pagan times, though the city is mentioned by various classical writers. In the

museum, however, may be seen many objects which belong to the Etruscan period of the town, and which bear inscriptions in that mysterious Etruscan language which no Rosetta Stone has yet enabled us to decipher. Here is the famous bronze lamp, unique for its splendid workmanship and singular shape. It is circular, and is formed of sixteen small lamps united by



CORTONA WAS ONE OF THE TWELVE GREAT CITIES OF THE ETRUSCANS.

richly chiselled ornaments, and quaint designs of harpies and satyrs, and was evidently intended to be suspended either before an altar, or above a tomb, as the lower side is more elaborately ornamented than the upper. The inscription on it includes the word INSCVIL, which is said to have a dedicatory signification.

In the museum is also to be seen that beautiful picture of the Muse Polyhymnia, whose style recalls the paintings at Pompeii, and those portrait-masks which were placed over the faces of the mummies in the time of the Ptolemies. To this period probably belongs the Muse of Cortona; there are the same almond shaped eyes, the round, full throat and bosom, the thick, waving hair encircled with a garland of laurel. The picture is painted on slate, and when it was first found by a peasant in driving a plough-share, it was regarded as a representation of the Madonna, and set in the place of honor with a little oil lamp lighted before it. Here it was seen by the

village priest, who, much scandalized by this usurpation of divine honors, informed the honest peasants of their mistake, and the poor pagan beauty was degraded from her honorable position, and used to stop a broken window-pane until she was purchased for a small sum by a gentleman of the neighborhood, who presented her to the museum.

The churches of Cortona are of the rococo seventeenth and eighteenth century style, and save that they contain some fine pictures by Pier di Cortona and Signorelli (also a native of the place) are quite uninteresting, with the one exception of the church of Santa Margherita. To reach it one climbs up through the precipitous, rain-washed streets, the air becoming fresher and finer at every step, till one emerges on the breezy platform on which stands the great church, high above the town indeed, but overtopped by the still loftier crag on which is perched the ancient ruined fortress. From these points of vantage the view is enchanting, whether seen through the pearly mists of morning, or when the setting sun paints the sky with iridescent hues like a real "pavement of paradise."

Down below is the fertile, smiling Val di Chiana,

" . . . where sweet Clanis wanders

Through corn and vines and flowers";

and away in the distance is "reedy Thrasimene,"

" . . . her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain

Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough."

To the north east rise the hills of Arezzo, to the south-west those of Chiusi and Monte Pulciano; and it is in this direction that lies the little village of Laviano, where in 1247 was born the woman whose name was destined to be always connected with Cortona. Little is known of her family; there is even some doubt as to their very name, though Monsignor Liverani believes that her father was called Bartolomeo Tancredi, but singularly enough Padre Bevignati, the saint's confessor and biographer, is silent on most of the domestic details of her life, and thereby deprives us of so much human interest. He tells us, however, that her parents were poor but honest people, and that her mother was remarkable for her goodness and piety, and it is evident that this example and early teaching were never quite lost, even in the saddest and wildest moments of her daughter's career. Had this mother lived, who knows if there might not have been a saint less in the world? For she would have guarded Margaret from the misery and

degradation through which it was decreed that she should pass, and be purified before attaining the celestial heights.

At seven years old, the child lost this tender parent, and two years later her father brought home a new wife, who proved herself quite the typical step-mother of fairy tale and legend. The children, for Margaret had a brother Bartholomew, younger than herself, were ill-used and treated like little slaves, and as Margaret grew up, and grew beautiful, instead of the sweet companionship and counsels of a mother, she had neglect and ill-usage at home, and abroad the society of the village girls and boys, and probably talked with them of love, "as youths and maids will do."

At any rate, when she was fifteen, just in all the budding sweetness of an Italian girlhood, and with the pure and somewhat mystic Tuscan beauty, Margaret met her fate. Her lover was a young man of noble family from Montepulciano. It is supposed that he was the son of Guglielmo del Pecora, seigneur of Valiano, but her contemporary biographers are very reticent on this point, probably out of consideration for the family, which, of course, still existed when they wrote. Her latest biographer, however, the Père de Cherancé, has satisfactorily cleared up this point. The young man induced Margaret to accompany him to a country house belonging to his family, the Villa Palazzi, near Montepulciano, and here they lived together for nine years. Much allowance must be made for the unhappy girl: the temptation to escape from her miserable home, to live with the man she loved, and to whom she bore a son; the hope, perhaps, that he would finally marry her, in spite of the difference of rank; the luxury and ease of her surroundings—all these circumstances must be considered and taken into account.

With her strong and loving nature, with her beautiful face and form, "bearing herself more like a princess than a peasant," we may be sure she both loved and was beloved passionately. How attached her lover must have been to her is proved by his living with her for nine years (1264 to 1273), and it is very likely that, like King Cophetua, he would have married this beggar-maid with "so sweet a face, such angel grace," but for the pride and position of his father, a rich Guelf lord and a knight of Rhodes. So the two poor creatures lived on in their fool's paradise; she admired and courted, riding on a stately palfrey through the streets of Montepulciano, richly attired, with a fillet of pearls confining

her beautiful hair, but still, through all this dream of love and luxury, hearing from time to time "the still, small voice" of conscience, so that the sight of a spotless white lily reminded her of her own lost purity, and the caresses of her child recalled those of her mother in her own innocent childhood, before she had lost, as she afterwards said, "honor, dignity, and peace."

At last came the terrible awakening. One day, in the spring of 1273, Guglielmo left the Villa Palazzi accompanied by his favorite dog, which never quitted his side, in order to visit some neighbors, and to look after a distant part of the property. Margaret expected him to return in the evening, and when he did not appear, imagined he was sleeping at his friends' house. When, however, the next day, and still more the next night, passed without his returning, she became terribly uneasy, and her anguish and anxiety were driving her nearly frantic when there suddenly appeared before her her lover's faithful dog (alas! that we do not know the name of the creature). His coat was torn by brambles, he was thin and footsore, and he crouched at her feet and whined, and dragged her by her gown. Full of a terrible presentiment, she sprang up and, trembling in every limb, followed the intelligent creature by field and flood till he led her to a forest, where in a secluded glade, hidden by leaves and boughs, she found the murdered and mangled body of her lover. He had been waylaid and set upon by robbers, and the faithful dog had kept him company through all those nights and days till, despairing of his awakening, he had summoned his mistress. One can imagine her agony and despair at losing all that made life dear to her, and to add to her misery, the innate piety of her early training at once suggested what would be the fate in the next world of one who had gone to his account with all his sins upon him, unconfessed and unshriven! It was as if something had suddenly snapped in her heart and life.

As soon as she could collect her senses, she dragged her trembling feet to Montepulciano, where she informed his family of the dreadful fate which had befallen her beloved one. Then she returned to them all the rich gifts he had made her, and clothing herself in mean and mourning garments, she took her little son by the hand, and followed, we must believe, by the faithful dog, she wended her way across the marshes of the Chiana to her father's house, and falling at his feet said to him, almost in the same words as that other prodigal:



ST. MARGARET, THE PENITENT OF CORTONA.

"Father, I am not now worthy to be called thy daughter: make me as one of thy hired servants."

Her father, unlike the one in the Gospel, and doubtless impelled by his hard-hearted wife, took her at her word. She was given the hardest tasks and work, both in the house and

out of it, and was treated in the harshest manner, and spoken to in the most insulting terms by her step-mother, who at last one day drove her out of the house with blows and coarse epithets. She sank down in despair below an olive-tree, and the spirits of good and evil fought a wild conflict in her soul for its possession. It seemed as if she heard a voice distinctly urging her to go back to that world where her beauty would give her once more a life of luxury, and where at all events she could live in ease, and not with ill-usage and curses. But then, again, it seemed to her that another and softer voice urged her still more strongly, saying: "No, no, Margaret, go not back; rather bear all this hardship and still more for the sake of our dear Lord; endure all insults, all cruelty, debase thyself to the dust, for thus, and thus only, shalt thou expiate the past, and do penance for thy sins; and arise and go up to Cortona, for it is there God hath called thee."

And thus, as she afterwards related, the good angel conquered in the strife.

Once more she set forth on her wanderings, leading her little boy, and after an eight-mile walk they reached the Porta Berarda of Cortona. As they ascended the precipitous streets of the town they were met by two noble ladies of the family Moscardi, who, attracted by the appearance of the beautiful mother and child, stopped them, and inquired the reason of their weary and way-worn aspect.

Margaret, touched to the heart by this kindness, poured out her story without reserve, neither concealing nor condoning any of the facts. The noble mother and daughter-in-law, Marina and Rameria, were so affected by her story and captivated by her appearance that they invited her on the spot to come to their palace. Under that hospitable roof Margaret was destined to find a peaceful refuge for many years, and her benefactresses also charged themselves with the education of her son. The confessor to whom Margaret first unburdened her heart was Padre Rainaldo of Castiglione, one of the seven custodes of the Franciscan province in Tuscany, and when he left Cortona he transferred his penitent to Padre Bevignati, who was to remain her life long friend.

: Margaret's one hope and dream was to be admitted into the Third Order of St. Francis—that wonderful organization which the saint had bequeathed to the world when he left it, fifty years before this date. Such a grace and honor could not, however, be as yet conceded to the poor woman who had

lived so long in sin. She had first to prove by works her sincere repentance. She chose a retired room in the Moscardi palace, and lived there as in a recluse's cell, inflicting on herself such severe penance and mortification that her confessor was at last obliged to order her to moderate these practices. She ceased not to revile and despise the body which had been the cause of her sin and sorrow. She cut off her glorious hair, she darkened her skin, and she would even have scarred and mutilated her features but for the intervention of Padre Beignati. She humiliated herself morally in every way, and before every one. Once she went expressly to her native village, and there publicly asked pardon for the scandal she had caused; she addressed herself in particular to a woman named Mantenessa, whose counsels she had despised in former days, and who was so struck by her conversion that she followed her into the Third Order. No humiliations, no privations were too much for her; she never left her retirement except to nurse the sick and poor, and especially to attend women in their confinements. She so excelled in this line of nursing that her services were greatly sought after by the rich; but fearing lest this might lead her into temptation, she decided that she would go only to poor and miserable women.

At last, in 1276, she attained her heart's desire and was admitted into that great family to which St. Elizabeth of Hungary and St. Rosa of Viterbo had belonged. This ceremony is depicted on a delightfully quaint bas-relief on her tomb, which is attributed to Giovanni Pisano, and also in a fresco by Ambrogio Lorenzetti, one of a series painted by this artist in the fourteenth century in that old Church of St. Margaret, and which, alas! were destroyed when the new church was built. In this fresco the saint is kneeling, while a Franciscan brother shears off her hair, and male and female citizens of Cortona look in through the arched openings. Margaret wears a buff and pink dress, but on the prie-dieu close by is the blue and white checkered habit which she was then to assume, and always to wear in future.

After this joyful event she seemed as if she could not sufficiently devote herself to the service of our Lord; all the hours not spent actively in the help of his creatures were passed in fervent prayer in his house, and it appeared to her as if the Church of Saint Francis was more blessed than the others, so that she remained kneeling for hours before a certain crucifix in a small chapel, till at last one day, when she had been

bewailing her past, and crying more than ever for pardon, the figure of our gracious Lord bent towards her, his lips pronounced divine words of forgiveness and absolution. From that time forward, save for one dark interval, which came later, of doubt and apparent abandonment, the heavenly grace never left her, and manifested itself often in many wonderful and miraculous ways, though there were not wanting evil-minded and foul-tongued people who both spoke and acted towards her in the most malicious fashion. They were probably jealous of the wonderful way in which the Divine Power had been manifested to the poor penitent, who had indeed humbled herself only to be exalted by the manifest grace and communications of our Divine Lord, so that she was often filled with the spirit of prophecy.

Her reception into the Third Order was indeed a turning-point in her life, for her works of charity and devotion to the sick were now organized, and she was able to extend them. Opposite to the Palazzo Moscardi, where she still lived, was a house belonging to a noble lady of Cortona, Donna Diabella, who had an especial love and admiration for Margaret. To her she made a present of this mansion, and here Margaret founded a hospital for the sick, the aged, and the orphans, which she dedicated to Santa Maria della Misericordia, and which still exists as the Ospedale Maggiore di Cortona. She nursed the sick in this hospital, and brought poor lying-in women to be cared for in her own cell; she begged for alms and food on their behalf, and when the poor and suffering had been fed, she and her son ate what remained, or had been rejected.

Inspired by her example, many noble ladies grouped themselves around her to aid in her work. She united them under the rules of St. Francis, and composed some wise and practical instructions for them, which obtained the approval even of the Bishop of Arezzo, Ubertini, who had never shown himself her friend. Her little company was soon known as the "Poverelle," and this congregation lasted in its primitive organization till they were cloistered in 1591. They were suppressed during the Revolution, and in 1820 the convent became a school under the direction of the Sisters of St. Francis de Sales.

The simple and apostolic character of Margaret's charity is quaintly illustrated in Lorenzetti's frescoes and Giovanni Pisano's bas-relief by the scene in which she gives to a poor woman the checkered tunic which apparently was her only garment, for she is represented standing up to her neck in a sort of dirty



THE SARCOPHAGUS OF SAINT MARGARET.

clothes-basket, out of which she hands her tunic to a poor woman already very tidily dressed.

Meanwhile Margaret's son was growing up. He had been educated by the care of the Moscaris at Arezzo, and Margaret had so associated him in her devotions and all her good works, that it is not surprising he manifested a strong vocation for a religious life, and when, in 1283, he was old enough to enter the Order of St. Francis, her heart was filled with grateful joy, and she wrote him a touching and beautiful letter, which has been preserved by Bevignati. One would like to know more of Margaret's relations with her child; but in the pages of her

priestly biographer the woman is eclipsed by the saint, and we hear no more of her son. As, however, she was now assured of his career, and had seen her work at the hospital organized, she followed the heaven-inspired vocation which called her to leave her room in the Moscardi palace, her cell in the Church of St. Francis, and to withdraw higher up the mountain, to take her abode in a miserable cabin under the walls of the fortress, and here she lived for nine years, till her death in 1297. They were by no means all years of peace; calumny, with its hundred tongues, pursued Margaret even on her withdrawal from the world; she was also deprived of the wise counsels and faithful friendship of Padre Bevignati, who was sent on a mission to Siena to pacify the factions in that city. She fell into deep depression, and it seemed to her as if she was not only despised of men, but also abandoned by God. But even in these dark days a ray of brightness rested on her labors for God's sake, when by her prayers and representations to the authorities of the city she induced them to repair the little chapel of St. Basil, which stood hard by the cell she inhabited. In 1290 this chapel was once more consecrated to divine service, and it became the nucleus of the church which was afterwards to rise to her honor on this spot, and to include her cell within its walls. It was in this cell that on the 22d of February, 1297, her spirit returned to her Maker. On the third of January she had received a spiritual warning of the date of her death, and the last days of her existence were blessed to her, and to all those who thronged around her death-bed.

So we see her lying on the beautiful tomb of Carrara marble, said to be the work of Giovanni da Pisa. Ogival arches support a sort of canopy, from which angels are drawing back the curtains at the head and feet of the recumbent figure of the saint, and on the sarcophagus below are six bas-reliefs relating to scenes of her life, all quaint and touching in their simplicity, especially the one which represents her death, where our Lord receives her spirit carried up by two angels in a sort of little bag, while below her lifeless body lies in calm repose; the draped figure of a religious bows reverently over her feet, while another, holding an open book, lightly lays his right hand on her head with an expression of intense love and reverence.

Venerated from the day of her death, Saint Margaret was not regularly canonized till 1728, under the pontificate of Benedict XIII.

PROFIT-SHARING AS A SYSTEM OF ECONOMICS.*

BY LEOPOLD KATSCHER.

THE best plans for profit-sharing are those which treat the workman least as a machine and most as a free man, and which promote his welfare most powerfully. It is by the assignment of a share in the profits of the concern that his interest in it is raised to the highest point, and that the advantages without the disadvantages of the bulk of co-operative productive societies are attained. The great undertakings of Leclaire in Paris, Thomson at Huddersfield, Nelson at St. Louis, Bon Marché in Paris, and Godin at Guise have gradually passed entirely out of the hands of the chiefs into the hands of the staff—i. e., they have become companies, and have only remained private concerns in point of management. The well-known American political economist, F. A. Walker, wrote thus in 1887 to Mr. Gilman:

“It seems to me absolutely certain that profit-sharing, when generally introduced and carried out with good will on both sides, will secure a very fair partition of the results of labor, and sweep out of the world most of the difficulties of the wage-question, if the parties will meet each other half-way and show a real wish to work together.”

IT IS SAID TO BE IMPRACTICABLE.

No firm which has made experiment of the profit-sharing system will share the opinion that it is a question of sacrifice. The other *a priori* objections, too, are raised almost exclusively by men of business knowing nothing of the subject from their own experience, and are based upon ignorance of facts or erroneous conception of the principles on which the system is founded. All these objections have been repeatedly refuted by experts, while all who throw about the words “impossible” or “valueless” simply know nothing about the matter and are talking at random. These opponents, for example, prophesy, with the confidence of ignorance, that the workmen

* An article discussing the ethical value of the system of profit-sharing was published in the May number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE.

will interfere in the management of the concern; that they *will* insist upon examining the books; in case their share of the profits should be reduced or is *nil* in consequence of bad times, they *will* become thoroughly discontented, and so on. But the result of actual experience shows the fallacy of all these high-sounding predictions. The chiefs testify with one accord that their people have never made the slightest attempt to interfere in the management or the book-keeping. That there should be disappointment if the share of the profits proves to be *nil*, is only natural—both on the side of the employers and the employed—but the latter are almost as capable as the former of distinguishing between a good and a bad run of business, and it never comes into their heads to make a grievance of an occasional failure of dividend. One of Billon & Isaac's men expressed himself typically on this point: "If there is no profit, well then there is none, and we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that we have done our best." Besides, many firms are so reasonable as to submit their books to representatives of the staff, or to a sworn accountant, thus meeting any possible distrust; in many other houses the desirable guarantee is given to the workmen by the fact that the controlling officials are themselves also sharers in the profits.

IT IS SAID TO BE ONE-SIDED.

Nothing can be more illogical than the frequently-heard objection that Leclaire's reform is one-sided, because justice demands that the workmen should be partakers of the loss as well as of the gain. In order to comprehend at once the weakness of this argument, we have only to keep before our eyes that it is by increased diligence and frugality that the workman creates a surplus profit, and that his share of the profits is drawn from this surplus. For example, if after receiving a share for four years he draws nothing the fifth year, because the firm has made no profit, he suffers an actual loss, because he loses the compensation due to him for having worked quite as well and as zealously in the fifth year as in the four previous years. His risk must be limited to that. It can only touch the variable portion of his income, the share in the profits, not the fixed rate of his wages. Only capitalists and persons conducting a business (such as heads of private firms, shareholders, members of productive companies, etc.) can be expected to run a greater risk; wages and salaries are not investments of capital, but fixed compensation for work done.

Even in the case of co-operative productive societies in which, juristically, the pay is really only an advance on the profits, it never enters the mind of the creditors, in case there should be a downfall, to demand the return of the pay; therefore, not even in this case, where the workers are identical with the employers, is there a share of the losses for the wage-receivers as such—how much more reasonable it is to wish ordinary workmen to be called upon for covering the losses out of their wages. The risk of the staff is purely a risk of work; they cannot share in the risk of the business, were it only because they have no influence over the management of it. As their rights are limited, so must their responsibility remain limited. Besides, it is the heads of the concern who regulate the share system according to their own pleasure, and fix the terms of the participation themselves; thus there can be no question of a lion's share of the advantages in favor of the hands; rather would the participation in the losses be an unjust favoring of the employers.

IT IS SAID NOT TO BE SUITABLE TO EVERY BUSINESS.

Now we arrive at those objections which have been raised by individual practitioners, who approve of the system in itself but hold that it is not applicable in this or that branch of industry, this or that constitution of the staff, this or that scale of the concern, etc., etc. These objections have reference to the want of intelligence in the staff, the greater and smaller number of people employed, certain peculiarities in the mode of distributing the bonus, etc.

In the first place, we may remark that in those cases in which the attempt to bring about the system of participation has been made and afterwards given up the fault has never lain in the essence of the system, but either in the immaturity of the undertaking, in untoward circumstances connected with it, in the want of patience, etc., or in purely external casualties, such as transfer of property, death, or—and this applies specially to Germany—the deep-rooted animosity of social democracy. Neither the nature of the industry nor the number of the staff have had any influence on the success or the failure of an attempt, and experience teaches that the division of profits is applicable in almost every case; only the minutiae of each undertaking must be regulated according to incidental circumstances and peculiarities, and in this respect the principle of participation lends itself to an enormous elasticity and flexi-

bility; it easily accommodates itself to the requirements of every branch of business, and even through those of every individual firm. Even in those industries which would appear the least likely to fulfil the main condition of the practicability of profit-sharing (possible influence of the good-will of the staff on the result of the business)—such as textile manufactures with their established system of payment by the piece and premiums—many firms employ the sharing of profits with marked success, although in this case almost everything depends on skilful management and fortuitous circumstances, while at the same time piece-payment and premiums already form a powerful incentive to diligence.

WORKMEN ARE INTELLIGENT ENOUGH.

The objection frequently brought forward, that the hands are not intelligent enough to understand the question, may in certain cases be well founded; but even here in the long run patience will meet its reward. Instead of giving up at once, let every one rather wait, in each separate case, to see whether the educational force inherent in the system, and “golden” practice, will not do their duty and exalt the intelligence of even the most stupidly perverse workman. In general, as experience teaches, this result comes about very soon. It is not to be expected that every ignorant workman will at once understand when he is told that it depends partly on himself whether his income increases or not, and he needs only to work better, more diligently, and more economically, to promote his own interest and that of his chief; but when we consider how difficult it is for some employers to take in the real meaning of the reform, we shall see how unreasonable it is to make a hindrance of the possible want of understanding on the part of the workman at first starting. A chief who expects that his whole staff, immediately upon the announcement of the introduction of a profit-sharing system, shall be suddenly transformed into a model corps, is himself rather impatient and short-sighted than intelligent. As a rule, the sight of the first share of profits is sufficient to sharpen the understanding of the workman with regard to the advantages of the reform. Even in concerns in which the hands in general are supposed to stand on the lowest rung of the intellectual ladder, the sharing of profits has usually in a very short time brought forth remarkable changes in the moral and intellectual level of the staff. Self-interest is a wonderful school-master!

The mode of participation has quite as little real influence on the result as the intelligence of the workman or the character and extent of the concern. Among the failures as well as among the successful attempts are to be found on one side many which were founded upon the previous fixation of the percentage of the share, and upon the payment in ready money of the whole of it, and on the other side many which did not determine the percentage beforehand and paid only a part, or even nothing, in ready money, and devoted the surplus to provision for old age and other benevolent purposes. In many cases the most varied results have been obtained with the same mode of applying the system; in one case there was nothing to divide, while in another £5, £10, and even as much as £80 per head and year was counted out. We can only assume that the result depends partly on the total of the minutiae of the undertaking, partly on the total of the incidental circumstances of the business, and the quality of the staff and of the management, and therefore this plea affords no ground for shrinking from an attempt.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THE SYSTEM.

I have purposely dealt fully with the objections of experts and the prejudices of theoreticians, believing thus to further my object—that of encouraging the experiment. As regards the bright side of profit-sharing, I have already touched upon it here and there, and can therefore sum up briefly. In the first place comes the elevation of the material position and of the moral standard of the staff; in both these respects the results obtained are sometimes astonishing, very frequently remarkable, and for the most part at least encouraging. Then come the great advantages which accrue to the employers, partly by increased quantity and improved quality in their productions without rise of the working expenses, partly by saving in the raw material and careful treatment of the tools or machines; lastly, by the cessation of labor troubles and permanent constitution of the staff. The most amazing pecuniary results follow from the saving in raw material and care in the use of implements. Messrs. H. Briggs, Son & Co. obtained a yearly surplus of £3,000 by more careful heaving and manipulation of coals on the part of the workmen. We find in an official report of 1867: “It is worthy of remark that notwithstanding the sharing of profits with the staff, the working expenses of the Paris-Orleans Railway are less than those of

most of the other lines." On a German landed estate twelve times as many milk-pots were broken before the introduction of the participation system as after. In lithographic establishments it is found that, once the sharing of profits is set on foot, no more is heard of the smashing of stones used in engraving, though formerly it was a large source of loss. A workman under Billon & Isaac wrote: "It is a pleasure to see how each of us strives to fill up his time off work diligently and conscientiously, to save as much as possible in the raw material, and to collect the refuse carefully." Numberless examples of this kind might be adduced. The workmen know that they are economizing not only for their employers but for themselves.

Further, there are three more points which specially deserve to be emphasized: 1. That the chances of stability in business undertakings are raised by the sharing of profits; 2. That this system increases the purchasing power of the workmen by adding to their incomes, and indirectly creates work for the unemployed by increasing the consumption, as of course production must rise accordingly; 3. That the sharing of profits, where piece-work already prevails, serves to ward off the evils of that system. These are: The danger of overstrain on the part of the staff, exaggerated preference of quantity to quality, and isolation of the workman by his detachment from the community, whereas the participation system brings about not only good production, but general good understanding between the workmen themselves, and between them and the firm which employs them. Herr Frommer is quite wrong in his *Gewinnbeteiligung* (Leipsic) when he sets piece-wages above participation. As if there were any rivalry or contradiction between these two methods of improving the wage-system! Practice teaches in numerous instances that they work admirably together, and often complement one another successfully. In those industries in which piece-work is most largely employed, such as the production of metallic ware and printing, highly favorable results have been obtained by the system of participation.

In France voices have been raised in favor of compulsory introduction of the participation system by law; while in Germany the celebrated statistician, Ernst Engel, made the same demand twenty-five years ago. But such a measure would be dangerous, for it would put an end to the elasticity of the system and the freedom of co-operation; it would introduce an

inflexibility, a rigidity which could not fail to reduce considerably the value of the proceeding, not to speak of the inevitable interference of governments in the direction of control. No profit-sharing at all would be preferable to one prescribed by the state. Even without the state it is to be hoped that the present hundreds of participation concerns, with their tens of thousands of workmen, will grow into thousands of undertakings with millions of subordinates, for then only would the importance of the movement appear in the right light. So long as the world is not prepared for a radical, ideal solution of the labor question, we must be contented, for the present at least, if the hope we have expressed—that of the improvement of the position of millions of workingmen—can be brought about by means of “enlightened self-interest,” such as plays a part in the profit-sharing system, in the case of employers as well as employed.



WHEN OLD SLAVERY DAYS WERE GONE.

BY BESSIE O'BYRNE.



RED WEST, a great big, handsome fellow, with a heart of the same order, was standing at the corner talking to a friend. He held a cigar in his mouth with his left hand, and with his right had just struck a match against the lamp-post, when at, or rather under, his elbow a voice exclaimed cheerily: "Busted agin, Mas' Fred!"

Fred threw a glance over his shoulder, and there stood "Little Tom," a small, misshapen negro about fifteen years old, with crutches under his arms and feet all twisted out of shape, his toes barely touching the ground as he hopped along. He wore an old straw hat with only a hint of brim. There must be some law of cohesive attraction between straw and wool, for Little Tom's cranium was large, while the hat was small, and set back much nearer the nape of his neck than the crown of his head, yet held its place like a natural excrescence or a horrible bore. Tom had met with very few people mean enough to laugh at him; for though he possessed all the brightness, cheerfulness, and pluck of deformed people generally, there was a wistful look about his eyes which his want of height and his position on crutches, perhaps, created by keeping them upturned while talking with any one taller than himself; and this was generally the case, for there were no grown people so small as Little Tom. His shirt was torn and his pantaloons ragged, but to gild those faded glories he wore a swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons which some one had given him, whether from a sense of humor or a sentiment of charity let the gods decide.

"Busted agin, Mas' Fred!"

"What busted you this time, Tom?" asked Mr. West.

"Lumber, Mas' Fred. I was in de lumber bizness las' week, buyin' old shingles an' sellin' 'em for kindlin'; but my pardner, he maked a run on de bank—leas' ways, on my breeches pocket—an' den runned away hisse'f. Ain't you gwine to sot me up agin, Mas' Fred?"

"What business are you going into this week?"

"Feckshunnerry," replied Tom, taking the quarter Mr. West handed him. "Dis'll do to buy de goods, but 'twon't rent de sto', Mas' Fred."

"What store?" asked Mr. West.

"Dat big sto' Mack an' Coles is jes' movin' outen. Mr. Coles say I may hab it for sebben hundred dollars, ef you'll go my skorty."

Fred laughed. "Well, Tom, I was thinking I wouldn't go security for any one this week; don't you think you can do business on a smaller scale?"

Tom's countenance fell and suffered visibly, but a cheery thought presently struck him, and he exclaimed disdainfully: "Anyhow, I ain't a keerin' 'bout Mack an' Coles ole sto'—der ole sebben hundred dollar sto'! I can get a goods-box an' turn it upside down, an' stan' it up by de Cap'tol groun's, an' more folks'll pass 'long an' buy goobers dan would come in dat ole sto' all de year. Dey ain't spitin' me!"

As Tom limped off to invest his money, his poor legs swinging and his swallow-tails flapping, Fred's friend asked who he was.

"Belonged to us before the war," said Fred. "Poor little devil! the good Lord and the birds of the air seem to take care of him. I set him up in business with twenty-five cents every week, and look after him a little in other ways. Sometimes he buys matches and newspapers, and sells them again. Sometimes he buys ginger-cakes and eats them all; but he is invariably 'busted,' as he calls it, by Saturday night. Tom—oh Tom!"

Tom looked back, and with perfect indifference to the fact that he was detaining Mr. West, answered that he would be there directly, continuing his negotiations for an empty goods-box lying at the door of a neighboring dry-goods store. "What you want, Mas' Fred!" he asked on his return.

"Miss Nellie is going to be married week after next, and you may come up to the house if you like. I was afraid I might forget it."

"Whoop *you* 'tis! Thanky, Mas' Fred. I boun' to see Miss Nellie step off de carpet. But Lord-a-massy! dem new niggars you all got ain't gwine to lemme in!"

"Come to the front door and ask for me. Cut out now, and don't get 'busted' this week, because I'll need all my money to buy a breast-pin to wait on my sister in. Come, James, let us register."

Tom's glance followed Mr. West and his friend out of sight. Then he turned, and paused no more till he reached an out-of-the-way grocery store, in the window of which were displayed samples of fish, and soap, and calico, and kerosene lamps, and dreadful brass jewelry, among which was a frightful breast-pin in the shape of a crescent, set with red and green glass, and further ornamented by a chain of the most atrocious description conceivable. Before this thing of beauty, which to him had been a joy for weeks, Tom paused and lingered, and smote his black breast, and sighed the sigh of poverty. Then he went in.

"What mout be de price o' dat gent's pin in de corner ob de sto'?"

"I don't see any gent in the corner of the window," said the proprietor of the store.

Tom took the mild pleasantry, and inquiring "What mout be de price o' de pin?" was told that it might be anything, from nothing up, but it could go for seventy-five cents.

He stood again outside the window, looking sadly and reflectively at the attractive bijou; then seating himself on the curb-stone, his crutches resting in the gutter, he thoughtfully held between his finger and thumb the twenty-five-cent piece Mr. West had given him.

"Ef I take dis an' de one Mas' Fred gwine to gimme nex' week, dat'll be fifty cents; but it won't be sebenty-five, so I got to mak' a quarter on de two. Ef Miss Nellie knowed, I 'spec' she'd wait anoder week to git married, an' den I wouldn't run no risk o' dese; but I ain't gwine to tell her, cos I know she could n't help tellin' Mas' Fred, an' I want to s'prise him. Mas' Fred's made me feel good many a time; I want to make him feel good wunst. He doan nubber come dis way an' ain't seed dat pin, or he would ha' had it 'fore now."

Then Little Tom bestirred himself, and, obtaining the assistance of a friend, took the dry-goods box up to Capitol Square. There he turned it upside down, spread a newspaper over the top, and proceeded to display his wares.

A pyramid of apples stood in one corner, a small stack of peppermint was its *vis-à-vis*; a tiny glass of peanuts graced a third, and was confronted by a lemon that had seen life, and was now more sere than yellow. But the crowning glory was the centre-piece—an unhappy-looking pie of visage pale and thin physique, yet how beautiful to Tom! He stepped back on his crutches, turning his head from side to side as he sur-

veyed the effect, took up a locust-branch he had brought with him to brush away the flies, and leaning against the railing with calm dignity awaited coming events.

His glance fell on the figure of a negro boy who stood gazing with longing eyes on the delicacies of his table, and it was with a strange feeling of kinship that Little Tom continued to regard the new-comer, for he had been branded with misfortune. He appeared about Tom's age, and should have been taller, but his legs had been amputated nearly up to the knee, and as he stood on the pitiful stumps, supported by a short cane in one hand, his head was hardly as high as the iron railing. He had none of Tom's brightness, but looked ragged and dirty and hungry, and evidently had no Mas' Fred to help the good Lord and the birds of the air to take care of him. His skin was of a dull, ashen hue, and the short wool which clung close to his scalp was sunburnt till it was red and crisp, and formed a curious contrast to his black face. One arm was bare, only the ragged remains of a sleeve hanging over the shoulder, and it seemed no great misfortune that his legs had been shortened, for he had hardly pantaloons enough to cover what he had left.

He looked at the pie and Tom looked at him. Presently the latter inquired seriously, "Whar yo' legs?"

"Cut off," was the answer.

"How came dey cut off?"

"Feet was fros' bit. Like ter kill me."

"What yo' name?" asked Tom.

"Jake."

"What were yo' ole mas's name?"

"Didn't hav' no ole mas'."

"Was you a natchul free nigger?"

"Dunno what you mean," said Jake.

"'Fore we was all sot free," explained Little Tom. "Was yo' born wid an ole mas' an' a' ole mis', or was yo' born free?"

"Free," said Jake, thus placing himself, as every Southerner knows, under the ban of Tom's contempt. "Umph! my Lor', dat pie do smell good!"

"You look hungry," said Tom gravely.

"I is," said Jake—"hungry as a dog."

Negroes are generous creatures, and Tom's mind was fully made up to give Jake a piece of pie; but before he signified this benevolent intention he rested his crutches under his

shoulders and swung his misshapen feet almost in Jake's face. He leered at him, he grinned at him, he stuck his chin in his face, and made a dart at him with the crown of his head, fiercely snapping his eyes, and slapping his sides, and swinging his heels to the following edition of "Juba" with incredible and indescribable emphasis:

Ruby eyed 'simmon seed,
 See Billy hoppin' jes' in time!
 Juba dis an' Juba dat,
 Juba killed de yaller cat.
 Roun' de kittle o' possum fat,
 Whoop a-hoy! Whoop a-hoy!
 Double step o' Juba!
 Forty pounds o' candle-grease
 Settin' on de mantel-piece.
 Don' you see ole granny grace?
 She look so homely in de face.
 Up de wall and down de 'tition,
 Gimme ax sharp as seekle,
 Cut de nigger's woozen pipe
 What eat up all de snassengers.
 Git up dar, you little nigger!
 Can't you pat Juba?

He stopped suddenly and grinned ferociously at Jake. Jake gazed stolidly back at Tom. Then Tom stepped to the table and took up a rusty old pocket-knife, and cutting out a piece of the pie handed it to Jake. Jake bit off a point of the triangle with his eyes fixed on Tom, as if in doubt whether he would be allowed to proceed; but finding that the liberty was not resented, he eagerly devoured the remainder, drew his coat-sleeve across his mouth, and said: "Thanky." And thus their friendship commenced.

It was very touching and beautiful the attachment which was formed between those two unfortunate creatures. Neither could perform the labor or join in the sports incident to their age, and they seemed joined together by the attraction of a common misery. Every day some little service, pitiful in its insignificance except to themselves; some little humble office from one to the other; some little act of self-denial—perhaps the saving of a few cold potatoes that had been given to Jake, or the sacrifice of a buttered roll that Tom had got at Mr.

West's—every day some little thing served to cement this friendship which gave to each a companion who did not mortify him; and they became inseparable, Tom taking Jake to the little shed where he spent his nights, and making him an equal partner in the business during the day.

The next time Tom came to be set up he gave Mr. West a knowing wink, and said mysteriously: "Doan you go buyin' no bres'-pin to w'ar to de weddin', Mas' Fred."

"Why not, Tom?"

"Cos ain't no use in two bres'-pins; an' dar ain't no tellin' what mout happin' 'fore dat weddin' comes off."

Mr. West laughed; but he had no premonition that Tom had entered into a successful negotiation for the grocer's execrable crescent, and the shock was therefore unbroken when, the evening of the marriage, Tom entered his dressing-room and presented it to him with an air of pride so pitiful that it would have made a woman cry.

Fred was as fully surprised as Tom had anticipated, and affected to be as greatly delighted; and when he had completed his toilet of faultlessly quiet tone he pinned the horrible thing in his shirt bosom, and thanked Little Tom for the gift with all the gracious courtesy of his fine nature.

Mr. West was to "stand" with a friend of his sister's who was a guest in the house, and as they fancied themselves very much in love with each other, they had agreed to meet in the parlors an hour before that appointed for the ceremony, that they might enjoy a quiet *tête-à-tête* before the assembling of the guests. Having finished his toilet, he accordingly went down, and was joined by the lady.

They promenaded up and down the parlors, and again and again her eyes had rested curiously upon the pin; but she made no allusion to it till her feelings had become entirely irrepressible, when she interrupted in the middle of a sentence to inquire what on earth it was, and where he got it, and why he wore it.

Then he sat down by her side, with lace curtains shimmering in the twilight, and long mirrors reflecting alabaster vases and oil paintings, and the air heavy with the perfume of flowers, and told her about Little Tom—of his shapeless feet and forlorn life, his empty pocket and grateful heart. And she agreed that it must be dreadful to be so poor and deformed, and all that, and of course he ought to be grateful, but really she thought Mr. West rather morbid in his philanthropy when he

could wear that brass moon before five hundred people only to please a little deformed negro.

"Perhaps you do not understand," said Fred gently, "but I have given him permission to witness the ceremony (I believe I told you that he was the personal property of my mother, and a favorite with her), and he will certainly know whether I wear this pin that he has worked for, and gone into debt for, and probably starved himself for. Will there be any one here—save yourself—whose laugh I dread enough to induce me to disappoint him?"

"It will make us both ridiculous," said she haughtily.

Fred unfastened the pin and placed it in his vest pocket, and with it disappeared Miss Landor's prospect of becoming Mrs. West, enviable as she deemed the position.

"I have no right to include you in my sacrifice, if sacrifice there be," said he with grave courtesy, and referred no more to the matter; but as soon as he could he sought his sister and requested that the honor of standing with Miss Landor might be conferred on Mr. Munson, and himself allowed to take Mr. Munson's partner, she being a little girl on whose pluck and good-nature he might rely. His sister had no time to enter into particulars, but made the desired change, and Mr. West said to Miss Landor: "Miss Julia, I could not sacrifice you, so I have sacrificed myself, and am a volunteer in the noble army of martyrs."

When, however, as the bridal cortège passed through the hall, he saw Tom nudge a fellow-servant with his elbow, and point to the pin, he felt repaid, though Miss Landor was holding her head very high.

The next morning Little Tom came by the office: "What did de folks say 'bout yo' bres'-pin, Mas' Fred?"

"Say? Why they didn't know what to say, Tom. They could not take their eyes off. That pin knocked the black out of everything there. The bridegroom could n't hold a candle to me," said Mr. West. And Tom laughed aloud with delight. "Did they give you your supper?"

"Did dat, Mas' Fred; an' I tuk home a snow-ball an' a orange to Jake," said Little Tom.

Late on the evening of the same day Mr. West was about leaving his office when Little Tom's crutches sounded in the doorway, and Little Tom himself appeared, sobbing bitterly, tears streaming down his face: "Oh, Lordy, Mas' Fred, oh, Lordy!"

"What is the matter, Tom?"

"Oh, Lordy, Mas' Fred! Jake's done dead!"

"Jake! Is it possible? What was the matter?"

"Oh, Lordy! oh, Lordy!" sobbed Little Tom. "Me an' him went down to de creek an' was playin' babtizin'; an' I'd done babtize Jake, an'—oh, Lordy! Lordy!—an' Jake was jes gwine to babtize me, an' slipped out too fur, an' his legs was so short he lost his holt on me an' drowned! An' I could n't ketch him, cos I could n't stan' up widout nothin' to hold on to. Oh, Lordy! I wish I nubber heerd o' babtizin'! I could n't git him out, an' I jes kep' on a-hollerin', but nobody did n't come till Jake was done drowned."

"I am sorry for you, Tom; I wish I had been there. But as far as Jake is concerned, he is better off than he was before," said Mr. West.

"No he ain't, Mas' Fred," said Tom stoutly: "leas' ways, Jake didn't think so hisse'f, as if he had a-wanted to die he could ha' done it long an' merry ago. I doan b'lieve in no sich fool talk as dead folks bein' better off dan dey was befo."

Fred was silent, and Little Tom went on with renewed tears: "I come up to ax you to gimme a clean shirt an' a par o' draw's to put on Jake. You need n't gimme no socks, as he ain't got no feet. Oh, Lordy! oh, Lordy!" sobbed Little Tom; "ef me an' Jake had jes' feet like some folks, Jake would n't ha' been drowned!"

"Take this up to the house," said Mr. West, handing him a note, "and Miss Nellie will give you whatever you want."

"Thanky, sir," said Tom. "I know you ain't got no cof-fins handy, but you can gimme de money an' I can get one. I don't reckon it will take much, as Jake warn't big."

Then Mr. West wrote a note to the undertaker's, and directed Tom what to do with it.

The next day was cold and dark and misty, and the pauper's hearse that conveyed Jake to the graveyard was driven so fast that poor Little Tom, the only mourner, could hardly keep up as he hopped along behind on his crutches.

The blast grew keener and the mist heavier, and before Jake was buried out of sight the rain was falling in torrents that drenched the poor little cripple sobbing beside the grave, and the driver of the hearse, a good-hearted Irishman, said to him: "In wid ye, or get up here by me if ye loike, an' I'll take ye back."

But Tom shook his head, and prepared to hop back as he

had hopped out. "Thanky, sir," he said, "but I'd ruther walk; I feel like I'd be gittin' a ride out o' Jake's funeral."

The wind blew open his buttonless shirt, and the rain beat heavily on his loyal little breast, but he struggled against the storm, and paused only once on his way home. That was beside the dry-goods box that he and Jake had had for a stall. Now it was drenched with rain and the sides bespattered with mud, and the newspaper that had served for a cloth had blown over one corner and was soaked and torn, but clung to its old companion, though the wind and rain beat it down. Little Tom stood beside it, and cried harder than ever.

For several days Little Tom drooped and shivered, and refused to eat, and at length he grew so ill that Mr. West was sent for; but Mr. West was out of town, and did not return for a week, and though, when he got home, the first thing he did was to visit Little Tom, he came too late, for Tom would never again rise from the straw pallet on which he lay, nor use the crutches that now stood idle in the corner.

His eyes brightened and he smiled faintly as Fred entered like a breath of fresh air—so strong, fresh, and vigorous that it made one feel better only to be near him.

"Why, Tom, how is this?"

The little cripple paused to gather up his strength; then he said: "Busted agin, Mas' Fred, an' you can't nubber sot me up no mo'."

"Oh, stuff! Dr. Linden can, if I can't. Why did n't you send for him when you found out I was away?"

"I dunno, sir; I nubber thought 'bout it."

Turning to the woman with whom Tom lived: "And why did n't you do it?" said Fred angrily.

"I did n't know Tom was sick," said she. "'Tain't no use sen'in' fo' no doctor now. I jes' been tellin' Tom he better not put off makin' peace wid de Lord."

"I doan reckon de Lord is mad wid me, Chrissie. What is I done to him? I did n't use to cuss, an' did n't play marbles on Sunday, cos I could n't play 'em no time, like de boys dat hab feet."

"Ef ye doan take care you'll be too late, like Jake. I ain't a-sayin' whar Jake is now—'tain't for me to jedge," said Chrissie; "but you better be a-tryin' to open de gate o' paradise."

Piping the words out stoutly and slowly and painfully, Little Tom replied: "I doan b'leebe I keer 'bout goin' less Jake can go

too; but I 'spec' he's dar, cos I doan see what de good Lord had agin him.. He oughten't a-thought hard o' nothin' Jake done, cos he wa'n't nubber nothin' but a free nigger, an' did.n't hab no ole mas' to pattern by. Maybe he'll let us bofe in. I know Jake is waitin' for me somewhar, but I dunno what to say to him. You ax him, Mas' Fred."

He spoke more feebly, and his eyes were getting glazed, but the old instinct of servitude remained, and he added: "Ain't you got nothin' to spread upon de flo', Chrissie, so Mas' Fred won't get his knees dirty?"

Immediately and reverently Fred knelt on the clay floor, and, as nearly as he remembered it, repeated the Lord's Prayer.

"Thanky, Mas' Fred," said Little Tom feebly. "What was dat—ole—mis'—used to—sing? Oh, Lam' o' God—I come—I—" The words ceased and the eyes remained half closed, the pupils fixed.

Little Tom was dead!





THE NEW CATHEDRAL AT PRINCE-ALBERT.

HEROES OF OUR OWN LAND.

BY MARION J. BRUNOWE.



ANOTHER chain-letter!" she said; "oh, dear!" And it was tossed aside. Seven had already come that week, and—it was only Tuesday, and—she wasn't exactly made of "quarters," or even dimes. Really it was getting a bit monotonous, especially to one who distinctly abhorred letter writing. She vowed she wouldn't open it at all. So she sat up straight and turned her back on it—on the theory, presumably, that what you do not know cannot bother you. But, alas! the theory refused to work.

It was true that she was ignorant, wilfully ignorant of the contents of that letter, but her conscience (nasty little troublesome imp!)—her conscience refused to allow her to forget that there was a letter. She moved an inch further away from the table, and turned her back more squarely if possible upon the troublesome little missive. Then she fixed her eyes upon the blank wall, and tried to think of—Nirvana. But it wouldn't do. Instead of restful nothingness, these were the fiery words that wrote themselves across the opposite wall:

"We implore you, if you cannot comply with our request, *do not break the chain*; return this letter to us."

"Our request" was generally modest; it meant the making of three copies of the present letter, a list of the names and addresses of all your friends, and the personal contribution of twenty-five cents. She had already indeed complied with more than a few of these requests, but certain restive demonstrations on the part of the "friends" with whose names and addresses she had been over-generous, had warned her that she had better draw the line—at once. However, those letters haunted her: "We implore you—do not break the chain!" It was tragic. The consequences of "breaking that chain," where, oh! where might they end? Imagination ran a wild riot: starvation! murder! suicide! harrowing poverty! innocent victims!—all because one wicked girl "broke the chain." Her childhood, at least a portion of it, had been conducted on the bogie system. There was a bad little girl; she told a fib; every night the devil, in the shape of a big black dog, came and lay under her bed, and he growled all night long. It was a gruesome tale, and never to this day does she see a "big black dog" without a thrill of horror. Yet the letters on the wall worked the same way. She darted from her chair, seized the envelope and tore it across with more force than elegance.

She read it once, and then she read it twice, and—then she sat down. After that she remarked, to the atmosphere in general: "Maybe I'm a—a donkey; I wonder am I?"

It was a pathetic letter, one which would appeal to perhaps the hardest of hearts, for in true and simple words it stated its mission; the word "chain" was never mentioned. The writer was "a poor missionary, more than one thousand miles away from your place." His plea was: "Will you employ your talents to make known my needs, and the needs of many poor children in this frozen region who have never known the sweets of a home." The locality was Prince-Albert, Saskatchewan, North-western Territory, Canada. She looked up Saskatchewan on the map; it took a good while to find it, and when found there wasn't much—except space—to it.

According to the encyclopædia, Saskatchewan means, in the Indian language, "swift current"—a river of British North America, which is frozen from the middle of April to the middle of November. It is about seven hundred miles long; during the summer part of it is navigated by the boats of the Hudson Bay Company.



THE PRESENT BISHOP IS RT. REV. ALBERT PASCAL, O.M.I.

Amid this wild and frozen region, in this land whose very name even is unknown to the majority of mankind, the old faith has been firmly planted, and brave missionaries are doing to-day a work which for pure heroism and self-sacrifice has rarely been excelled even in the earliest ages of Catholicity.

It was in 1890 that the Apostolic Vicariate of Saskatchewan, with Prince-Albert as the see of its bishop, was erected. The first and present Bishop is Right Rev. Albert Pascal, O.M.I. The vicariate comprises an area of more than one

hundred thousand square miles, and extends to the North Pole. Its southern portion is north of the fifty-second degree of latitude.

In this vast wilderness there are indeed several new settlements, some of them quite prosperous; but the population, especially of these new centres, is almost invariably Protestant. Prince-Albert itself numbers but three hundred Catholics, and all of them so poor that they are constantly appealing to the missionaries to be provided with the very necessities of life.

Here and there are a few Catholic villages, each having its church and school. In these parishes, however, the population, consisting of half-breeds, French, English, Irish, Canadians, Poles, Russians, Germans, Belgians, Norwegians, Hungarians, and Gallicians, is so mixed, the languages and peculiar customs of the divers nationalities so totally at variance, that peaceful cohabitation is almost impossible, and under the circumstances the ministry of priests is very difficult. Even in Prince-Albert this same harassing mixture of population balks the missionary's effort at every step. One cannot teach and preach to a people of whose language one is profoundly ignorant. The first step, therefore, on the part of the hard-working missionary is the acquisition of the new language. To the Gallicians in particular, who occupy a squalid settlement on the outskirts of Prince-Albert, it is hard indeed to bring a word of comfort, for no priest as yet understands their language. In many of these outlying villages the temperature often descends to fifty-four degrees below zero; blizzards are of frequent occurrence. As recently as last winter hundreds starved to death, while the survivors managed to sustain life on a modicum of thin porridge made of bran—the sort of delicacy upon which enlightened Yankeedom feeds hens. Yet none of these people have ever been left alone or unattended in their dire distress. The Catholic missionary has been there, comforting, strengthening, encouraging. We will present one instance as a sample of many others.

The village of — is in the thrall of the Famine Fiend. The wretched inhabitant sees no help, no succor on any side. Fleeing from a land where verily he and his have been "bowed by the weight of centuries, plundered, profaned and disinherited, stolid and stunned," rendered dead indeed "to rapture and despair," he comes to the new Eldorado, only to find conditions worse, if anything; for cold adds to the horrors of famine. Every man's hand is against him, and—God is for none.



THE MISSIONARY IN THE FAR NORTH-WEST, REV. W. BRÜCK, O.M.I.

One morning, unheralded, unannounced in any way, a stranger appears upon the village street. His is a slender, fragile form, gowned in its long straight robe of sombre hue. The crucifix gleams upon his bosom. A gentle, heart-whole compassion lights up his countenance. Mild, kind eyes win the little children on the spot. They run to him—with the unerring instinct of childhood, knowing a friend—cling about his robe, search

his face, their poor, little hunger-pinched features all aglow. And he blesses them, that "good father" whom the bishop has sent, laying his hands upon their heads as One had done so tenderly long ago amid the palm groves of the Judean hills. Drawn by the children, the more suspicious elders begin to approach. By signs they gradually begin to comprehend that his mission is one of peace and help. A rude tent is erected, and here the father dwells, offering up the Holy Sacrifice daily, feeding with the Bread of Life those whose souls have been even more famished than their bodies. All day long from morn to eve he goes about among his flock administering material comfort with his own hands, consoling the sick, clothing the naked, burying the dead. Night at length sees him within his tent; searching winds find every crevice, for full often the logs wherewith a fire might have been kindled have been carried to a neighbor known to be in need. The father's bed is a plank covered with a beaver-skin, his food the porridge of his people, his night-light a sickly lamp, by whose dull flicker he sits, spelling out the unknown language, and inditing letter after letter in the hope of touching some charitable heart, opening some well-filled purse out in the great world. But day by day the misery grows, the cold becomes more cruel, more piercing, more intense. Out over far-off lands fly the white-winged messengers, their thrilling and pathetic appeals coined out of the heart-blood of their sender. And yet the answers are few, ah, so few and far between! Perhaps but four in a hundred reply, and with contributions which hardly cover mailing expenses. And it is so little for which he asks, or rather the field of choice is so unlimited, and would require on the part of many no greater sacrifice than a moment's thought, a trifling personal inconvenience, often but a few pennies. "*We need everything,*" had written the missionary; "every little helps. Old stamps of any kind, second-hand clothing, blankets, underwear, coats, overcoats, cloth, calico, cotton, wool, flannel, stockings, shop-worn goods of every kind and description, and perhaps most welcome of all, for it can be turned into food, money."

And still the misery grows, increases, multiplies. The father's work seems all in vain. Verily, are there no more kind hearts left in God's big world? Has God himself deserted, forgotten the most helpless of his children? Are his ears deaf to the cry of the orphan, the moan of the dying, the anguished wail of a stricken people? and if so, is not life, all life a

failure—a hideous, horrible dream? Where, oh! where is God—their God, his God?”

The tortured man, suffering so keenly with those whom he has seen suffer, drops his pen, and slowly rises to his full height; his knees are cramped, his feet almost frozen stiff; icicles hang upon his beard. In his eyes there is a dream-like, despairing gaze, for after all he is but a man, though doing a hero's work. He is thinking of a home, of a fireside far, far away, long, long ago. A gentle woman—her features are his—sits in a low chair, her face and form rising distinct in the firelight. A little lad is curled up on the cushion at her feet; he also is bathed in the soft glow. And he listens, all eager eyes and quickened breath, to the words falling from that mother's lips. She is recounting the old Bible stories of heroes and heroism, and the beauty of renouncing all things, wealth and the world, and the comforts thereof, for Christ's sake. She is telling him—that little lad at her knee—the story of Jesus; that story “which through all the changes of eighteen centuries has inspired the hearts of men with an impassioned love, has shown itself capable of acting on all ages, nations, temperaments, and conditions—the story which has been not only the highest pattern of virtue, but the strongest incentive to its practice.” And once again the tale bears its own abundant fruit; the child grows a man, and turning his back upon home and kindred, love of woman, intellectual companionship, creature-comforts, civilization itself, chooses the Cross for his portion, the Man of Sorrow for his All. And he has been happy in his choice. “For my yoke is sweet, and my burden light.” Verily it has been so.

But to-night—what has come over him to-night? Is it a blight? that blight of doubt and discouragement, weariness and exhaustion, which sometimes crushes the stoutest heart. “*Cui bono? cui bono?*”—that despairing cry of the centuries, has it come to ring its knell even in his ears?

He hastens to the door of his tent, and in a moment is out beneath the stars of heaven. The firmament, that immeasurable field,

. . . “unfathom'd, untrod,

Save by Even and Morn, and the angels of God,” calms his seething thoughts. Its vastness, “its radiant stillness, its soundless movement, its silent power” pour a balm upon his weary spirit. And ~~again~~, out of the silence, comes a Voice, a still, sweet Voice:

"Amen I say to you, there is no man who hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive *much more in this present time*, and in the world to come life everlasting."



ST. PATRICK'S ORPHANAGE.

Again there is silence ; but the bad hour is over, the love-light leaps into the man's eyes, the light of that love which is too great for speech, which leaves a pain in the heart, the pain of a longing never to be satisfied this side of heaven, the longing of a love which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

In the early morning the children come crying about his tent—many of them were orphaned overnight. A few rags cover the shivering little bodies ; deprived of their natural protectors, their instinct teaches them to seek the "good father." And their cry is for food, food to keep them from utter starvation. He who had wrestled alone with the angel in the night, and who had conquered like Jacob of old, meets and solaces them with a brave countenance and courageous heart. He will take this trouble to the bishop ; some one *must* assume care of these little ones ; they cannot be left to meet death by cold or starva-

tion, or both combined. An orphanage must be started. The means? never fear—

“God’s in his heaven, all’s right with the world.”

The outcome of that and many a similar sharp experience was the foundation of St. Patrick’s Orphanage.

The building which the bishop has thus acquired was formerly a convent belonging to the “Faithful Companions of Jesus and Mary.” These religious, however, were obliged to leave their home on account of lack of means of support. The building was rapidly falling to decay when his lordship conceived the idea of endeavoring to acquire it as a shelter for these destitute children of his diocese. The house consists as yet but of four bare walls. There is absolutely no furniture; the children sleep on the floor with a sheep-skin for a bed. Consumption and scrofula are rampant amongst them; good food and warm clothing are the crying necessities.

This, the story of one outlying mission among the whites, is the story of many. But the Bishop of Saskatchewan, whose own residence in Prince-Albert is of most unpretentious description, and whose former cathedral was so humble that he



THE OLD CATHEDRAL AT PRINCE-ALBERT.

was obliged to remove his mitre in stepping through the doorway, also comprises within his jurisdiction nine Indian reservations. From the personal testimony of Father Brück, O.M.I., an interesting sketch may be gleaned of life on an Indian reservation in the far North-west.

"On arriving at the reservation," writes Father Brück, "I found the aged missionary whom I was to succeed. He was living in a poor wooden building, consisting of only two rooms. The house was open to all the winds, and in winter so cold that during Mass the Most Precious Blood would freeze in the chalice. For the ablutions it was necessary to warm the wine and water; cold water would freeze instantly. I had no room in which to spend any time apart from the Indians, who were constantly at the mission. Collecting some papers and two skins, I to some extent remedied this defect, thus curtaining off one little corner." There was, of course, no church, no school; so Father Brück, with the divine enthusiasm of faith, at once set to work to collect funds for the erection of one. From half-past nine in the morning till half past eleven at night he worked with his pen, learning the language, and inditing letters to the charitable. Success to a certain extent crowned his efforts; \$460 reached him, though the modest little church to be built next summer will require \$700. As yet, however, there are no prospects of erecting a school.

This reservation, which is not far from Prince-Albert, is of course one of the exceptionally thriving sort. Crossing the Saskatchewan River, and travelling several hundred miles further north, one finds a region given over entirely to woods and rocks. Here fish is the exclusive food, winter and summer, for the cold is so intense as to be a foe to vegetation of every kind. Yet even in this wild and apparently hopeless region one finds the Cross gleaming here and there amid the desert wastes. And in some of the more distant spots one starts and thrills to find that the wilderness itself has verily blossomed forth a rose. A bent and aged father can be met, carrying in a basket upon his stooping shoulders the slime or common mud from the river bank. This he carefully spreads upon the barren, rocky ground, plants a few seeds therein, tends them as a mother her weak and ailing child, and lo! in its time the flower, the perfect, beautiful, fragrant flower, springs forth, a thing of beauty and a joy, if but for a day, to him whose life knows so few of ordinary joys.

In this portion of the vicariate the distance between the



HERE THE INDIANS ARE GOOD.

missions is appalling, three hundred miles frequently separating one reservation from another. The way of the missionary lies partly on the immense lakes of the country, partly on the rivers, and in their frail birch bark canoes the fathers are exposed to the greatest dangers.

Sometimes, owing to cascades, the rivers are not navigable; again, they are frozen; in which case the missionary is obliged to walk mile after mile, carrying both canoe and luggage on his shoulders.

In February last a priest arrived at Prince-Albert from Caribou, or Red Deer Lake, having during eighteen days walked seven hundred miles, sleeping each night in the woods or in the open, while the temperature touched sixty-five degrees below zero! Yet, *after one week's rest*, he insisted on starting off again to resume his labors.

And yet it is in these far-distant missions that the missionaries see the most gratifying outcome of their efforts. "Here it is," writes Father Brück, "that the Indians are very good, and give great consolation to the fathers, while in the vicinity

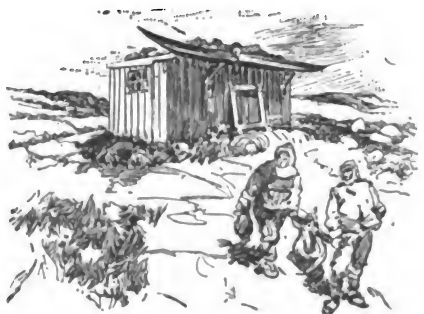
of Prince-Albert they are corrupted to the marrow of their souls by the white population." The reason assigned for the rapid progress made by this work of infidelity is, that the emissaries of the sects are rich, while the work of Catholic evangelization is hampered at every step by lack of means. An association of the charitably inclined, banded together in some great centre of civilization, could do much towards remedying this state of things. Mission supplies for poor chapels are a crying necessity; intentions for Masses, which would be said promptly by the missionaries, and especially alms of any and every kind for the little orphans, who are day by day being lost to the faith through want of place to shelter them—all would be thankfully received.

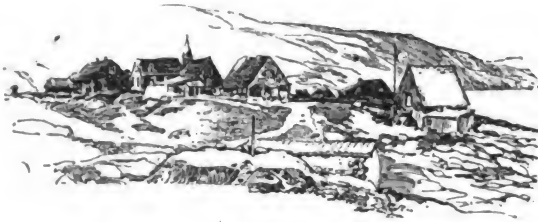


This zealous bishop and his co-laborers are not of a race apart—though their heroism would seem to set them on a plane far above our noblest dreams—they are men, men of God it is true, but men who, like other men, once knew happy, easeful, perhaps luxurious homes; men of minds keen and broad enough to realize to the full that they have beggared themselves not only of creature-comforts, but of those unspeakable joys and aids accruing from "things of the mind," from the pure and unadulterated pleasures of intellectual companionship—pleasures which in themselves often console for the loss of more material ones.

No, the missionary must become a child with the untutored child of the forest; his ideas, his habits, his mode of thought must be simplified to meet the needs of the savage. Poetry, science, all the wide field of literature, is closed to him—closed as other men know of it. And yet, in the eyes of those who can see, and seeing, comprehend, he is a poet, a man of science, the highest of all philosophers.

The days come to him, as to other men, "with all the radiancy of dawn; from him they depart with all the splendor of eve; for him the winds sport with the clouds; the mountains hold their sublime silence against the horizon; the sea sings its endless monotone; faith, hope, and love, all teach him their great





lessons." And he sees, and hears, and knows as other men cannot, may not. In many ways, to compassionate his lot might seem nigh unto presumption; he is so immeasurably superior to or-

inary man. Like the Knight of the Holy Grail,

"His strength is as the strength of ten,
Because his heart is pure."

And yet—to whom does there not come moments of weariness and discouragement? Who does not on some days find life's burden well-nigh unbearable?

A loving thought given to these far-away heroes, a kindly word spoken in their behalf, a contribution great or small to their noble cause, and you lighten the burden which they never could carry were they not marching beneath the banner of a God of Love. "For Love carrieth a burden without being burdened, and maketh all else that is bitter sweet and savory. . . . Like a vivid flame and a burning torch, it mounteth upwards, and securely passeth through all."



CHRISTIAN ART: ITS MISSION AND INFLUENCE.

BY KATHERINE F. M. O'SHEA.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again ;
The eternal years of God are hers ;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers."



HE return to Catholic ideals and methods of teaching, in the adoption of music and of beautiful and uplifting pictures as great moral influences in the education of the young, is one of the most striking fulfilments of the poet's prophecy that many cycles of years have given us.

For nearly four centuries the Catholic Church has been called "idolatrous" just because of her appreciation of and devotion to Art, but now a blinded world is beginning to acknowledge that it was blind by adopting the very "idols" it so long abhorred. Aye! and is falling before them with a sentiment more nearly akin to idolatry than aught else, for the present trend of popular appreciation is to apotheosize the artist and his skill. Catholics venerate primarily the ideals represented.

Well, it is not the first time in this variable world's history that persecutors have become advocates, and that anathematizing Balaams have been forced to bless. "'Tis but the law of the pendulum over again!"

What the church sought was not merely to please the eye and train the æsthetic faculties, by the representations of beautiful forms and faces, in the most harmonious colors and groupings conceivable. Her prime motive was to elevate the weak and earth-bound soul of man to the contemplation of things divine, to enter his heart through his sense of the beautiful, and thus conquer for the Lord this secret empire of the soul, over which he so longs to reign. Here, then, is the *raison d'être* of Christian Art!

All psychologists now understand what the church has always understood—that beautiful pictures, as well as beautiful music, have wondrous power over the souls of men; and thus it is that Catholic art, after an eclipse of centuries, is shining forth from the darkness of prejudice with a radiance more glorious than ever; for the "rejected stone" has once again

"become the head of the corner" in the great work of education.

It is a curious and interesting study to remark the wonderful reaction in favor of Catholic ideals and teaching which the present century discloses. It began in the Oxford movement, in which mighty intellectual forces shook the foundation of Protestantism, as Samson the temple of the Philistines, until it is falling in shattered ruins everywhere about us.

That great movement was like to the explorations of buried cities, whence discovery brings to light treasures hidden for ages beneath the hardened lava tide of volcanic eruptions. It resurrected ancient doctrines and re-wrote religious history, setting in motion the reactionary forces of man's thought that have brought tens of thousands back to the church of their fathers, and restored Christian Art to her rightful place in the minds of men as one of the most beneficent gifts which the Spirit of God has scattered upon the face of the earth, or that his church has ever employed in its great apostolate.

Wonderful, indeed, is the change in our Protestant brethren's ideas, when pictures of the Blessed Virgin and of saints are hung upon the walls of public schools, and are found even in Protestant churches!

If such things happened a quarter of a century ago, nothing short of a public revolt would have resulted. Let us, indeed, be grateful that better knowledge prevails, and that broader culture is dispelling for ever, we hope, the narrow-mindedness and blind fanaticisms that, for so many centuries, have made abhorrent all things Catholic.

The church knew from the first that the enervated and susceptible human soul needs many aids to lift it heavenward; therefore, those beautiful twin arts, painting and music, were cultivated to highest perfection for the service of the Lord in the conversion of the human race. Christian Art is but the hand-maiden of Religion; a teacher and preacher of Christian truths. Her eloquence touches every heart, her expression reaches all intelligences.

To the Catholic Church alone the art of the world belongs; for she was the inspirer, the encourager, and the generous rewarder of all the great geniuses whose master-pieces are the delight of enlightened peoples. To her alone the gratitude of nations is due for enriching the world with the wondrous art treasures which modern inventions make the property of the poorest at the present time.

Christian art, like every other science, had to undergo a long evolutionary process, during which period of time the tide of its success ebbed and flowed with the tide of human affairs that governed its progress.

It was born in the Catacombs of Rome, during the times of direst persecution and poverty of the Christian Church. In those first three centuries it necessarily remained in a very weak condition, like all human growths deprived of the sunlight and invigorating atmosphere of the upper world. The impress of its first steps can still be seen on the tufa walls of those subterranean churches in crude paintings of the Good Shepherd, and in the symbolisms of lambs and vines, that adorn the primitive sanctuaries and altars of those early followers of Christ. The cemetery of St. Calixtus, the burial place of the ancient popes, is the most elaborately adorned of any of these sanctuaries, for here was buried the lineal successors of Peter, "who walked with the Lord," and here, by excellence, was due the utmost adornment of beauty that primitive art was capable of. Every one knows that in that underground necropolis were the only churches of the first Christians at Rome; and that Mass was always celebrated over the tomb of a martyr, the marble slab which the Catholic Church still makes an essential part of the liturgical furnishing of the altar being a constant reminder and relic of this ancient custom.

During the first three centuries art remained in a very embryonic condition, imperial persecution giving little time for æsthetical culture; and there was no active need of the persuasive influence of pictures, as faith was strong and love of God an abiding virtue in the hearts of all. When one's soul is filled with the image of the beloved, pictures are unnecessary to keep Him before the mind. It is only when memory grows faint, and affections weaken, that art begins its real mission.

So it was with the church. While the blood of martyrs was its strong nourishment, and the spirit of the Apostles lived with pristine vigor in the hearts of their disciples, artistic representations of the Lord were not necessary to keep him before their souls; though, indeed, had opportunity and circumstances permitted, they would, in the enthusiasms of the human heart, have covered the world with his pictures, and written his name on the very skies!

As soon as the church emerged from the Catacombs, her

great mission of "preaching the truth to all nations" began in earnest; and art became her most powerful aid in this great work.

Under the protection and patronage of Constantine magnificent basilicas, which vied with the Temple of Solomon in the glories of architecture and adornment, sprang into existence everywhere. It was no longer right that "the Lord should be a dweller in tents, while princes dwelt in houses of cedar"; therefore the Catholic temple, from the first, was built with magnificence and adorned with beauty, in order that the Most High God might have a house more beautiful than the houses of kings, and that the glories of the ancient Temple might live over again to delight his heart and draw down his blessings on the builders; as he said to David: "He shall build a house to My Name, and I shall establish the throne of his kingdom for ever."

Remembering the minuteness of detail given by God himself for the building of the Tabernacle, and the preciousness of its composition, and having the scriptural description of the great Temple of Jerusalem for a plan to guide them, the first Christians built their temples with all the magnificence and glory which the times afforded or human skill could contribute; thus it is that Europe is rich in ecclesiastical architecture which is a varied song of praise in honor of the Most High, the delight and wonder of all lovers of the true and beautiful. Christian kings and emperors, filled with the enthusiasms of faith and devotion, rivalled one another in emulating David and Solomon in church-building. This gave impulse to the arts of painting and sculpture, and to the arts of working in metals; so that the great cathedrals of the world became like living things, with a thousand tongues which sung the praises of God in stone and iron, in bronze and brass, in gold and silver; and "Every creature praised the Lord."

Until the thirteenth century, however, the art of painting remained in a very unsatisfactory state, not only because of existing social, political, and religious conditions, but also because of the crude methods of work and the difficulties of distemper mediums. It must be remembered that the use of oil as a medium was not discovered until the fourteenth century, all painting before that time being executed in distemper.

Although the art of painting is "coeval with the pyramids," and classic Greece boasted of a Polygnotus, an Apollodorus, a

Zeuxis, and an Apelles—called the “Raphael of Antiquity”—still the best judges doubt whether the works of these ancient masters ever attained the perfection of the moderns, on account of the difficulties cited, whilst their proficiency in sculpture has, we believe, never been quite equalled.

At the resurrection of the church from the tombs of the dead, her first work was the conversion of the pagans, and the pagans were all image-worshippers; hence arose the first difficulty in the way of Christian Art, for it was not prudent to give fresh impulse to the pagan idolaters, by giving much encouragement to the making or painting of images, until their darkened minds had been trained to discover the difference between the worship of God and the worship of creatures, and to accept the doctrine of a Supreme Ruler. For over a hundred years the struggle between Christianity and paganism went on, with varying success, until the reigns of Theodosius and his sons, when the religion of Christ became the religion of the civilized world.

“The heathen oracles were silent, the sibylline books were burnt,” and, at the beginning of the fifth century, the imperial eagles of the all-conquering Cæsars were lowered at the foot of the Cross, and the empire of the Crucified King embraced the known world!

Then began to flourish the arts of peace; and painting, introduced from Eastern Byzantium by Oriental artists, took on the splendors of the rainbow and the glory of the sunlight at one and the same time. Sacred pictures were gorgeous productions of splendid coloring against dazzling backgrounds of shining gold. Skill in drawing and beauty of expression, however, were lost arts. They went out of the world with the extinction of Classic Greece, and their remains were buried under the soil of centuries and the ruins of stately Athenos. This might be called the “Age of Color”; for, during its reign, the very sunlight was painted with the brilliant hues of scriptural “violet and purple and scarlet twice dyed,” as it streamed through the tinted windows of chancel, choir, and apse.

So great was the liberty taken by the artists of this time that the church found it necessary to make their innovations a matter of interest to a council in order to keep Christian art safe within its sacred limits as an expounder of Christian belief—so constantly assailed by numberless heresies; thus, in the second Nicæan Council, held in 787, it was decreed: “It is not

the painters but the holy fathers who have to invent and dictate; to them manifestly belongs the composition; to the painters, only the execution." By such watchfulness as this the Catholic Church kept Christian Art to her holy mission and saved it from sinking back into the low ideals of yet living pagan principles.

Cimabue, in the thirteenth century, was the first to break loose from the stiff formalisms and ugly lines of the Byzantine school, and give life and individuality to his compositions. However, long before his day, Giovanini in the tenth century, and Petrolino in the twelfth, had striven for freedom from the established rules, though in vain. It was not yet time to cast aside the extreme asceticisms of art ideals, adapted as necessary counteracting influences to the many grossnesses of barbaric ideas. The church encouraged art in all its forms, however, for guilds were established in every Italian city and the respectability of artists was an essential quality insisted upon, the sacredness of their vocation being preached to them with zeal and fervor. As a consequence of this zeal for art, painters and architects were a pious and holy class of men, fully alive to the responsibility of the gifts bestowed upon them by the Most High, and earnestly, nay, enthusiastically, desirous to use their talents in his service. In Siena, one of the great art centres, no immoral person was permitted to work upon her great cathedral. In many academies of art a student guilty of any offence against morality or lacking reverence was suspended for a time, if not condignly punished by expulsion.

"Scourges of God" the barbarians had called themselves, and no doubt they were, for cultured paganism had despoiled the Lord of the souls of men long enough, and naught but an outpouring of his wrath has ever brought back his recreant creatures. What the flood did in Noe's time, and the rain of fire in that of Lot, the fierce barbarians did for Europe.

Under the reign of those savage chieftains of the North—whose religion was passion, whose law was the sword—men became brutalized, rough in speech and manners, savage in tastes and inclinations. For a decade of centuries these warlike peoples, Goths, Visigoths, Huns, Heruli, Saxons, and Vandals, and other barbaric nations, kept the world in a perpetual ferment of wars, invasions, and violence, until, again, the Prince of Peace conquered through the teachings of his church, and mankind, after ages of miracles, examples of heroic sanctity, sublime self-abnegation, and inspirational preaching on

the part of Christians, was once more suppliant at the feet of the Crucified!

The church began her second great work of conversion at once. Martyrs multiplied, and schisms and heresies flourished like tares, among the good grain that sprang from Christian blood; yet, confident in the promise of the Lord, she continued to assail the very "Gates of Hell," calm in the security of her ultimate victory.

Here, then, was the time when Christian art really began its greatest mission, for sacred books would be as useless to these wild barbarians as tracts and Bibles are to-day to the untutored savage. Then it was that the walls of churches became pictured Bibles, and the lives of Christ and of his saints, of his patriarchs and prophets, were written in that universal language that all might read and—understand!

Never has the art of printing so well taught the truths of the Bible as those glowing picture stories of mediæval days! And what has not Catholic art done for the Book of Books itself? It treasured its sacred pages as jewels beyond price. It wrote the Scriptures on rarest vellums, in letters of gold, and bound them in precious metals adorned with gems! No mother ever guarded the precious heirlooms entrusted to her for her children as the Catholic Church cherished and defended and safeguarded that precious heritage of truth.

The Scriptures were her joy and her glory—the sole proofs of her claims; the foundation stones of her every doctrine. The church building, its form and divisions, were all biblical. It was the Ark, or Ship of Christ, sailing over the stormy billows of the world. It was built in the form of a cross. The vestibule was the outer court; the nave, aisles, and transepts formed the holy place; the sanctuary and altar, the "holy of holies"; and so on, throughout the entire structure, from the cross-crowned pinnacles of steeple and towers to the huge foundation stones; from the foliated, many-hued windows of the chancel to magnificently sculptured doors of bronze, the Scriptures were taught in the unsurpassed eloquence of art; and thus found echo in the big, ungoverned but nobly disposed hearts of the Northmen, whom beauty could teach and music could tame.

With the revival of learning in the twelfth century was laid the foundation of that "new birth" of art which took place in the thirteenth, and grew to its zenith in the genius of Michael Angelo and Raphael, in the sixteenth century.

During the reign of the popes was the Golden Age of Art, for they have ever been the most ardent and liberal promoters. But for them and their devotion to its cause, not one of the art treasures of the world to-day would be in existence.

Not only did they promote the highest ideals of Christian art, and encourage and stimulate it to still greater perfection, but they gathered the remains of ancient art from desolate ruins and devastated cities, even digging down into the earth, where the accumulations of ages had buried them, for the beautiful remains of pagan sculpture. These they restored, as best they might, that the exquisite productions of those old Greek masters might teach the new world of artists, thirteen hundred years after them, the lost arts of expression and proportion. Under the kingdom of the Papacy art, science, and letters flourished with a degree of brilliancy never excelled.

During the days of Michael Angelo, Buonarrotti, and Raphael da Urbino art attained its highest degree of excellence, and its greatest power of expression, because they were the living results of an æsthetic culture and an intellectual development unknown since the days of ancient Greece, and brought into the world again by that "revival of learning" begun in the twelfth century by the popes and fathers of the Catholic Church.

The monks were the most learned men in the world; and, next to the popes, the most ardent promoters and lovers of art.

"The Benedictines, under Providence, became the great instruments of civilization in modern Europe," writes one Protestant historian; and even Hallam (paradoxical, illogical, ungenerous, superficial, and unfair Hallam) says: "We owe the agricultural restoration of the greater part of Europe to the monks."

"We are outliving the gross prejudices which once represented the life of the cloister as being from first to last a life of laziness and imposture," says Mrs. Jameson in Introduction to the 'Legends of the Monastic Orders.' We know that but for the monks the light of liberty, literature, and science had been for ever extinguished; and that for six centuries there existed for the thoughtful, the gentle, the inquiring, the devout spirit no peace, no security, no home but the cloister. There Learning trimmed her lamp; there Contemplation pruned her wings; there traditions of Art, preserved from age to age by lonely, studious men, kept alive in form and

color the idea of a beauty beyond that of earth, of a might beyond that of spear and shield—of a Divine sympathy with suffering humanity!

“The Benedictines instituted schools of learning; the Augustinians built noble cathedrals; the Mendicants founded hospitals; *all* became patrons of the fine arts, on such a scale of munificence that the protection of the most renowned princes has been mean and insignificant in comparison. As architects, as glass painters, as mosaic-workers, as carvers in wood and metal, they were the precursors of all that has been achieved in Christian art; and if so few of these admirable and gifted men are known to us individually and by name, it is because they worked for the honor of God and their community, not for profit nor for reputation.”

How many know that Roger Bacon was a Franciscan, and Albertus Magnus, Fra Angelico, and Fra Bartolommeo were Dominicans?

Art was the expression of man's delight or wondering comprehension of God's work. Its aim was to teach men that they are not beasts; involving, necessarily, spiritual or religious information about themselves.

Pagan art was sensual—of the body; Christian art was spiritual—of the soul; teaching lessons of immortality.

The idolatry of the human, as in Greek art, was but the apotheosis of self; expressing the idea of God in human beauty, drawing down the Infinite to the finite—lowering the Creator to the place of a creature.

The mission and aim of Christian art was to lift man's thoughts to God and place restraints upon sensualism and selfishness, by the preaching of higher ideals in the sublime eloquence of holy pictures.

Before the invention of printing every Benedictine abbey had its library and its scriptorium, where silent monks were employed from day to day and month to month in making transcripts of valuable works, especially the Scriptures. In those days a copy of the Bible was worth a king's ransom. To these monks the world owes the multiplication and diffusion of copies of the Bible, as well as the preservation of the greater part of the works of Pliny, Sallust, and Cicero. They were the fathers of Gothic architecture; they were the earliest illuminators and limners, and the first inventors of the gamut, and first to institute a school of music, in the person of the Benedictine Guido d'Arezzo. They were the first agricul-

turists who brought intellectual resources, calculation, and science to bear upon the cultivation of the soil. Of them it can be truly said: "They made the desert to bloom and the wilderness to blossom as a rose."

The sublime conceptions of Michael Angelo, the exquisite idealism of Raphael, and the tender holiness of Fra Angelico's spirituality are but the exponents of a culture more noble, more perfect, more complete in its intellectuality, its refinement, its all-embracing "progressiveness," than any culture the world can boast of before or since.

That was the Golden Age of Art, when color and form and expression, united in a perfect whole, blossomed forth upon the world in ideal beauty. Then it was that Angelo's sublime conceptions awed and charmed a world, while Raphael's heavenly ideals lifted men's thoughts to the skies. Then it was that Christ and his Mother were the undying inspirations of artists' souls—the sweet and gracious sovereigns of their hearts. That was the time when, as in days of patriarch and prophet, men delighted in bringing every best and perfect gift as "first-fruits" to the service of the Lord, in the adornment of his temples. "The Last Judgment" made men "think in their hearts" of the reward of sin; and the Madonna di San Sisto shamed them into sorrow with its mysterious pathos! The church, ever alert to the wants of the times, preached repentance and salvation in every marvellous picture of that time, when Art was the hand-maiden of the Lord, and her glory was supreme.

At that time Catholicity had contributed everything which civilization could boast. Slavery had been abolished, woman elevated, gentleness of manners implanted by chivalry. In the moral world Christian charity ruled; in the æsthetic, architecture, music, and art. Universities were established in all nations, those of Oxford, Cambridge, Louvain, Prague, Bohemia, Vienna, Basle, Salamanca, Leipsic, Alcalá, Paris, Bologna, and Ferrara being the most renowned.

In the scientific world and the world of letters the greatest savants were all children of the church; whilst in the world of eloquence, if we may so call it, the oratory of the Christian priesthood outshone the glories of Demosthenes and Cicero.

The learned Barthélemy gives us a picture of Rome in the age of Leo X. which is as comprehensive as it is interesting. It reflects the progress of art in Catholic days before the Reformation.

"At Rome," he says, "my traveller beholds Michael Angelo raising the cupola of St. Peter's; Raphael painting the galleries of the Vatican; Sadolet and Bembo, who afterwards were cardinals, then holding the position of secretaries to Leo X.; Trissino giving the first representation of "Sophonisba"—the first tragedy composed by a modern; Beraldi, librarian of the Vatican, engaged in the publication of the Annals of Tacitus, then recently discovered in Westphalia and purchased by Leo X. for five hundred gold ducats—the same pontiff offering places to the learned men of all nations who would settle in his dominions, and distinguished rewards to such as would bring manuscripts before unknown. In all quarters were founded universities, colleges, printing houses for all kinds of languages and sciences; libraries, which were continually receiving accessions of works from those sources, or were lately brought from regions where ignorance yet maintained her empire. The number of the academies increased to such a degree that there were ten or twelve at Ferrara, about fourteen at Bologna, and sixteen at Siena. They had for their object the cultivation of the sciences, belles-letters, languages, history, and the arts. In two of these academies—one of which was exclusively devoted to Plato and the other to Aristotle, his disciple—the opinions of ancient philosophy were discussed and those of modern philosophy partly foreseen. At Bologna, and likewise at Venice, one of these societies superintended the printing establishment, the casting of types, the correction of proofs, the quality of paper, and, in general, whatever could contribute to the perfection of new editions. In every state the capital, and even the towns of inferior importance, were extremely covetous of knowledge and fame. Almost all of them offered to astronomers observatories, to anatomists amphitheatres, to naturalists botanic gardens, to the studious in general collections of books, medals, and antique monuments, and to talents of every kind marks of consideration, gratitude, and respect."

Such was the "ignorance" of which the Church is accused—such her "antagonism" to the arts and sciences!

The age of Leo X. was so glorious as to be compared to that of Pericles by learned writers, and it was in this Golden Age of learning, of art, of science, of music, that the "Reformation" of Luther sprang into existence, and—chaos followed! "Then came the Deluge." Churches were despoiled and defaced, and art works destroyed with vandal fierceness; houses

of learning broken into and whole libraries of precious books and manuscripts torn into fragments and burned into ashes. The patient labors of centuries demolished in a few short years! No wonder the Protestant historian, Cobbett, calls that religious upheaval the "Devastation"!

Authority was thrown off and license prevailed. Morality was a forgotten virtue, and Luther (unhappy Luther!) cried out in the bitterness of his heart: "Swinish vices prevail everywhere, but especially here in my own Wittenberg!" Unfortunate man! he was but reaping the whirlwind which his petty jealousy and stubborn insubordination had sown.

"Protestantism," to use the words of a great mind, "clipped the wings of genius, and made her plod on foot. It viewed as superstition the pomp of divine worship; as idolatry the *chef d'œuvres* of sculpture, of architecture, and of painting."

No wonder that since the sixteenth century, as an art authority says, "scarcely a new subject has been added to the repertory of art."

"The symbolizing idealism of the Middle Ages died out," boasts Lübke, in his *History of Art*, speaking of this time. "Realism unfolded its banners and started on its conquering march through the world." In other words, sensualism reigned; and instead of the heavenly purity and saintly aspiration of Catholic idealism, were preferred the disgusting realisms of drunken orgies, and the worship of Nature instead of Nature's God. Paganism, in a new form, had returned to the world, and art once again became its slave.

"The surest sign of the decadence of art, or of anything," says an eminent critic, "is when it falls into sensualism, for realism is the lowest idea of it; on the contrary, idealism is the highest, for it bases itself on universal truth." Tired with a surfeit of realism, a nauseated world is turning back to the uplifting idealism of Catholic art, with sick souls of longing for the "good things" of the Father's table. "Broken cisterns" cannot long assuage the thirst of the human soul!

THE DHRIP OV THE IRISH RAIN.

BY MARGARET M. HALVEY.



NATURE has surely the gift ov tongues in my own
land far away :
An' one among 'em I'm missin' sore, an' more
wid each passin' day ;
Not lilt ov the bee, nor lay ov the breeze, nor
thrill o' the blackbirds' sthrain—
I'm lovin' 'em all, bud it's lonesome most for the dhrip ov the
Irish rain !

Now fallin' soft from the hoverin' clouds, like the croon ov a lullaby
For the homesick flowers that wor once as stars, set high in
the archin' sky ;

Now wid thud in the thatch, an' tap at the hatch, an' tinkle
agin the pane,

Givin' us greetin' an' cheer betimes—the sootherin' Irish rain !

An' whin it has passed how the earth laughs out in the face
o' the cl'arin' sky !

“ Is it rainin' it was ? ” says the laggard sun—“ ah, thin let me
kiss you dhry.”

The soople daisies listen an' lift, an' the dogrose br'athes again,
An' cowslips whisper to fairy-flax the praise ov the tindher rain !

From a cuddled thrush in the hedges' hush a clear “ come-all-
ye ” rings,

An' all the blessed stillness stirs wid the whirr ov unfoldin' wings,
Till you think ov a Dhruid among his choir, whin the wood
was the warriors' fane,

An' the great oaks fended the Beltaine fire from the dhrip ov
the passin' rain ! ♦

There 's a spot near the heart ov the ould land set, an' the best
ov my life is there,

Where dust wid dust has for cinturies met to the measure ov
“ keen ” an' prayer :

'Tis long since the chrism ov lovin' tears on its shroudin' green
has lain,

Bud to freshen it still, at GOD'S dear will, comes the dhrip ov
the kindly rain !

No wondher its measure lingers, thin ; for oh, like the Ban-
shee's moan,

It's only for ear ov the Celt to hear the message within its tone ;

An' loyal hearts ov the exiles know that for raquaim an' rafrain
They would choose some day (an' twor theirs to say) the dhrip
ov the Irish rain !

THE JEW IN EUROPE THE CHRISTIAN'S ANTAGONIST.

BY CHARLES C. STARBUCK.



It is hard to say whether the anti-Semites or the pro-Semites are the more unreasonable, although unquestionably the latter are the more humane. The worst extremes of anti-Semitism, of course, as illustrated in the *Anti-Juif*, are indescribably vile, and remind us of nothing so much as of the worst ravings of the Orangemen or the A. P. A., or the kindred parties among the English Nonconformists. They are outside the bounds of common decency and common humanity. Even such anti-Semites as M. Guérout, in the *Tablet*, who do not forget that they are gentlemen, appear hardly less virulent in fact. I can make nothing else out of several of Guérout's letters than that he reproaches the English Catholics, as with a crime, with their unwillingness to condemn Captain Dreyfus simply because he is a Jew. It is true he speaks of overwhelming proof against him, but we have to receive this on his word. Certainly it has not been produced to the world. That which the world has seen seems mostly to tell the opposite tale. The sum of Guérout's contention, and that of his fellows, appears to be simply this: A crime has been done; a Jew was accused of it. This is proof enough. Any Protestant who denies it in France is not a true Frenchman, and any Catholic who denies it in England is a dubious Catholic. It seems a good opportunity for the Holy See to repeat the admonition of Paul II., that a Jew does not lose the right to justice by being a Jew. Moral truisms, after all, seem to be the dicta which need repeating the oftenest.

It is curious what an exact counterpart to this appears in a Protestant paper published in Mexico. It said during the war: A powder magazine has been blown up in California. Some think this was done by Spanish Jesuits. Indeed, there can be no doubt of this, for of what wickedness are not Jesuits capable? With the reverse application, here is the exact echo of Guérout and such as he, allowing for the blatant impudence of a vulgar author.

REASONABLE ANTI-SEMITISM.

It does not follow, though, that because there is unreasonable and raving anti-Semitism, there is not such a thing as reasonable and just anti-Semitism. What is an anti-Semite? It is simply a man who believes the Jews to be in Christendom a disintegrating and dangerous force. Need a man, therefore, lose his head and rave like a lunatic, and treat every individual Jew as a mere wild beast, that is to be knocked on the head at sight? St. Paul, in I. Thessalonians, declares that the Jews of his time "please not God, and are contrary to all men." Yet he did not cease to love his countrymen, to pray for them, to labor for them, and to foretell their ultimate conversion. He was at once an anti Semite and a pro-Semite.

There is a true tolerance founded on justice and humanity. This is Divine. This has not much resemblance to that mawkish liberalism which is so common now, and which is nothing but a striving to be in the mode. Orthodoxy was once the mode, now it is unbounded amiability towards everything except orthodoxy. The one dangerous opinion now is to believe that any opinion is dangerous, and to speak and act accordingly. Those who do this, it is assumed, ought to have no quarter shown them.

One would think that this proposition: The Jews are a disintegrating and dangerous force in Christendom, was self-evident. How can it be otherwise? The two religions are so related to each other that neither can leave the other out of mind. Judaism differs from Christianity only in two points, but these are vital. One is: Jesus is not the Messiah. The other is: The law of Moses is permanently binding on all who claim to be Israelites. Christianity differs from Judaism in the reverse order. First, Jesus is the Messiah. Second, The law of Moses has ceased to bind since the coming of Christ. Christianity, therefore, in the eyes of every orthodox Jew, is a gigantic heresy, imposture, and usurpation. It is a heresy, for it denies the continuing obligation of a divine law, and sets in the place of Messianic honor One who has no right to it. It is an imposture, for it supports its claims by an account of miracles which were either pretended or diabolical, and by the affirmation of a Resurrection which never took place. It is a usurpation, for it affirms that its adherents, and they only, have an ascertained share in the new covenant foretold by Jeremias. How, then, can a religion diffused throughout

Christendom, and having such an apprehension of Christianity, be otherwise than a constantly corrosive force, a force of constant negation?

The great Jew James Dannesteter remarks that from the very beginning of Christianity Judaism has constantly supplied a force of negation and sarcasm, at work even in authors who are not themselves Jews, from Celsus down to Voltaire, and to the present.

SOME REASONS FOR ANTAGONISMS.

The *New Englander* for 1881 has an article on the Jewish question which is worthy of close attention. It is quite free from anti-Semite prejudices. It is simply an attempt to show why it is that anti-Semitism has gained such a force in Central and Eastern Europe, for at that time it was almost confined there. The facts adduced are certainly startling, especially the rapid increase in the number of Jewish land-holders; the increase in the number of Jewish university students; the relatively higher standing of Jewish students; the longer life of Jews. None of these things, it will be seen, imply any fault in the Jews. They have been kept for ages out of holding land; what wonder, then, that they should be eager to possess it? The universities have been shut to them; what wonder that they should now throng to them? If their eagerness to rise, and the keen Semitic minds of a large proportion, and the wonderfully absorbent Slavonic minds of a larger, place them high in university standing, surely this is a merit, not a fault. If their manner of living, or the quality of race (we know how long-lived their kinsmen the Arabs are), insure them a longer life than Europeans generally, how are they to blame for this? Yet a race which is feared is not likely to be loved the more by proving that its increase in numbers and wealth and power is natural and healthy, and therefore likely to be permanent. All this will make it more an object of dread, and therefore of hatred. Its merits in such a case are sure, by the most, to be turned into sins. We know how largely the New England Protestants turn marriage into unfruitful unions. Their families, therefore, are small, although it is very far from being true that all their small families are to be so explained. The Catholics there, we know, are free of this crime, and their families are large. Yet, while there are some Protestant preachers, and zealous ones, who praise them loudly for this, one of the foremost, writing in a review, treats it as little

short of an affront that they should presume to have large families when the Protestants choose to have small. Indeed, the bitter popular imputations upon them for daring to increase take no account of the question whether their increase is sound or unsound. Do the French hate the Germans less because the population of France is waning and that of Germany is waxing?

JUDAISM SETS UP ANTAGONISTIC IDEALS.

However, it is unjust to European Christians to lay their dislike of the Jews simply to Jewish thriftiness and studiousness and sound living. There are other reasons for dislike and apprehension. After all, the foundation of society is and must be religious. Fundamental ideas and beliefs must of necessity control secondary. The contention in Protestant countries that Catholicism, and in Catholic countries that Protestantism impairs social unity, appears self-evidently true, however it may be pressed extravagantly and intolerantly. Yet here there is unity as to the supreme ideals and the supreme Exemplar. Judaism, on the contrary, has not the same supreme ideals and rejects the supreme Exemplar. Distinctive Judaism, as fully developed after the rejection of Christ and the retributive overthrow of the Temple, and set forth in the Talmud, consists in the segregation of the Jews, so far as possible, from all other men, and their compact union into one body by enclosure in a network of invincible tradition and use by means of the 613 precepts of the Law made out by the Rabbins. This, as a late Jewish writer of Germany remarks, has so completely enveloped every act of orthodox Jews in a scheme of rigorously defined Jewish ethics that Jewish life is pinned down entirely to it, as the supreme object. Even the belief in immortality, he remarks, has not essentially modified it. That is a thing by the way. The orthodox Jew lives essentially for the earth. A Boston Rabbi has lately opposed the Christian ideal, as one of love and self-sacrifice, to the Jewish ideal, as one of "sane selfishness." To be sure, he has just before called the Jewish ideal one of "truth and righteousness" (as if truth and righteousness were opposed to love and self-sacrifice), but it is truth and righteousness so far as these are instrumental to a "sane selfishness."

CHRISTIAN IDEAS OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

We see, then, how essentially irreconcilable the Jewish and

the Christian ideals are. To be sure, this Rabbi, like most non-Christians, blunders essentially in his interpretation of Christian self-sacrifice. This is, indeed, opposed utterly to "selfishness," and denies that there can ever be a "sane selfishness." Yet it is as far as possible from being void of a just self-regard. Indeed, its self-regard looks to supreme achievement of good. As Goldwin Smith has pointed out, the self-renunciation of the Gospel is the exact opposite of the self-renunciation of Buddhism. Buddhism demands absolute self-renunciation of the personal being. This is not the self-renunciation of love. Buddhism knows nothing of love, beyond a general sympathetic willingness to deliver all things, and to be delivered with them, from the misery of existence. As Buddhism knows nothing of God, or good, or a holy scheme of advancing excellence and blessedness, there is no possibility of real self-renunciation. Nothing can be renounced except that which has a value. Now, Buddhism acknowledges no value in anything or any one. All existence is finite, and each finite form is an endless round of wretched illusions. The only good is the purely negative good of fading into non-existence. All attempts to make of Nirvana something positive are, as Max Müller shows, a deflection from the proper meaning of Nirvana, and from the true teaching of Buddha. Self-renunciation, in any true meaning, is only possible in Buddhism in the following sense: Once in many ages a single man, become a Buddha, may be about to enter into non-existence, and may refrain from doing so during the course of one life, in order the better to instruct all mankind in the way of final extinction. This is certainly not a very heroic self-renunciation, but it appears to be the only one conceivable in Buddhism. Genuine Buddhism, it is true, has long been nearly extinct.

Christian self-renunciation is, of course, summed up in our Lord's words: "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it unto life eternal." Here the right, and the duty, of eternal self-assertion of the individual being are emphatically affirmed. The very foundation of our Lord's teaching is the eternal worth of each individuality, of personal existence, as being capable of entering into an ever-during covenant with God, and of becoming, when consummate and glorified, the indefectible expression and vehicle of God's infinite scheme of goodness and blessedness. Self-renunciation of the personal being, therefore, and of essential good, is an impossibility in Christianity. The Christian, no

more than the Jew, is called to renounce, or allowed to renounce, anything of his fundamental end of being. The difference lies in the relation to eternity. The Christian recognizes himself as the citizen of eternity, and this life as the germ of eternity. Everything, therefore, which appertains only to this life is essentially indifferent. It is to be held loosely, and easily given up for any higher end, of ourselves or others.

This, then, is Christian self-renunciation. It is possible for a Christian to practise it, for existence has for him an infinite worth, and the present existence, as being subsidiary to it, has a finite value indeed, but a real and great value. What he gives up, therefore, is truly given up, whereas in Buddhism there is nothing given up, for there is nothing to give up, except illusion and vanity.

THE NOTION OF CHRISTIAN LOVE DIFFERENT FROM JEWISH.

In like manner, Christian love is different from all other love, not in degree merely but in kind. The benefit and blessedness which a Christian (whether explicitly or implicitly such) wishes to every human being is an infinite benefit and blessedness. Infinitude is not finitude augmented beyond capacity of thought. It is absolute completeness, eternal and immutable, as contrasted with mutable and transitory fragmentariness. Christian love, therefore, resting in eternity, is deeply kind, because it wishes to draw all men into the same blessedness as its own, and because it has no need to be aggressively watchful for its own mundane interests. Talmudical Judaism, on the other hand, is concerned with this world. Its love is only a form of "sane selfishness," recognizing the instinctive affections of the family as necessary to the happiness of the man, and the instinctive interests of the tribe as necessary to guard the family. Here is abundant room for a "sane" selfishness, but selfishness it remains, decently tempered but still frankly evident. The Boston Rabbi has undoubtedly struck the true ideal of true modern Judaism. The outermost boundary of real active regard is the tribe, the Jewish people. All beyond that are strangers, if not virtually enemies. Hostility towards them may be active or latent, but they are never included within any true community of interests. Emil Reich, in the *Nineteenth Century*, quotes, as expressive of genuine Jewish feeling, involved in the very nature of the Jewish religion, the remark of a fellow-Jew made to him, that, although an English subject, if the actuation of Jewish nationality involved the

sacrifice of English nationality, he would not hesitate to sacrifice it.

This does not in the least imply that Jews in general are plotting against the country in which they live. Of this there seems not the slightest evidence. Attempts to prove such a thing in France have confessedly broken down utterly. The overwhelming majority of Jews, doubtless, as of all other men, are sufficiently engaged in earning their bread. The bulk of Jews, no more than the bulk of Gentiles, are rich. And, as we know, among the rich by far the greatest number of the inordinately rich are Gentiles, not Jews. The interests of most Jews, as of other men, are involved in the general organism of a nation. This is not true everywhere. It does not appear to be true in Poland and Russia. It is doubtful whether it is true in Posen, Galicia, Roumania, and the adjacent regions. Elisée Reclus, a pronounced Positivist, but an exceedingly careful man in his statements, an even painful striver after fairness, speaks of the Jews of those regions as laying a web which entangles all Gentile business and prosperity in subordination to itself. I shall come back to this.

ZIONISM AND ITS REASON.

In the West, however, in Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, France, England, and America, there seems no doubt that national life has laid strong hold on Jewish feeling. Doubtless, even in these countries all those Jews that are not gravitating towards a readiness to be shaken off into the bosom of Christianity (of whom there are not a few) would let all these Gentile nations and nationalities go to destruction if it would assist Jewish nationalism. Yet as there is no way perceivable in which the destruction of any one of these nations, or of all of them, would do Judaism any good, there seems no reason why we should doubt that the mass of Jews in each country are swayed by the national feeling of that country, like other men. It is true, patriotic impulse in them is not as strong as in others, for several reasons. Their religion fuses religion and nationality inseparably. Emil Reich defines Judaism as that which finds the mediation with God in the nation of Israel. This is why the Zionist movement is gathering strength. A nationality that is scattered all over the world is only a nationality in aspiration. In order to be realized it must have at least a territorial nucleus. This explains Zionism. This is a perfectly legitimate movement. It

agrees with the modern principle, that allegiance is alienable. Men are not guilty of disloyalty to their present nation because they meditate joining with others to found a new nation. Every colonist, indeed, does that, and views ultimate detachment from the mother country as at least possible. Yet certainly when men own that their religion cannot be perfectly practised, that its ideals cannot be perfectly realized, except in a distinct nation, they cannot well be regarded as citizens in the fullest sense.

A body of men may be loyal to a government which persecutes them, even to the death. The early Christians were so to Rome. Loyalty, indeed, with them, as with the Romans generally, was, as it were, a law of nature. The Empire had a self-subsisting power which nobody thought of contradicting. The cruelty of an emperor was felt as a scourge, but hardly awakened resentment, even in its victims. The Roman world was felt as the sphere of peace and of ordered society, and unfaithfulness to it was nearly impossible. Yet the Jews abhorred it, after subjugation as before. They held themselves in no need of it. It was to them a nightmare. Were it gone, they might hope for the revival of their own nationality. As this could not be, however, they accommodated themselves to it as to other disagreeable necessities of nature. So long as it was pagan they found some consolation, and gained some favor with authority, by helping to persecute the Christians. But when the cross was planted on the throne, their long time of woe began, and their malediction on themselves: "His blood be on us and on our children," first went into full effect. So long as the Christian Empire endured there could be no talk of Jewish loyalty. Sullen submission was all that could be expected. To hate the murderers of Christ was easy, to practise the forgiveness of Christ was difficult, and few tried. Even in our day, and our country, we have known the child of a baptized Jew to be derided as a "Christ-killer" by his school-fellows, who probably had few marks of Christianity but this mockery of Christ's Christian countryman.

THE LOYALTY OF THE MEDIÆVAL JEW.

When the Empire broke up, and during the Middle Ages, there could be little talk of loyalty anyhow, except to individual lords. So far as the Jews were allowed to swear homage to a lord, there seems no evidence that they were less faithful and zealous than other vassals. Generally, however, they were

claimed as the immediate vassals, or rather property, of the king. He protected them as far as he could from other men's oppressions, and squeezed them as nearly dry himself as would consist with keeping them in his kingdom. The kings who were not plunderers, a Saint Louis, an Edward I., were apt to banish them. A John robbed them and kept them. So long as they were lucrative to the king, they could afford to be haughty to the subjects. Green and other historians have remarked on the ludicrous dissimilarity of Scott's portraiture of Isaac of York to the facts of the Middle Ages. A shivering, aged craven, asking nothing, besides the return of his loans with promised interest, but that he may be suffered to practise his religion obscurely, and to slip through life unnoticed, is not the Jew of the Middle Ages, or of any age. The Jews have small occasion to thank Scott for such a caricature of their position, and true temper. Protected as they were by royal power, and by papal excommunications fulminated against their murderers, they could afford to carry their heads high, and they did carry them high, and do. Even Dreyfus brought the conspirators against himself by their anger at his overbearing demeanor. Whatever the Jews may be, they are not and never have been cravens and weaklings. The individual Jew is said to be characteristically timid. He clings strongly to life. Yet deeper than this is the haughty consciousness of Divine favor, the invincible disdain of Christian heretics. This temper has been manifested in every age, and is but slightly dampened by modern amenities. Whether it be the sneering contempt expressed towards Christ by Rabbi Schindler, of Boston, or the bold denial by Rabbi Philippon, of Cincinnati, in the *New World*, that Christ was any better than any common Jew of his time (which by plain inference, in view of his calmly asserted claims, implies that he was very much worse), the temper of modern Judaism is precisely the same temper of malignant and contemptuous hatred towards the Redeemer and his people which influenced those Jews of Smyrna who helped the heathen to bring fagots for the funeral-pile of Saint Polycarp.

THE JEWS IN SPAIN.

Emil Reich's admission, that the ruin of a Christian nationality would easily be undertaken by Jews if it helped to advance the Jewish nationality, receives illustration in the history of Spain. It is fashionable now to expend great pity on the poor Jews of Spain as innocent and helpless victims of Spanish^t

bigotry and greed. This compassion is unwarranted for the Jews banished by Ferdinand and Isabella. If there is any right fundamental to men unconvicted of crime, a right deeper even than that to personal freedom, it is the right of abiding on the soil of their birth. No divergence of belief or usage from their countrymen can deprive them of this. The popes, though they did not proclaim this right, recognized it practically, for while they opened their states to banished Jews, they never banished Jews from their states. The Jewish subjects of Ferdinand and Isabella had been guilty of no conspiracy. The utter overthrow of the Moorish power took from them all motive of confederacy with the Moors. We shall presently see, I think, that there is much palliation in the former history of Spain for this act of the sovereigns, but nothing can justify it. Besides, look at the barbarousness of the conditions: allowed only a few months to dispose of large landed possessions, and then forbidden to take with them the gold and silver which alone would be serviceable to them! Reduce the banished from the extravagant estimate of 800,000 to the true number, as ascertained by Prescott, 160,000, and this still remains one of the atrocious deeds of history.

Yet we have no right to forget that the Christian Spaniards had had to sustain a contest of seven centuries with the Mohammedans for their nationality and their religion, and that in this long contest the Jews had sided more often with the Moslem than with the Christian. Seldom, I believe, have Jews sided otherwise. How could they? Islam is Semitic, polygamistic, legalistic, denying the fact of the crucifixion; abhorring the thought of a Son of God; calling Jesus, indeed, Word, Messiah, Lord, and his mother Lady, and teaching the sinlessness of both, but putting Christ nearly out of sight behind the final revelation declared to have been given to the Arabian Apostle of God. The high historical authority of Hefele informs us that the Spanish Jews had repeatedly conspired and intrigued, leaning on the Moslem power, for the establishment throughout the Peninsula of the Semitic religion, in its two forms, on the ruins of Christianity. Their attempts finally failed, but for centuries they seemed by no means chimerical. Hefele condemns the act of the two sovereigns, but he shows that it was not wanton, but had deep roots in the past.

JEWES AND THE SLAVONIANS.

The Polish and Russian Jews (Slavonic in race, like their

Christian neighbors, as I am informed by the eminent Semitic scholar Professor G. F. Moore) hold it as the orthodox belief that all men but Jews perish at death. So we are informed by Jewish writers of that region. To them, therefore, Christians are not so much the objects of hate as of serene indifference, like other brute creatures. This explains their cheerful exploitation of Christians, against which the Russian government has thought it necessary to intervene by measures so harsh—directed, however, against a very great danger.

Now, it is ridiculous to say that the two or three millions of unbaptized Slavonians, who regard the seventy or eighty millions of baptized Slavonians, Catholic or Orthodox, as simply like the beasts that perish, can have any real community of national feeling with them. We might as well talk about having a community of national feeling with our sheep and beeves. We have a kindly feeling for the poor creatures, but we plough with them, or shear them, or slaughter them, as we have occasion. The only right we acknowledge in them is the right to be treated kindly while they live. Therefore the refusal of the Russians to own the Jews for their countrymen is only the milder correlative of the refusal of the Jews to own the Russians for their human fellows. Nevertheless, it is more than doubtful whether Russian disfranchisement of the Jews can be justified. As Simon de Montfort says: "What concerns all is the concern of all." The rights of men are antecedent to their creeds. They rest on their humanity. Whatever other men may think of our future, they have all manner of present concerns in common with us, which they are capable of discussing in a friendly fashion, in spite of any creed. Moreover, the more thoroughly they see we are like them in the present, the less likely they are to hold us as of a lower grade of being, incapable of immortality. Persecution might, indeed, have the effect of exasperating them into thinking that extinction is too good for us, that we must be meant to survive for torment; but such a change of creed would certainly not be desirable.

However it may be in France, it seems certain that in Germany most of the violent anti-Semitism is found in those that have little of Christianity left about them except hatred to the Jews, just as Reformed Jews may be defined as those whose Judaism consists mainly in hatred to Christianity. Where this is not so, they seem to be dissolving into Christianity. It is astonishing how long religious hatreds survive religious faith. Anti-Semites in Germany sometimes deny outright that Christ

was a Jew. Say they: "He was much too fine a specimen of a man for it." Could there be a more detestable mixture of intolerable patronage towards the Redeemer, evident unbelief, and the grossness of voluntary ignorance?

JEWS AND THE CONTROL OF THE PRESS.

Christians, dwelling in the atmosphere of the Bible, might judge certain measures of restraint necessary against Jewish oppositeness of interests, but they could not easily become violent, persecuting anti-Semites. It is true they have a good deal of temptation, especially in Germany. Jewish antipathy to the Gospel is more distinctly virulent there than anywhere else. Jewish capitalists gain large rights of church patronage, and use them to keep out active and earnest pastors. The press is largely controlled by Jews (Goldwin Smith says that it is falling more and more under Jewish control in our country), and it is used to pour scorn on Christian enterprises, especially on foreign missions. This control of the press by Jews is most notorious at Berlin. The *Christliche Apologete* of Cincinnati, which is unfriendly to anti-Semitism, and decidedly hostile to Pastor Stoecker, nevertheless complains that the Jews of Berlin use the press not only to revile Christian faith, but Christian morals. Indeed, the energetic malignancy of Judaism is seen in England as well as in Germany, though not so constantly and intensely. Neither the Rothschilds nor the Montefiores appear to be in the least tinctured with it. Indeed, the younger Montefiore, like our own Emma Lazarus, has virtually called our Lord divine. It is not that all Jews are malignant. How can we say that a majority are? What evidence have we of it? What right have we to say, or even to presume, of any particular Jew whom we meet, that he is a hater of Christ? He may be, and probably is, simply a worshipper of the God of Abraham according to the rites and doctrines of his fathers, without going much into questions concerning the Messias. Very possibly he may hold, with certain great Rabbis, that Jesus, though not the Messias, is "the way to the Messias." A modern Jew remarks that a majority of his people are a good deal more concerned to know the New Testament than the Talmud. We ourselves have known Jews to quote the New Testament as of canonical authority in contradiction to the Law, while plainly they had not a thought of quitting their people. It is not a strange thing for them to say that Jesus has a higher place than Moses in Paradise.

ANTAGONISM TO THE GOSPEL.

Therefore, when we say that Judaism survives in unabated malignancy towards the Gospel, what we mean is, that there is a large body of Jews (how large no one can tell) who have accepted the logical alternative between the reception of Jesus as the Christ and the rejection of him as an impostor and heretic. Even those Jews who do not venture to attack him personally in print, do not hesitate to attack his Apostles. Thus, we have seen quoted from a Jewish periodical of Cincinnati the remark that Jews ought not to transfer their Sabbath to the Sunday, if only because Christian scholars have shown that the observance of Sunday, as the Day of the Resurrection, rests on imposture. By "Christian scholars," of course, are meant such men as Strauss. The degree of malignity which is involved in branding the Apostles as impostors is simply unfathomable. Yet it is not merely intense but active. Some time since a deputation of Jews, addressing the Bishop of Liverpool, haughtily demanded of his lordship the dissolution of "the disreputable Society for the Conversion of the Jews." Here we see illustrated Emil Reich's remark about the sacrifice of British nationality to Jewish. We might as well go back of Magna Charta at once as to ask that England or America should curb the right of men holding any opinions to convert others to them, so long, in Mr. Gladstone's words, as they do not appeal to violence or grossness. We are not pleased to hear of Buddhist or Mohammedan missions in our country, but it never occurs to us to appeal to the law against them, or to treat the missionaries as if they were guilty of a personal affront against us. Indeed, how can I show my good-will to another man better than by endeavoring to make him partaker of the supreme treasure of truth? That early Quaker who went to Rome to convert the Pope was doubtless animated by the purest benevolence, and was so received. It is true, the Pope converted him; but this only shows that His Holiness too was inspired by benevolence, and had more reasons behind it. The Quaker matron who went to Constantinople to convert the Sultan was not successful, but was received with reverence and dismissed with honor. Yet when Christians join with other Christians in the endeavor to persuade the disciples of the Old Economy that the Hope of Israel is already here, we see a deputation of Jews telling the president of the society that it is an immorality, and demand-

ing its dissolution in a haughtiness of style that plainly conveys a threat. And, indeed, immorality is liable to suppression by law. If it is immoral for Christians to try to turn Jews into Christians, why should not Jews abate this nuisance in the exercise of that large discretion which the common law allows for the abatement of nuisances generally. Assuredly they will, as soon as they dare.

With a mendacious insolence beyond description, these tell the bishop that, whatever evil thing a Jew may do, it is simply impossible that he could do such a thing as to turn Christian. Here we have all possible crimes of a Jew treated as of less account than his turning Christian. Of course, then, they stand ready to proceed against such an abominable attempt. The infamous insinuation implied here against the early church is, of course, understood and intended. And yet we have known Christian divines, with indescribable fatuity, to set forth Jews as far more grandly tolerant than Christians!

We know that the Fathers were disposed to believe that as Christ was a Jew, so Antichrist will be a Jew. This expectation has strong probabilities for it. Nowhere, for doctrinal and for historical reasons, in the memory of the deepest wrongs suffered and inflicted, does it seem possible that there should be such an immitigable hatred in the breast of any other human being towards the Redeemer as may be conceivably gathered in the breast of a Jew. To be sure, a Jew, even aided by half his race, could not do very much. Yet there are Gentiles enough ready to follow a brilliant lead.

Some years ago Moncure D. Conway, sharply censuring a Jewish lady of London, attacked her not because she maligned Christians, but because she asked other Jews not to malign them. Doubtless when the time comes there will be multitudes of these brilliant coadjutors of Antichrist starting up from among the baptized. At all events our business is, not to use the weapons of Antichrist in the service of Christ.

Andover, Mass.

THE PIONEER CATHOLIC MISSION IN THE NORTH-WEST.

BY E. A. BRIDGER.



THE inexperienced traveller in the North-west finds a constant source of amazement in the rude chapels which he encounters in all parts of this vast area, and the bronzed and hardened prospector and the veteran trapper, accustomed as they are to the sight, can never fail to be impressed by these silent monuments to the devotion and sacrifice of those noble men who left behind them the hopes and ambitions of early life to bring to the Indians of that region the light of the Gospel, to the advancement of which they had consecrated their lives.

In Montana and Idaho the traveller finds these white crosses and tiny spires in the most unexpected places, and the surprise is invariably a pleasant one. No valley was too secluded and no mountain range



too inaccessible for the zealous ardor of these black-gowned messengers of peace, and no tribe was too fierce for their earnest endeavor. And thus it is that the white traveller—from the gold-hunter of the early days to the pleasure-seeker of the present—finds in lonely vale and upon towering peak the white cross which tells of saintly devotion to the Gospel of Peace.

The crucifix penetrated where the sword was powerless in those days of old, and in the reclaiming of the wilderness of the North-west the priest has played as important a part as the soldier. With-

"HE PROVIDED FOR THE AGED."

out their peaceful agency the white man's progress would have been retarded for years, and the settlement of the fertile fields and the development of the mines of wealth would have been seriously checked.

The priest's was a peaceful mission. No trumpet of fame has ever heralded the noble deeds of sacrifice and devotion wrought by these holy men. Their names are comparatively unknown, and their sole earthly reward is found in the veneration and respect entertained for them by the sons of the forest and plain whom they came to reclaim for the kingdom of their Master.

Long before the great Northwest had ceased to form a portion of "the Great American Desert" of the atlas, these black-robed priests had begun their work of Christianity and civilization. The earliest of the gold-seekers found the Catholic missions an established feature of this unknown country, and the outposts of the fur companies were scarcely in advance of the westward march of these heralds of the Gospel. They were more than priests. They were physicians, teachers, and counsellors. Many a miner and trapper owes his life to the ministrations of these men, and to the Indian they are still—in memory—the embodiment of the peace and good-will which they taught. At the name of Father Ravalli the sternest Indian will display emotion, and even old Charlot, the stubborn chief of the Bitter Root Valley Indians, mentions his name with reverence. It was of these men that Longfellow wrote:

"On the western slope of the mountains
Dwells, in his little village, the Black Robe
Chief of the mission;
Much he teaches the people,
And tells them of Mary and Jesus."

It was nearly seventy years ago that the Indians of the tribes now represented upon the Flathead Indian reservation



SQUAW WITH PAPPOOSE.

first learned of the Christian religion. The bearers of the tidings were men of their own race—Iroquois attachés of one of the fur companies, who had been taught the new religion in the missions of the Mississippi valley. The story told by these messengers awakened a desire among the Selish (Flatheads) to know more of the wonderful religion, and to have among them some of the white teachers of whom they had been told.

Around the council fire the matter was discussed again and again until, in 1831, it was decided to send representatives to St. Louis (two thousand miles distant, and known to the Indians through the fur traders) to secure for them a Black Gown, who should tell them the story of the new religion. No tidings ever came back of this party, which probably was exterminated by some of the hostile tribes through whose territory it had to pass. Undaunted by this occurrence, a second delegation was sent forth, and this time the Indians secured a promise that a priest would be sent to them.

Patiently they waited until 1837, when they sent a third embassy to the settlements. This party was massacred by the Sioux, and still no priest came. But the desire for knowledge of the new religion was so strong that the Indians were not deterred by the failure of these two successive expeditions, and in 1839 two young Iroquois braves set out to run the gauntlet of foes and to brave the hardships of the long journey. Their attempt was doubly successful. They made the journey safely, and brought back with them Father De Smet, of the Society of Jesus—the pioneer of Christianity in the North-west. One of these young Indians, whom the fathers christened Peter, set forward in haste to prepare his people for the coming of the Black Robe, while the other, Ignatius, remained to accompany the missionary on his long journey to an unknown land and an unknown people. It was April, 1840, when Father De Smet and his dusky companion joined a west-bound caravan for the trip to the Rocky Mountains. The priest was stricken with fever on the plains, but recovered, and in June, at Green River in Wyoming, met a delegation sent by the tribe to welcome him.

One month later, July 14, he met in the valley of the Bitter Root sixteen hundred Indians—Selish (Flatheads) and Pend d'Oreilles—and immediately began his labors as a missionary. It is related that the chiefs of the assembled tribes offered him the temporal sovereignty of their people, but he taught them that his mission was of a different nature. The legends

of the church have it that, on the evening of that day, "two thousand Indians recited a prayer and chanted a hymn." Before the month had ended Father De Smet had baptized six hundred Indians, and the new religion was well established in the wilderness.

The brave old man remained for several months studying the people and the country, and then decided to return to St.



"HE MET A DELEGATION SENT BY THE TRIBE TO WELCOME HIM."

Louis for aid. The way was long and the journey perilous—tribes of hostile Indians occupying much of the intermediate country—but the black gown of his society was a sure defence, and after many privations he reached his friends, and in the spring of the following year returned to his Indian charges with two priests and three lay brothers of his order.

These lay brothers were mechanics, and under their direction the first mission church in what is now Montana was erected. The location chosen was on the Bitter Root River near the present site of Stevensville, the exact spot being where the wagon bridge of that town now spans the clear blue stream which waters this remarkable valley. On Rosary Sunday, 1841, a cross was raised, and tearful faces were turned toward heaven while the pioneer of Christianity prayed for the success of this new mission. But the tears were tears of joy and hopefulness, and the fathers carried on their work unceasingly. Not only did they labor for the spiritual welfare of the red men, but they also sought to improve their physical condition. The Indians were instructed in agricultural pursuits,

which they eagerly followed, and their condition was materially improved.

A chapel and a residence were completed that year, and surrounded with a palisade for defence, for there were hostile tribes across the mountain range.

This was the first mission in the North-west, and here was planted the germ which was likened to a mustard seed. Faithfully and devotedly did the heroic priests labor in their new field, and the Eternal Father whom they served indeed blessed their efforts. In the rude log church which was erected in the shadow of the cross which was planted on that Rosary Sunday the faithful teachers led their savage charges in the way of Christian truth. Their daily life was one of constant service and untiring devotion to duty. They never faltered in the good work which they had undertaken, and they ministered faithfully to the moral and physical needs of the Indians—priests, teachers, and physicians, as the case might be.

It is a source of regret that the log building which served them as a church in these early days was afterward pulled down when the permanent mission was located a little farther up the river.

After spending a busy year at the mission, organizing the work and studying the needs of the new field, Father De Smet returned to St. Louis, and from there went to Europe, where he obtained new assistants to accompany him to his field of labor in the distant wilderness.

In the latter part of 1843 they sailed from Antwerp for the Pacific coast, the party including several priests and lay brothers, and six sisters of the Congregation of Our Lady. After an uneventful, although tedious, journey they reached Fort Vancouver in August, 1844. The fathers and lay brothers then made the perilous overland journey to the Bitter Root Valley in safety, and, with additional help, Father De Smet took up again the work which he had inaugurated three years before.

Among the fathers who came with Father De Smet from Europe at this time was Father Ravalli, the grandest figure in all the history of the North-west. A man of wonderful ability and amazing capacity for work, he entered into the duties of the mission with a zeal which could have been inspired by no ordinary motive. His career has no parallel in the annals of civilization. He was a man among millions.

With this strong support Father De Smet was able to accomplish much in the way of civilizing the Indians. The work progressed rapidly, and for six years was uninterrupted. Then the advent of the fur traders caused trouble among the

Indians, and the unbounded faith which they had had in the fathers was disturbed. The position of the missionaries became dangerous, and in 1850 the mission was regretfully abandoned. For sixteen years it was unoccupied.

One can imagine the grief of the fathers as they saw the results of their long years of denial and labor swept away, and that by the faithlessness of the whites. It was a sad blow, and the missionaries felt it keenly. They had possessed the unbounded confidence of the red men until men of their own race set the example of perfidy and fraud, which the Indians followed, it must be confessed, more readily than they



"THE ASSEMBLED CHIEFS OFFERED HIM TEMPORAL SOVEREIGNTY."

had learned the lesson of the priests. The discontent of the Indians was aggravated by the invasion of their hunting grounds and grazing lands by the trappers and traders, and they rebelled.

The fathers driven out, the Indians soon relapsed into the old conditions and habits of their savagery, and it was not until 1866 that the mission was reoccupied. In that year Father Ravalli returned to St. Mary's—"dear old St. Mary's," he always called it—and he never left it again. There his remains lie in the little grave-yard near the church, amid scenes which he loved so dearly.

When he returned he found it necessary to build a new church, and a location was chosen about a mile from the original site where the present buildings were erected. The

work of the mission was carried on successfully until the Bitter Root Flathead Indians were removed to the Jocko Agency.

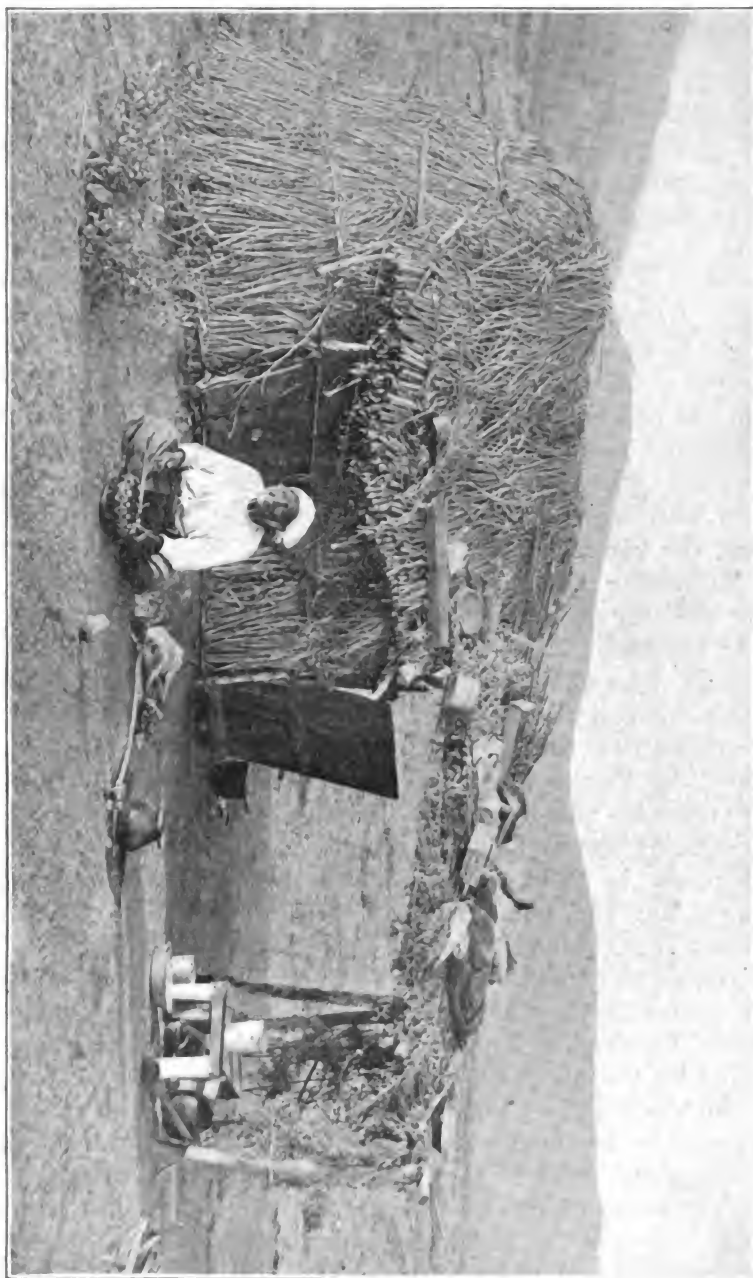
Since that time the church is but rarely opened for service. It is only when occasionally a priest visits the mission that the doors are opened, and the walls once more echo the chants and responses of the impressive Catholic service. Everything is preserved, however, as it was left when the mission was regretfully abandoned by the priests and by the Indians. The latter now return frequently in family or tribal groups to visit the scenes so dear to them, and when they speak of the place it is always sorrowfully, for they were deeply attached to it, and suffer all the pangs of homesickness for their fathers' home and the home of their own younger days.

The buildings are all well preserved and are scrupulously cared for by John Rainsville, the custodian, who is always willing to guide visitors through the old structures, and who is eloquent in his quaint and earnest description of the work and achievements of "the old father." Under his escort it has been the good fortune of the writer to visit these old buildings, hallowed by sacred associations, on several occasions, and each time the impression made has been deeper and more significant.

The church proper is 15 by 54 feet, built of hewn logs and chinked with mortar. The front of the building is clapboarded and painted. The log walls are neatly whitewashed. In the middle of the front is a tower, 5 feet square and 25 feet high, surmounted by an octagonal belfry, in which swings a small bell.

The interior is still furnished—the altar with its images and candelabra; the nave with chairs, many of them made by the fathers and lay brothers by hand labor; the little gallery with wooden benches. Everything is as clean as if service was to be held there immediately. Half way down the nave is a diminutive confessional, formed by a small latticed screen built out from the wall. As the visitor gazes at this, he can fancy the venerable father listening with averted head to the self-accusations of his dusky charges, and dismissing them in peace. In fact, everything about the mission is tenderly suggestive of some phase of the life of this remarkable man.

Adjoining the church at the rear, and communicating with it by a small door opening at one side of the altar, is a low, one-story log building of one room, which was evidently used by Father Ravalli as a study. Here is his heavy, old-fashioned mahogany secretary, still containing many of his papers, and upon the walls are religious pictures, as he hung them years



THEY LEARNED THE ARTS OF PEACE.

ago. Here the zealous priest performed much of his work, planning for the improvement of his charges, and for the advancement of his church. It is a room which has played a vitally important part in the history of Montana.

Back of this second building, and attached to it, is a still lower one, which, while apparently built at an earlier time, yet forms a portion of the united structure. In this room Father Ravalli died. Here is his medicine chest, from which he administered to the physical ailments of all who suffered. Here, too, is the bed upon which Father Ravalli spent the last few years of his life, hopelessly crippled yet always cheerful, and from which his soul took flight to the eternal reward so richly won.

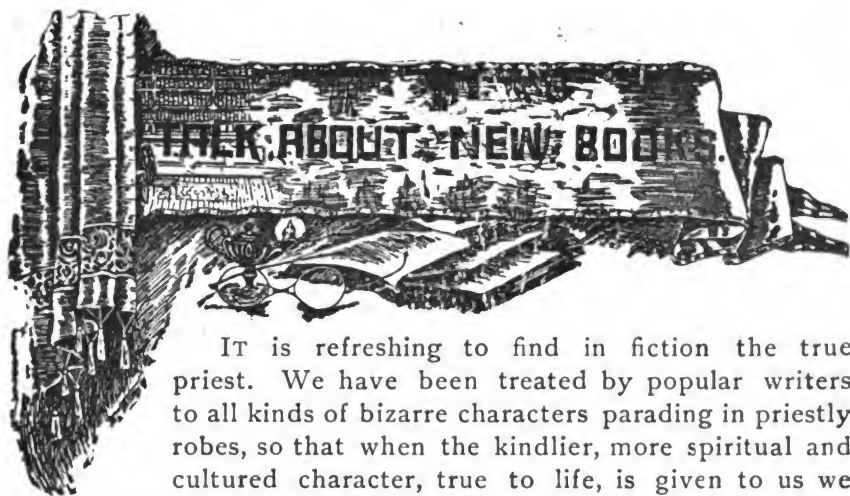
One cannot help but pause here and gaze reverently about him. It is a hallowed spot. It preaches a silent sermon of devotion and self-denial that even the most heedless must consider.

Opening from the rear of this room are the kitchen, dining-room, and store-room used by Father Ravalli and his associate, the venerable Father D'Aste.

Extending north at a right angle from the rear corner of this building is a line of sheds and poultry houses, and at right angles to these again are the stables and wagon sheds, all built by those dauntless missionaries, and all still in good repair. The workmanship of all is excellent. Surmounting the pyramidal roof of the dove-cote is a weathercock, fashioned, it is said, by Father Ravalli from an old tin can, and still showing traces of the bright colors with which it was originally decked. It shows how the great mind found recreation and enjoyment in little things. It has been begged by scores of people, but the place will not be despoiled by relic-hunters while vigilant John Rainsville is in charge.

Across the front of the mission building is a row of stately cottonwood-trees, planted more than thirty years ago by the priests, forming a delightful foreground to the picture presented by the historic group of buildings.

Such is St. Mary's Mission to-day. A monument to bravery as great as was ever recorded in history's pages; to devotion as unceasing as was ever sung by minstrel or by bard; of a zeal unsurpassed in the annals of the church; of a genius which shines more brilliantly as passing years enable a fuller comprehension of its grandeur. It tells the story of the sublime devotion of a master mind to a beloved cause. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."



IT is refreshing to find in fiction the true priest. We have been treated by popular writers to all kinds of bizarre characters parading in priestly robes, so that when the kindlier, more spiritual and cultured character, true to life, is given to us we are only too ready to commend the literary artist. Especially has the priest in Ireland suffered at the hands of the novelist. Carleton has been read by thousands, and his outrageous pictures of Irish life have been taken altogether too seriously by English readers. Carleton was no lover of the truth, but rather a miserable pervert who catered to the likes and dislikes of his readers, and to please these latter he could not heap too much ignominy and ridicule on the devoted Irish priest.

Lever was without any religion, except perchance a vindictive hatred to things Catholic, as well as a very gross ignorance of the same. It may be believed that not a little of the preposterous talk about Masses for the dead, and much of the false knowledge concerning the custom among Catholics, has come from these novels. Mickey Free's little tale about Father Roach's teaching concerning the souls in purgatory, as well as "his six Masses a day, two in the morning, two in the afternoon, and two at Vespers," reflects Lever's own ignorance about Catholic teaching. The pastoral theology among the Irish priests as well as among the Irish people has always been in accord with the best standards of orthodoxy. Thackeray and Disraeli, too, have done their share to pervert the truth in relation to the priest in fiction, though in a different way from Carleton and Lever. The type of the latter was an over-fed, big-hearted, and simple-minded charlatan, who maintained his supremacy over the people by a joke now and a stroke of the lash then; but the priest of Thackeray and Disraeli was the human snake worming into family secrets, gliding among the innocent, if not to corrupt, at least to gain the ascendancy by crafty means. He was, to be sure, a man of education and culture, but full of mystery, a student of most recondite sub-

jects; but this knowledge was only a means to the end he had in view. He was a political schemer, a tyrant over the conscience, a general disturber of family and social relations.

The American novelist, too, has tried his hand at priest-making with as little success. Harold Frederic's *Father Forbes* is a man of refinement and education to be sure, devoted to his duties, "head, adviser, monitor, overseer, elder brother, friend, patron of his flock," but he has no faith. He is a devout reader of Herbert Spencer rather than of the Bible. He believes in Agnosticism, and goes through his duties in an insincere way. What a gross libel this is on the character of the American priesthood every one who has the least acquaintance with the clergy knows. A. S. Hardy's *Father Le Blanc* and Blanche Willis Howard's *Thymert* in *Guenn* are types of French clergy. Father Sheehan, in *My New Curate*, has painted from life the types of the Irish clergy as he knew them. His chapter on the dinner where he assembles the priests of the country-side, and then draws the contrasts between the three generations of the clergy—the first educated under the refugees from the French Revolution, the second the early Maynooth priest, and last of all the new curates, each class with its own striking characteristics, is one of the best chapters in the book.

In view of the many caricatures of the Catholic priest by the non-Catholic novelist, Robert Buchanan has given us a sketch * both pleasing and true to life, and in the portraiture of his two priests, Father Anthony and Father John Croly, he has delineated the truest type of a whole-souled, refined, and delicately bred gentleman, as we know the Irish priest of to-day to be.

Paul Sabatier is well known as the author of a *Life of St. Francis of Assisi*—a life which had many merits but still greater defects. It is one of the most hopeful signs of the times that the attention of those outside of the church should be directed, as this publication proves, towards the lives and actions of those who lived and died within the fold; however imperfect and disappointing, and in some respects regrettable, may be some of the immediate results, there yet seems reasonable ground to look forward to a closer bringing together of the minds and of the hearts both of those within and of those without as an outcome of these studies. The

* *Father Anthony: A Romance of to-day.* By Robert Buchanan. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

Tractarian movement in England began in the study of the Fathers—a study commenced in hostility to the church and with a view to attack her, and ended in the conversion of many to the faith, and in that wonderful revival of Catholic doctrines of which we are the witnesses.

The work of St. Francis in the middle ages, and the renovation of society accomplished by him and his disciples, are matters of common knowledge; nor can it well be outside of the order of divine Providence that the analogous evils of modern society, the love of material comfort and luxury, and the accompanying suffering of large numbers, should have turned the eyes of the head of the church towards that work as affording a model along the lines of which remedies for our own evils may be found. It seems also providential that towards the same saint and his work the minds of Protestants should be directed by writers like M. Sabatier; that by them St. Francis, not Luther or Calvin or any of the products of Protestantism as such, should be recognized, to use M. Sabatier's own words, as the most noble figure of the Christian Church. "St. Francis is not sufficiently well known, nor loved as he deserves to be," says M. Sabatier. It is as a contribution to the better knowledge and love of St. Francis that this volume* is published, and as such we welcome its appearance.

The work is, however, primarily and principally a critical study of texts and manuscripts. Only specialists in Franciscan literature will be able to pass judgment upon the many complex questions which this part raises. M. Sabatier maintains that the *Speculum Perfectionis*, which he has by critical methods disengaged from the *Speculum Vitæ* of 1509, is the biography of the saint, written within a year after the saint's death by his companion, Brother Leo, and that it supplies the part which he some years ago showed was missing of the Legend of the Three Companions of St. Francis. His argument is to a large extent based on a criticism of style, and in this respect resembles the Higher Criticism of Holy Scripture. In fact, M. Sabatier looks upon the recovery of this Life as a triumph of scientific criticism and of the persevering application of its principles to the Franciscan documents. To the elucidation of those principles and of their result a large part of this volume is devoted. To scholars and critics this will be the most interesting part of the work. To ourselves, and to the generality

* *Speculum Perfectionis: seu S. Francisci Assisiensis Legenda Antiquissima, Auctore Fratre Leone. Nunc primum edidit Paul Sabatier.* Paris: Librairie Fischbacher. 1898.

of Catholic readers, the *Speculum Perfectionis* itself will be of more value for the reasons indicated above. To the critical discussions 214 pages are devoted; to the *Speculum Perfectionis*, with the notes and Special Studies, together with various documents elucidating it, 336 pages. There is a very carefully prepared and full index, which will greatly help the student.

One is rather curious to learn just how the usual readers of Marie Corelli's books will take to her latest production*—the most pretentious since her great attempt at portraiture of the *Sorrows of Satan*. The new volume is certainly not without considerable merit—merit, too, of an order not uncommon in writings that have issued from the same author. But besides exhibiting most serious and distasteful defects, it may not unlikely altogether fail of winning fair approval of its good points. We rather incline to such an opinion of the public who favor the class of writers among whom this author is numbered as to force a doubt concerning their interest in delicate sentiment and sturdy common sense. Still what there is of value in the volume before us might be placed under these two headings.

The moral lesson conveyed concerning parental responsibilities, and the rather cleverly drawn representation of the ill results of a false educational system, commend the book to discriminating readers. A large proportion of artificial emotion, crude workmanship, ill-advised adornment, and inartistic phrasing will meet with just criticism. The construction of the story is simple, and in its worst aspects not bad; the incidents are almost wholly free from the weird improbability that has characterized some previous novels by the same writer; and on the whole one finds refreshment in a variety of sweet and touching, if not strikingly original, action.

Those who appreciate the peculiar rôle of the Emperor Julian will understand at once both the necessity and the difficulty of making in his biography a thorough and detailed study of contemporary conditions. This is a point which the scholarly M. Allard has justly conceived to be the proper animating motive of a new work on the great apostate.† By a breadth of view, by a great wideness of range in treatment, and a precision of the sort already well known to readers of his previous publication, the distinguished savant has in this

* *Boy*. By Marie Corelli. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

† *Julien l'Apostat*. Tome premier. By Paul Allard. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre.

new work won fresh laurels. Nothing will contribute more to lend interest to the book, as nothing will enhance its value further, than his careful study of the abundant matter of the numerous writings left by Julian himself. These have been used to great effect in the preparation of this first and most interesting volume.

We are promised at the end of the second volume a critical study of the documents consulted. They may be awaited in the confident expectation of honest and thoroughly historical discussion at the hands of a most competent writer.

These three volumes* (for the last two parts are bound together) form, in our opinion, the best English guide-book for those whose interest in Rome is exclusively religious. The only work which deserves comparison with it is the French Bleser-Roger Guide. The latter is in some respects superior, for it gives plans of the basilicas and of many of the churches. The lack of these is the sole desideratum of this work. Among other special features, a complete list of the 352 churches of Rome is given, and a large number of them is described. It is perhaps doing an injustice to this hand-book to compare it with any guide-book, for while it serves all the purposes within the limits indicated of a guide-book, it is distinctly of a higher order. It gives full information about the Christian side of the history of Rome, about its churches, its ceremonies and customs. The light afforded by recent discoveries has been made use of, as well as of researches into the many large works which have been written, and to which so few nowadays have the patience to refer. The second part treats of church ceremonies, not merely as found in Rome but as they are in use throughout the church, and is so arranged as to be useful everywhere. The part devoted to Monasticism is full of information about the rules and practices of religious orders, not only of men but also of women.

Whether the authors are Catholics or not we cannot quite satisfy ourselves. The tone of reverence and respect for everything Catholic is nearly all that could be desired; in marked contrast with such a book as Mr. Hare's *Walks in Rome*. But here and there expressions appear which seem to indicate a non Catholic authorship—e g., "The centralizing power of the

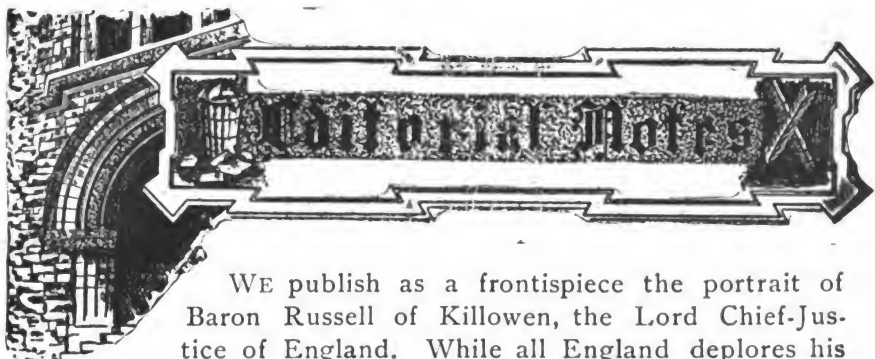
* *Hand-book to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome*. Part I. The Christian Monuments of Rome; Part II. The Liturgy in Rome; Part III. Monasticism in Rome; Part IV. Ecclesiastical Rome. By M. A. R. Tucker and Hope Malleon. New York: The Macmillan Company; London: Adam and Charles Black, 1897-1900.

Papacy." However this may be, its authors are in full sympathy with the church, and are scholars who have devoted their labors to the practical purpose of rendering Rome accessible to English readers. It is another indication, too, of the influence which the centre of Catholicity is exerting over the world at large and of the interest which it is exciting everywhere.

Various points might offer themselves to criticism, if such were desirable. For example, on page 141 of the third part, we are told that St. Francis rejected the seeking of personal salvation through the life of the counsels. This is a mistake, for the Franciscans, taking the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, practise the counsels in all their integrity. Lower down on the same page we read that the Franciscans left theological subtilty to the older orders. The fact is just the opposite, for the Franciscans have a school of theology of their own, the characteristic mark of which is its extreme subtilty; the founder of it being Duns Scotus—the Subtle Doctor. But, as the authors say, in a work of so much of detail they cannot hope to have been able to avoid all error. It was incompatible with the character of the work to give definite references for every statement. What they have done is in a better way than has been done before to introduce travellers to an intelligent acquaintance with the religious life and monuments of Rome.

From Notre Dame, recognized as one of the most advanced institutions of learning in the land, there comes a valuable addition to our text-books. It is a Greek Epitome of the New Testament.* It has for its purpose to parallel, for the course in Greek, the place occupied by the familiar epitome, *Historiæ Sacræ*, in the Latin course. The language of the New Testament, while itself by no means difficult, has been simplified for the use of beginners; and the excellent arrangement should serve to beget a familiar acquaintance with the principal events in the life of our Lord. The book enters a special field, one practically unoccupied by any other text-book, and for this reason it will be exceedingly useful. Its dress is all that could be desired; but we think that, in these days of fine press-work, it should be the aim of a text-book, particularly, to be entirely free from typographical errors.

* *An Epitome of the New Testament.* By Nicholas J. Stoffel, C.S.C., Professor of Greek at the University of Notre Dame. Notre Dame, Ind.: The University Press.



WE publish as a frontispiece the portrait of Baron Russell of Killowen, the Lord Chief-Justice of England. While all England deplores his death, yet we honor his memory because to us he is typical of the Irishmen of brains and indomitable energy who have risen to places of honor and dignity in the British Empire in spite of the obstacles that the law and public sentiment had placed in their paths. When he was a young man winning his spurs he had more to contend against as a Catholic and an Irishman than the young men of this generation have; yet in spite of it all he climbed to the highest pinnacle of honor and earned for himself, as well as for his race and religion, the praise of English people.

Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, has again defined his position on the question of the Federation of Catholic societies. He has reaffirmed the statement that he has no purpose of creating a Catholic party in this country. He wishes simply to inspire Catholic men with a determination to secure their full rights as American citizens. The time has gone by when we can be discriminated against because we are Catholics. As long as a Catholic is a good citizen he should not be debarred from holding office because he is a Catholic, nor should he be denied any of his civil rights on account of his religious professions. That such discrimination exists no one can deny. If Catholic men stand together they can easily right this civil disability.

The Zionist Congress has just finished its work. The practical outcome of its sessions is the proposal to secure grants of land in Palestine under the suzerainty of the Sultan and to colonize on this land numbers of Jewish families who are desirous of going there. The movement to secure for the wandering Hebrew children a country and a fireside has been earnestly taken up by their leaders. The people is historically an agricultural people, and though they appear to have developed wonderful mercantile traits, still among them there will be found great numbers who will willingly go back to the soil. Particularly

will this be the case among the Russian Jews. Among the Slavs they are persecuted by odious laws and trodden down by a tyranny that is full of hatred for them as a race. Many of them will prefer and gladly accept the alternative of living in comparative freedom under the Turk to the oppression of Russian laws. We do not think the Zionistic movement will find many recruits among the money-getting Jews of America and England, or even of France.

The administration has revoked the order of General Brooke, making civil marriages the only legal marriage in Cuba, and it has honored itself in so doing. That the law was enacted was due to the influence of the Anticlerical party. This same party, if it gains the upper hand in the new dispensation in Cuba, will not hesitate to despoil the churches and confiscate church property. There are many reasons why the United States cannot afford to relinquish entirely all authority in Cuba. It has cost the country a vast sum of money to drive out the Spaniard and to make Cuba an inviting field for the investment of American capital, and if the American dominion is entirely withdrawn the island will revert to a state of legalized anarchy.

The people of Cuba are docile, and will readily accept any arrangements that will conduce to their civic well-being. They are tired of warfare, and desire only the liberty to cultivate their farms and enjoy a measure of peace. There is a certain clique of politicians, who have not any very great responsibility at stake, who clamor for independence, and who for their own aggrandizement wish to cut away from the United States. If our strong arm were taken away, they would soon be fighting among themselves, and the last state of the island would be worse than the first. The United States is obliged by her geographical and commercial relations to guarantee the peace of the island, liberty for all the people, and that measure of autonomy and independence which will best conduce to the development of the natural resources of the island.

The visit of the Cuban teachers will be prolific in good results. They have profited by their stay. They have learned something of the vast resources of America. They have acquired the beginnings of a knowledge of the language. They have established relationships which will mature as the years go by. They go back to be zealous missionaries among the children, as well as among their own people, of the enlightened

spirit of the United States. Too much cannot be said of the good sense of Mr. Frye, who inaugurated the movement, or of the tact of President Eliot and of the others who brought it to a happy fruition.

The following extract from a letter by Fernandez Solares, one of the Cuban teachers, published in the *Diario de la Marina* of Cuba, gives a very fair idea of the general impression made on the party by the cordial reception received at Boston :

"Here (Boston), as in New York and throughout the States, Catholicity is in a marvellous condition of growth and progress. The director in the Church of St. Paul, Cambridge, a fellow-student of President Eliot at the university, assured us that in his time Catholicity was scarcely known ; to-day, in Cambridge, the church counts 40,000 members out of a population of 90,000, while at Boston we number 200,000 ; and what is more, these members are representatives of their faith. Tolerance and charity permit the freest practice of religion, and the feasts of obligation are observed most rigorously. Here we have in evidence a proof of all the resources that Catholicity contains within itself for the uplifting of mankind, and of its superiority over Protestantism.

"Here Catholicism triumphs ; Protestantism, on the contrary, is in a state of continual disintegration and decay. In a land unrivalled in civilization and progress, in a land which occupies the front rank among nations for culture and liberty, Catholicism is ever advancing.

"Sorry to say, at this moment in Cuba, a country all imbued with the Catholic faith, there are men who, without pausing to consider the direful consequence of their acts, have raised the banner of revolt ; have proclaimed a religion of their own, repugnant to common sense. They seem to ignore the fact that American Catholics are our closest friends, willing and ready to give us a helping hand whenever their aid is solicited, for the sake of God and in the name of our common Faith.

"The promulgators of religious apathy and indifference ignore the fact that it is exactly our faith which gains for us affection and wide-spread sympathy, and it was the Catholic societies of Cambridge and Boston that were untiring in assuring us of their sympathy and friendship, by banquets and receptions organized in our honor. Here religion is a vital question ; indifference on this point inspires contempt. The American people is eminently religious, and this accounts for the wonderful unity and solidarity which reigns among these true Catholics."

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

AT the State Normal College, Albany, N. Y., Mrs. Margaret S. Mooney presented a very suggestive outline dealing with the origin and development of the drama. Reading Circles may derive much profit from the points here given, even if deprived of the magnetic influence of the lectures that were so helpful to the students who had the privilege of attending. The purpose of this course was to give some historical knowledge of the origin and development of the drama as an art, and as a form of literature. The outlines given are intended to show the line of thought that the discussions will follow. This course will be of interest to those who realize that a nation's drama is its deepest and strongest literary expression of life.

The Status of the Drama in England and the United States at the present time, Saturday, October 14.

The number of reputable theatres in London and New York. In other cities of both countries.

The kinds of plays presented in them: tragedies, comedies, melodramas, operas, pantomimes, burlesques, farces.

The men and women who attend the theatres.

The purpose of the drama at the present time.

How long the drama has been a popular form of amusement.

Why it will continue to be a popular form of amusement.

It "holds the mirror up to nature."

Have we a national drama?

Balaustion's Adventure.—Robert Browning.

Those who take this course are advised to read one drama each week. The bibliographies are given for reference and to show the importance of the subject.

THE GREEK DRAMA.—The religious festivals in honor of the god Bacchus, the goddess Demeter, and the god Apollo. The songs and dances connected with the sacrificial ceremonies. The Greek Drama, improved by Æschylus. The plays of Æschylus that have been preserved and translated into English. Their purpose and motive. His subjects. The parts of a Greek drama. The dialogue, the chorus; strophe, antistrophe. The Greek idea of tragedy. How the plays were put upon the stage. The great open-air theatres.

Bibliography.—The Greek Poets, vol. i., John Addington Symonds; The Fine Arts, Brown; The Student's Greek Drama, Alfred J. Church; Greek Studies, Walter Pater.

THE GREEK DRAMATISTS.—Sophocles. The sources of his inspiration and dramatic material. His power as a dramatic writer. Philoctetes. Antigone. Euripides. Iphigenia in Aulis, Iphigenia in Tauris, Alkestis. The human interest of these plays as compared with the religious interest of the plays of Æschylus. Greek Comedy.—Aristophanes. Political situations and social customs revealed in these plays. Their interest for the modern student. The dramatic unities.

Bibliography.—The Greek Poets, vol. ii., Symonds; Aristotle's Poetics;

The Masque of Pandora, Longfellow; Iphigenia in Tauris, Goethe; Translations of the plays of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

THE ROMAN DRAMA.—What the Romans borrowed from the Greeks. What took the place of the drama in Rome before the Greek drama was adopted by the Romans. A comparison of the Latin plays of Plautus and Terence with the Greek plays of Aristophanes. The Mediæval Drama. Passion Plays. The Mysteries and Miracles. The Passion Play at Oberammergau.

Bibliography.—Christus: A Tragedy, Longfellow; The Golden Legend, Longfellow; A Drama of Exile, Mrs. Browning.

THE ENGLISH RELIGIOUS DRAMA.—The three great Church days of the Christian year: Christmas, Good Friday, Easter. The services in the cathedrals on these days. The Passion Play a development of the Latin service on Good Friday. The part of the choir. The Saint Plays a feature of church festivals. They were presented in the nave of the church. The next step was the presentation of the plays in the churchyard on the feast of the patron saint of the church or abbey. The first English open-air theatres. The English Miracle Cycles. Other actors besides the clergy take part in their representation. The York Plays, 48 extant; Townley Plays, 32 extant; Chester Plays, 25 extant; Coventry Plays, 42 extant; Cornwall Plays, 3 extant; Dublin Plays, 1 extant; Newcastle-on-Tyne Plays, 1 extant.

Bibliography.—History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne, W. 21, 822, A. W. Ward. English Miracle Plays, Moralities and Interludes, Ext. 822-1, A. W. Pollard. York Plays, Lucy Toulmin Smith, Ext. 822. The English Religious Drama, Katherine Lee Bates. The Philosophy of Literature, Brother Azarias, pp. 108-113. History of English Dramatic Poetry to the Time of Shakspeare, and Annals of the Stage to the Restoration, J. P. Collier, 792, C. 691. Dissertation on the Pageants or Dramatic Mysteries anciently performed at Coventry, 792, q. sh. 2, Thomas Sharp. Studies in the English Mystery Plays, Davidson, 822-1, II, 28. Ancient Mysteries described, especially the English Miracle Plays, 822-1, H. 75, Lond., 1823. The numbers and abbreviations found in the preceding bibliography, as well as in the following, refer to the call numbers of the books in the New York State Library.

MORALITIES, INTERLUDES, PAGEANTS, MASQUES.—The Masque of Comus, Milton; The Masque of Pandora, Longfellow; Cynthia's Revels, Ben Jonson.

Bibliography.—Shakspeare's Predecessors in the English Drama, 822, Sy. 6, Symonds. English Miracle Plays, Moralities and Interludes, Ext. 822-1, A. W. Pollard. History of English Dramatic Poetry to the Time of Shakspeare, and Annals of the Stage to the Restoration, 792, C. 691, J. P. Collier. Readings from the Old Dramatists, Winslow, Cap. 822, W. 73. Old English Dramatists, 822-3, L. 95, Lowell. History of the English Drama, Golden (Ext. Dept.)

TYPE DRAMAS OF SHAKSPEARE.—1. Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, Tragedy; 2. A Midsummer Night's Dream, Comedy; 3. Henry VIII., Richard II., History. How to study a play.

Bibliography.—Human Life in Shakspeare, O. 814-32, Henry Giles; Shakspeare as a Dramatic Artist, 822-33, D. 32, R. G. Moulton; Introduction to Shakspeare, Corson; Memoirs of the Life of William Shakspeare, R. G. White, 822-33, B. 1, W.

DRAMAS IN PROSE FORM.—The Rivals, and others, by Sheridan. The Stoops to Conquer, and others, by Goldsmith. Some Famous German Drama-

tists, Lessing, Goethe, Schiller. Some famous French Dramatists, Racine, Corneille, Molière. Some famous Spanish Dramatists, Cervantes, Calderon, Lope de Vega. Italian Dramatists, Goldoni, Alfieri.

Bibliography.—Sismondi's History of the Literature of the South of Europe; The Technique of the Drama, Freytag, 802-2, F. 89.

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The closing meeting of the Ozanam Reading Circle, New York City, was largely devoted to the interests of the Champlain Summer-School. Rev. Thomas McMillan gave a descriptive account of the work planned for the session of 1900. Notice was given also that new members will be welcomed by the Ozanam at the opening meeting in October. Any one wishing to join may send application in writing to the Director, 415 West Fifty-ninth Street. Miss Mary F. McAleer, president, read the following report for 1899-1900:

In October, 1899, the Ozanam Reading Circle entered upon its thirteenth year. According to the wiseacres, it should have been a year of dire disaster. But, contrary to old-time traditions, the session of 1899-1900 has been one of great enjoyment and sound mental improvement. While the Circle has been smaller in the number of its active members, yet more united effort and keener appreciation than usual have marked our weekly meetings.

At the beginning of the year the council, under the direction of the Rev. Thomas McMillan, decided to devote part of the time to the study of fiction. After some discussion it was finally concluded to accept as a reference, Sydney Lanier's work, *The English Novel: A Study in the Development of Personality*. The chapters of this book were originally delivered as public lectures at the Johns Hopkins University, in the winter and spring of 1881.

At each of the weekly meetings a portion of the book was read and discussed. During the period to our next meeting the novel criticised, if available, was read at home, so that each member was ready with her opinion the following week. Starting with an historical retrospect of English Fiction, our reading embraced criticisms of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Goldsmith, Scott, Bulwer and Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot, greatest attention being paid to the last named.

Each evening about ten minutes was devoted to a magazine article, dealing mainly with reviews of new books. *The Catholic World Magazine*, *Mosher's Magazine*, and *The Ave Maria* furnished many bright themes for discussion.

In addition to this regular work, a list of books was placed at the disposal of the Circle which is recommended to those not fortunate enough to be members of the Ozanam. They number thirty-five in all. By remitting ten cents in postage to the Columbian Reading Union, 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, a pamphlet will be furnished containing this list of books by Catholic authors, with brief biographical sketches of the writers. Among the most noted are Brother Azarias, Katherine E. Conway, Louise Imogen Guiney, Miriam Coles Harris, George Parsons Lathrop, Adelaide A. Procter, Agnes Repplier, James Jeffrey Roche, and Mary Agnes Tincker.

Besides these recent additions to our circulating library, we are proud to mention the works of George Meredith. These books have been procured on easy terms, and are at the disposal of the members, to be retained as long as needed.

Two evenings this season the meetings have been open to the public. On one occasion a valuable paper by the Rev. Henry E. O'Keeffe presented a view

of Cardinal Newman sufficiently unusual to evoke rather warm discussion among those fortunate enough to be present at the reading. Again, a paper devoted to the interests of woman was read by Miss E. Uhlrich.

On the 22d of February the friends and members of the Ozanam enjoyed a rare literary and musical treat. The previous year we were favored with an author's reading. This year we had the next best to the author himself—his friend and former secretary, in the person of the Rev. John Marks Handly, who charmed us all with reminiscences of his old associate, George Cable.

Considerable attention was given to the course of Free Lectures to the People given by the Board of Education under the supervision of Dr. Leipziger. The courses in Columbus Hall the past season were particularly attractive, embracing one on natural science and one on music. The latter course was attended by the Circle in a body, the meeting adjourning each Monday evening to the hall after a short interval for regular business.

* * *

The Chicago *Dial* has furnished some good points for discussion in the following statements concerning the new ways of arousing interest in the study of literature:

The methods made use of by our schools in the teaching of English literature have, for some years past, been in a transition stage, exhibiting a strong tendency toward more enlightened ways of dealing with this vastly important subject. The ferment is of the healthful type, and a fairly clarified product may not unreasonably be expected to result. The main reliance of primary education, in this important subject, has been, and still is, the "reader," supplemented by occasional outside passages of prose and verse, generally selected without judgment, and committed to memory for the purpose of being "spoken." All "readers" are bad in the sense that their use implies a very narrow limitation of the amount of matter to be read, and most of them are bad as regards the character of the selections included. The essential points to be insisted upon in the reading of lower schools are two, and two only. Nothing, absolutely nothing, should be read or recited that is not literature, and the amount of reading done by the child should be as large as possible. An ideal "reader" might easily be compiled; indeed, excellent books of the sort are now to be had. But the use of the "reader" generally means wearisome repetition of a limited amount of matter, whereas a rational method would demand very little repetition. The jaded interest with which a helpless child cons the familiar and well-thumbed pages is fatal to that appreciation of literature which it should be the first aim of primary education to encourage. Why, in these days of inexpensive production of reading matter, should a child be forced to peruse the same pages over and over again until the very sight of the book is hateful to him? Why should not every day bring to him fresh matter for the stimulation of his growing intelligence and imagination?

As for the other point upon which we should insist, the reading of nothing that is not worth reading, there can be no possible excuse for the kind of pabulum that is too commonly fed, by spoonfuls, to the mind of the young. When we consider the peculiarly receptive quality of the child's mind, the retentiveness whose loss he will soon have occasion to mourn, the imagination so early to be dulled by the prosaic years to come, does it not seem a crime to make of these faculties or powers anything less than the utmost possible, to force the free spirit into ruts and waste it upon inanities? Even for the very young-

est, who can read at all, there is no lack of suitable material. The melodies of Mother Goose, as Mr. Scudder has convincingly argued, are literature in a certain sense, surely in a far higher sense than the nursery jingles that too often take their place. And when a more advanced stage has been reached, there is the whole world of fairy lore, the wealth of religious and secular story-telling, the inexhaustible fund of historic incident, all of which must be included in the outfit of the adult mind, and much of which is better acquired at an early age than at any other. The child who has grown up in ignorance of the labors of Hercules and Siegfried's fight with the dragon, of the wanderings of Ulysses and the deeds of King Arthur, of Horatius at the bridge and Leonidas at Thermopylæ, has missed something that cannot be given him later, and may justly feel himself defrauded of a part of his birthright.

While there are indications of an approaching reform in the methods of reading employed by our lower schools, and of reform along the lines above drawn, the progress in this direction will probably be so slow as to discourage all but the most sanguine. As long as the management of our common schools remains in the hands of persons selected with little or no reference to their fitness for the work—and that this is generally the case throughout the United States is a fact that need hardly be enlarged upon—we cannot hope for very much. In the fields of secondary and still higher education the outlook is brighter, for the problem is being dealt with in a more enlightened spirit. But the complaint that a considerable proportion of high-school and college students have no literary aptitude whatever is still heard, and benumbs the efforts of many among the well-meaning, some of whom seem disposed to accept this proposition as a statement of one of the stubborn facts of nature. To our mind the proportion will remain large as long as we do not attack the difficulty at its root in the very earliest years of school life.

In secondary education, the old-fashioned treatment of English literature found its embodiment in an historical text-book, to be learned mostly by heart, accompanied sometimes by a hand-book of "extracts," in which each representative writer received an allotment of two or three pages. Sometimes the history and the "extracts" were jumbled together, to the still further abridgment of the latter. The modern method, which has gained much ground of late, concentrates the attention upon a few longer works and their writers. This method is doubtless an advance upon the other, yet it sometimes means a reaction carried to extremes. We cannot afford to eliminate the historical text-book altogether, but we do need to have the right kind of book and to use it with intelligence. For the book that gives cut-and-dried critical formulas—a too prevalent type—the educator can have no use. What he wants is a book that shall stimulate the critical faculty in the student, not suppress it by supplying criticism ready made. In college education the reaction against the formal and dispiriting methods of the past has been very pronounced, and the study of literature appears to be in a state of generally healthful activity.

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